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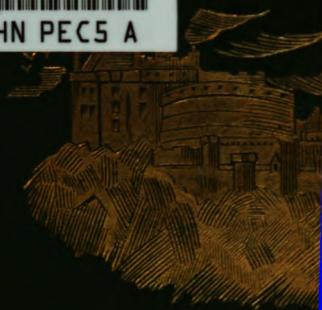
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EDINBURGH POEMS AND SONGS

EDINBURGH
POEMS AND SONGS

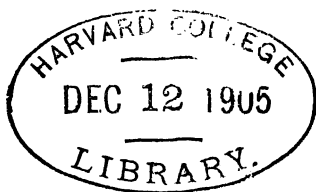
BY
JAMES LUMSDEN
(SAMUEL MUCKLEBACKIT)

LATE OF NETHER HAILES, EAST LOTHIAN

*Author of "Country Chronicles," "Lays and Letters from Linton,"
"The Battles of Dunbar and Prestonpans," etc.*

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1899

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Minot Ford

Dedication :

TO ALL THE SUBSCRIBERS TO MY FORMER VOLUMES

I HUMBLY DEDICATE,

WITH PROFOUND GRATITUDE,

THIS BOOK.

P R E F A C E.

—:O:—

EXCEPTING one "Song," which found its way into a local paper, all the "Poems and Songs" in this book are new, and appear now in print for the first time. Shortly after the issue of my last volume, knowing well that I could not long remain quiescent on my roost, I thought, as all my literary gatherings had hitherto been picked up from rural sources only—comprising country characters, manners, affairs, scenery, &c.—I would for my next publishing venture set to work instantly nibbling at the poetic stores of the City—its people, scenes, and any of its concerns that might take my fancy—and hence this book. All that I desire to say about it here is that it has been written seriously, and with a deliberate and fixed view to publication, which was, indeed, very far from being the case with any of my former published scribbles, for at least nine-tenths of the whole of *them* were "made up" mainly for diversion, and to "kill time," during the long "forenights" of many winters which had to be passed through by the writer in a lonesome farmhouse in East Lothian. It has been entirely different with the composition of this work; but, though it has been written rapidly, I wish to

stand or fall by it, believing and trusting that it will receive gentle, if candid, handling from my readers of both city and country. May they all read—or at least “dip”—well into it before pronouncing doom!

These “Poems and Songs” represent a new stage of my life—when, being through the farming distress constrained to leave my old country district, I first became acquainted with the now-familiar sights and sounds of Edinburgh.

If a note of sadness and regret be found to pervade my rhymes, I trust that my circumstances may excuse what in reality could not well have been lessened or concealed.

I am convinced that abundant materials exist for the poetic imagination in the city as in the country; and if my “Muse” has tempted me on this occasion to look whiles for “inspiration” to the more sombre features of the town, I hope my readers will kindly bear with me in view of my now rare instances of communing with country life. . . . However, not this prose paragraph only, but with it the first “poem” in the book, should be read as my full and true “Preface.”

J. L.

EDINBURGH, *March, 1899.*

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EDINBURGH POEMS AND SONGS.

ARRIVAL IN EDINBURGH.

[AN EPISTLE TO MR. JOHN CAMERON, TOWN CLERK,
EAST LINTON.*]

HAITH, Cameron, thou'rt a prophet true !
We are, guid kens, "forfoughten" noo ;
But we hae gat the flittin' through,
And here we are,
Unwittin' muckle yet, I trow,
Of what or whaur.

Our dwelling owre-looks Holyrood,
In a new street, lang, straucht, an' broad,
Twa stane-casts aff the sacred sod
That haps for aye
Fore-running Ferguson, wha show'd
Ev'n Burns the way.

* Since the above was written, poor Mr Cameron has joined the majority. He was a most able man of affairs, a fluent and ready speaker, a quick and keen perceiver, and an astute reasoner. For many years he was one of the writer's most sincere and warm friends.—J.L.

This new street is nae "thorōoughfare";
For, like a quaigh, it has nae mair
Than ae end ope, thro' whilk a' ware
That passes in
Maun issue—gin it wad frae there—
Save "good" and "sin."

These, up or downward, aye can flee,
All unrestrained by bounds earthlie,
Just as the birds o' Fernilee
Near Hill o' Doon—
Falcons an' laverocks—seek the sea
Or sky abune.

Intil this ae-mouthed gulph alway
Is pour'd a tide o' joy an' wae,
A boiling surging flude or broo
Of life an' death,
Thro' whilk, O ye that wad essay,
Beware o' scaith !

Behind the house, a dinsome wark,
Of engineers an' smiths looms dark
Thro' smeeke an' steam, and flying spark,
An' fiery gleams,
Whare black men rin an' bustle stark,
Like deils in dreams.

Anither, near the open end—
A foundry—ilka nicht doth send
Lowes frae its depths, that waft an' wend
Owre half the sky,
An' gie our thochts an eerie trend,
As Hell war' 'nigh.

ARRIVAL IN EDINBURGH.

3

Adjoining this the railway rins,
That hauds by Linton an' its linns.
Oh, Johnny, frae the week begins—
 Sunday, midnight—
Until neist Sunday morn, the din's
 The Deil's outricht !

It rummells, rattles, rairs, an' rowts,
It sciechs, it skirls, an' shrieks, an' shouts,
Till driven gyte, or thereabouts,
 I flee the scene,
An' ban the fate that sae me touts,
 Now ruin'd clean.

These are our ills, but, hear to me,
We hae some guid things—twa or three—
There is the Park—near, open, free—
 The glorious Park !—
The Castle, Calton, and the sea,
 For bath or bark !

The Craigs, the East Hill, Arthur's Seat,
An' a' the knowes about their feet,
Ane giant family seem complete,
 Stretched on their wames,
Their lion heids cocked up to greet
 The day's last gleams.

Oh, Cameron, gin I'm spared a-wee,
What may thae mountains mean to me ?
Already they are, verilee,
 To my sad heart,
A soothing balm—life, rapture, glee
 Ne'er to depart !

EDINBURGH POEMS AND SONGS.

For Nature's joys *are* joys indeed,
A never-drying fount—a feed,
A blessing ever, wine an' breid—
 To all like me,
Fell'd by the warld, an' left to bleed,
 An' grane an' dee !

Sae here's the Park, an' there's the sea,
An' there's my Mecca waiting me—
The sacred city, “Auld Reekie,”
 “Edinburgh Toun !”
Wha'd hing his phaple here an' “dee,”
 Haith, he's a loon !

The gods, wha mak' mankind their wards,
An' haud them aye in their regards,
Uptacking guid chiels, joes, an' bards,
 A hairst o' cares,
While casting sumphs an' knaves rewards
 O' their best wares.

O wad they, Cameron, but grant
A curn o' years—tho' only want
An' gutter destitution gaunt
 An' lean were found,
How I micht revel, rove, an' rant
 Owre a' this bound !

I'd seek the Puir in wynds an' slums,
Whare life frae death is kept wi' crumbs,
An' filthy rags—where never comes
 Ae real guid day,
But sin an' sorrow, wedded chums,
 Rough rule alway.

I'd note the scenes in sounding streets,
Where Life her slavey, Traffic, greets ;
An' Trade displays her weel-seen freits,
 An' vaunty tricks,
As gif folk thocht her silly cheats
 Werena auld Nick's !

A' holes an' corners I would scan,
Peer into every ploy an' plan ;
Uplift St. Cuthbert's cowl, an' scan
 His phiz a' owre,
An' read his lineaments aff-haun'
 Wi' specious power !

Museums, galleries,—a' shows
That this town glorious doth inclose—
Kirks, brigs, an' castles, even those
 Beyond her sicht,
But not domain, I'd find, nor lose
 But in death's nicht.

Grassmarket ! High Street ! Canongate !
The Hames an' Ha's o' ancient state !
The famous Closes, where the " great,"
 For ages, dwalt,
Ilk " Leddy Jean " as proud's her mate
 Were Charles the Twalt !

The haill Past I'd disclose again,
Even ere Randolph an' his men
Scaled castle rocks—great heroes plain !—
 I'd see them a',—
The auld kings an' their lordly train,
 Antique and braw !

7

Ah, Cameron, there's aye some "rub"
 A' airts upon Life's drumly dub !
 Bards wi' their muses canna club
 But comes that scare—
 "Utility," and does them drub
 Baith het an' sair.

Sae I am left whare I began,
 Wi' naething, save this doubtfu' plan,
 A scheme that may or may not stan'
 The rude world's shock ;
 But stand or stir, I'm not the man
 Mere "doubt" can block.

And 'haps this wark, when rizen hie,
 Will stand a look frae friendly e'e,
 As some late ventures were by thee
 (In my last bookie)
 Held up as "rale fine poetry !"
 By hook or crook aye !

Whate'er befa's it, mak' ye sure
 'Twill be nae shoddy cheap-John ware ;
 But fabric honest, strong, an' fair
 As I can mak' it—
 Woven wi' a' the skill an' care
 O' "Mucklebackit."

When it is dune we'se baith be aulder,
 Thou, there, at Linton, getting baulder,
 Wooing the Prcyostship, to hald her
 Until thou dee !
 Me, cauld-grown, as glum's an elder,
 An' drinking tea !

Alas ! sad change from what has been,
 A red fat squire o' pastures green,
 In flocks an' herds abounding seen,
 Them a' his ain !
 Now, plackless, tholing morn an' e'en
 In wae an' pain.

Pent close within a city street,
 Reek a' his air an' fragrance sweet,
 His music, tumult—uproar meet
 For deils in Hades—
 In double sense, sure, his last beat
 On the down grade is !

Au Revoir! I'se write again,
 When I can ca' my heid my ain ;
 'Enoo, my auld ramfeezled brain
 Sae bizzies round,
 I scarce can gang or stand alane
 On this strange ground.

My best respects to Mrs. C.,
 An' a' the bairns around her knee,—
 For years they hae been kenn'd by me,
 And, need I say,
 The lion's cubs aye bear the gree,
 Like *Dad* some day !

An' then thysel ! But I'll halt there.
 I micht say what thou weel can'st spare.
 We've a' ae faut, gif thou'st a pair
 Haith, close ye hide them !
 But “ fauts ” like thine shaw thousands mair,
 And I'se abide them !

But see ! the crown o' Arthur's Seat
Is crested wi' the new moon neat !
The glorious scene a' owre's a treat
 The gods micht cloy.—
Come ! let us beat a swith retreat,
 And share their joy !

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

STERN, Old Edina ! rising gray and grand,
Stately and dauntless in thy tire of smoke ;
Up-towering on thy heights firm thou dost stand,
And steadfast as thine own enduring rock !
A city that the ages cannot mock !
The stronghold of the land—secure, supreme,
The mother fit of Nature's sturdiest stock,
Thy wondrous aspect in the wintry gleam,
Is as an epic's rare—or god's embodied dream !

Majestic spreading—stretching low and high,
And far away hung up on either hand,
With turrets manifold thrust to the sky,
And towers and palaces built to command
A world's renown, and glorify the land,
Thou rulest from this high eternal seat
Unequalled over earth—so fair, so grand,
Mountain and valley rolling to thy feet,
And island-studded sea, thy bound and border meet !

Like to an eagle on a cloud-girt height,
An eagle that with ruffled plumes dost ward
Her nestlings from the hands from night to night
Of rieving cragsman, wily, bold and hard,
Thou seemest eager all thy hills to guard,
Longing to gather them beneath thy wing,
And clasp them to thy heart in fond regard,
So distant thy gray pinions dost thou fling,
As even the Pentlands high thou wouldst thee nearer
bring !

Such in the distance thy presentment seems
 To partial Scottish eyes, by fancy lit ;
 But nearer, as thy life-tide thicker streams,
 The picture irretrievably doth flit
 Into oblivion, like a snatch of wit
 Heard in the struggle and swift race of life,
 By one too hurried far to treasure it,
 When other cares, around his whole course rife,
 Command his utmost powers, or sink him in the strife.

Along thy beautiful unrivalled way *
 I wend with all my mind and heart aflame ;
 This is the Scottish Athens, people say,
 Though never Athens yet, save but the name
 Of outward semblance, could this glory claim,
 This splendour and this wealth—a blended scene
 Of Art and Nature, challenging the fame
 Of aught in the whole world that e'er hath been,
 Or is, or may arise, till Doomsday supervene !

Palaces and monuments at every step,
 And in near distance ridges, rocks, and hills,
 Glimpses of sea through many a northern gap, †
 Avenues and promenades the prospect fills,
 With squares and parks, to surfeit ev'n the wills
 And prudish tastes of idle multitudes,
 Whom "learned leisure" or rank *ennui* kills
 In long'd-for time, in many-varying moods
 Of discontented "ease," which *all disease* includes.

Dunedin ! truly art thou magnified,
 Enhanced, enchanted by thy mystic site !
 Uplifted to the clouds in princely pride

* Princes Street.

† Streets of the New Town.

By citadel and monumental height !
Thy Calton and thy Castle—mind and might—
Rare Art and Nature, nurslings of thy clime,
That make thee matchless ever, and bedight
Thy regal form with wonder thro' all time,
With grandeur and romance—majestic, rare, sublime !

And deep down into earth thy gorges cut,
As deep below as do thy cliffs above
Protrude in middle air, and weird abut
On thy gray sky ; gully, ravine, and cove,
The pristine works of Nature when she strove
In her young days, with ready tools, or toys,—
Earthquakes, volcanoes, glaciers—powers that Jove
And she alone could wield, or swing and poise,
And in Creation's dawn far hurl them and rejoice !

Beyond thy central valley, ridged high,
Runs thy most ancient and most famous way, *
On whose broad stage, down sweeping royally,
Hath been enacted Scotia's wondrous play :
From time's dim dawning to this higher day
Her mixed array of King's and mountebanks,
Lords, beggars, sages—motley, grave, and gay—
Has down this avenue its nameless ranks
Poured to the dark abyss—death-girt front, rear, and
flanks !

Imagination shudders to recall
The wild scenes witnessed here age after age,
The misery, the squalor, and withal
The revelry, the hunger, and the rage
Of frenzied multitudes, whom to assuage

* High Street and Canongate.

Oft death itself was vain, and pains and blood
Were but as spurs to make them fiercer wage
Havoc and riot, as a torrent's flood
Sweeps wilder to the main the more it is withstood !

“ Edina ! Scotia's darling seat ! ” Alas !
Thou art no “ seat ” at all to thousands born
Within thy shadow, nor unto the mass
Of those who seek thee, weary and forlorn,
Who plead for succour and gain spite and scorn,
And for their “ leave to toil,” but sanction get
To pass thro' thy foul dens to that dark bourne,
Whence none returns thee more to chafe or fret—
Heaven grant they may not curse, but strive all to
forget !

Away ! Edina ! with vainglorious pride !
Away with cant, hypocrisy, and lies !
Away with thy foul blots on every side,
Thy dens of darkness, sinks, and human styes !
Let in the light that not for centuries
Hath ray'd their lurid and hell-looking gloom ;
Raze to the rocks the hideous rookeries !
Exalt thyself, victorious, o'er the tomb
Of thy dread, sordid Past, now given to death and doom !

Then, on thy hills, look up to Heaven's blue,
And shake from thee the dust of evil years !
In resolution fixed, thy youth renew,
Made stronger by thy sufferings, griefs, and fears !
March in the van, amidst thy first compeers !
For truth and justice let thy pulses beat !
And songs of charity enthrall thine ears !
So shall thy Poet's plaudits sound more meet,
And thou be hail'd in truth old Scotia's “ Darling Seat ! ”

T H E C A S T L E.

EDINBURGH.

T H E gray auld Castle Wallace saw,
The grim auld Lion, mane and maw,
Keeper of Auld Scotland's law,
And true libertie !

Centuries and ages flown,
What hae they but honours thrown
Round my rocky head and crown
That I wear for aye !

I stand up and here declare
Freedom's birth-bed was my lair ;
Let a' mind the Lion's rair—
Touch not libertie !

The lang centuries I've seen,
Scotland's royal rest I've been,
Freedom's natal hame and scene
Stern unto this day !

Freedom is the Lion's wean,
Freedom is the Lion's ain ;
Rouse the Lion in his den,
Or let Freedom be !

Here I stand and watch for aye,
Roar the Hour* from day to day—
Freedom true to mark the sway,
From far sea to sea !

* The daily time gun at 1 P.M.

THE TWA CAPITALS : EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

*Twa capitals to ae land is richtly rare—
But Scotland thro' a' time was aye "ane mair!"*

FIRE-FLAUGHTS and thunder cam' wi' fa' o' nicht—
Black, pitchy darkness and red glaring licht,
Abrupt, harsh, startling, awe-inspiring sound,
And peace as sudden, eldricht, and profound,
Alternate fell owre Lead's affrichten'd hills,
Ae autumn eve, as, worn by mony ills,
I warstled owre them, vex'd, and sair beset
Which track to tak' to my friend's house to get;
For I *must* see him, he was "dying fast,"
As said my telegram at noon by past.

But a' in vain, for, last o' mony fa's,
I stumbled owre the scaur at Garlie Shaws,
And lay, insensible to dying friend,
Thunder and lichtnin', and my journey's end,
As I'd been in the Mid-Atlantic's bed
Tomb'd ten leagues deep, and centuries been dead !

How lang I lay, I couldna tell for sure—
But a gey whilie, ablins twa-three hour,
For at that warlock's scaur foot, thro' my brain
Rumaged Infinity, ere I again
Seem'd to up-wauken at the witchin' hour,
And saw—guid kens !—a sicht that made me cow'r !

The lift a' whombled, whiles 'twas day, whiles nicht—
A mixtie-maxtie potch o' mirk and licht,
But mirk prevail'd, for shadow, I opine,
Held three parts o' the moor, and o'er the line
That wends by Tintoc it was dark and black,
As that which over-veils the Future's track.
I startit up, and glower'd, yet lauch'd, " Ha ! ha !"
For I was neither kill'd nor scaith'd ava !
But where was I?—Lo ! owre the moving moor
Troops o' weird shadows forthwith 'gan to pour ;
Hush'd, and dumfounded, lay the breathless earth,
Unable to gi'e ev'n a zephyr birth ;
But sune the clouds disparting, o'er me grew,
Upwards and sideways, strips and blands o' blue,
'Tween the clud-rifts, full in my sicht display'd,
As if ev'n Heaven a Scotch ovation made.

But strangely now the scene did seem to change,
A ghaistly, mystic licht the moor did range,
As does a creeping mist—but faster far
Than a mere trailing haze, or sea-born haur ;
For, ere my dazzled een could vision it,
The wilderness around was by it lit ;
And, in its eerie glare, far things appear'd
As plain and patent as the hillocks rear'd
Within a circle o' a stane-cast braid
Of whare I lay—like ane by ghaists betray'd.

Close, on my richt, uprose " Auld Reekie " dear
(The " Modern Athens " of those nice o' ear),
Romantic as her wildest lover wills,
Throned like auld Athens on her hundred hills ;
And on my left St. Mungo's city cast
Anither empire and dominion vast

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Of human habitations, stalks, and spires,
And ship-masts peakin' thro' the smeek and fires.

Belyve the clouds dissolved, and, thro' the glim
O' the weird licht, the stars begoud to trim
Their winkin' lamps, and in the east the Mune
Was as a sea-fire in the month o' June ;
And thick, a' round, the shadows now were seen,
In numbers vast—vast multitudes—I ween,
A' gliding owre the Moor frae place unknown,
And swallow'd up in it again when gone ;
Frae east and west they cam', frae south, frae north,
Legions on legions met, mix'd, and sped forth,
Hurrying like humans wham we've aften seen
Mad rushing hamewards frae the play at e'en.

Thae mobs o' shades belang'd to ev'ry age,
But only to our Scots clime, I'se engage,
For a' were cap'd and clad in such array
As only Caledonians wad essay ;
Breekless the feck o' them at first skelp'd past,
Syne crowds cam' shrouded round in tartans vast ;
Then woollens blue, and hamely hodden gray,
As warmly theek't and busk'd as mony mae ;
Anon the modern tribes gaed skipping by,
In ev'ry stuff and colour 'neath thy sky,
Or in itsel' ; or bows that brig it hie,
When sweet May's sunny showers refresh the lea.

When a' the Moderns had jiggit past,
The eerie lurid licht became o'erblast,
And was succeeded by a nameless glim
Whilk made the wide moor near me eithly trim
As fancy pleased, sae now on ilka hand,

Seeming nigh ilk ither, did the great touns stand
Of Edwin and St. Mungo, whilst between
Them baith half-way I lay and watch'd the scene !

Thus a' appear'd around me on the moor—
A wondrous vision truly, yet how poor
To that which was to follow ! Up the sky,
Beyond Carmyle and Kenmuir, there shot high
A spout o' flaming fire, that plain disclosed—
As plain 's a ship in open sea disposed—
A wingèd Figure up the Vale o' Clyde
Come fleein' heavily in power and pride !
A maist stupendous sprite she was, I trow,
Stamp'd "Second o' the Empire !" on the brow,
For she was naething less than Glasgow's sprite
And *genus loci* of that town of might !
Up, up she flew, wi' pond'rous flapping wing,
Yet steadfast as the hunting hawk in spring,
Nor baited she one jot in speed or aim
Till the Cathedral opposite she came ;
There she swerved northward wi' the grace of power,
And lichted crouselly by her ancient tower.
She seem'd a vera auld, but gash guidwife,
Wha mair than maist had made the best o' life ;
Her piercing een miss'd nocht, and she was clad
In fire and waterproofs frae heels to head ;
Her auld umbrella in her hand I knew,
And lo'ed its amplitude o' cotton blue !

But jimp her back was lean'd against the Tower,
When in the east I heard a driedfu' stour,
A *bocking* sound, as if auld Bass the while,
Thro' some late ongauns, sair had gat the bile ;
But this was wrang, the unco din was made

By proud Edina, out on the parade !
 This time 'twas with a purpose—west she flew,
 And on her castle perch'd wi' grand ado ;
 She look'd a vera high and ancient dame,—
 Ane made owre haughty by her world-wide fame ;
 Pale was her visage, and her learn'd wig,
 By pedantry, or pride, was puff'd big,
 And bobbit owre her brow as if to say
 " I am a Queen, behold the lands I sway !"
 Her sable dress was like a lawyer's gown,
 Bund wi' a brewer's brat securely roun' ;
 Percin'd on her Castle Rock she stared strecht west,
 And then her Glasgow tittie bauld address'd :—

EDINBURGH.

Thou'rt there again, I see, on that auld tower—
 How canst thou in that fashion at me glower ?
 Thou kens I am the greater—all do ken,
 Altho' thou art a wonder, too, to men !
 Thy sons have powers in the mechanic line,
 Yet are as seedlin's when compared wi' mine !
 Talents, like 'tatoes, a drap sap mak's grow,
 But constant deluges rot a' below !

GLASGOW.

Proud Madam ! I but laugh at thy conceit,
 Tho' whiles thy saucy ways prompt me to greet !
 What art thou at thy best compared wi' me ?—
 A windy borough by a straik o' sea !
 Thy sons ?—a shilly-shally batch o' boys,
 Wha, out o' schule, dow nocht but mak' a noise !
 A lot of go-aheaders strange are they
 That drawl and waste the best o' ev'ry day,

Get aff—sair wark !—some scraps o' lang-dead lear,
Syne cock their crests as prodigies they were !
I grant, indeed, thou'st rear'd a man or twa—
Scott, Carlyle, Hume—the greatest o' them a'—
And Kames, and Stewart, and Will Hamilton,
And a ween ither lesser lads ye own,
But whar's thy Grahames, thy Kelvins, or thy Cairds,
Thy Campbells; Hutchesons, or ev'n thy Bairds ?
This country ca'd the West outshines the East
As much as Clyde thy burn o' Leith, at least !

EDINBURGH.

My “ burn o' Leith ! ” Thou big impudent jade,
How darest thou speak so o' the stream I've made
As pure and as pellucid 's that which ran
Thro' Eden in the days o' the First Man,
And stock'd wi' trouts forbye—the finest fish !—
That my young gentlemen may catch a dish,
When I do grien for them ? Don't rake up Clyde !
Oh ! daughter of St. Mungo, let it bide !
It is an open reekin' sewer now,
Sin' it thou ditch'd and deepen'd, years ago !
Its nameless horrors will pollute the sea—
Yea, ev'n the braid Atlantic, if lat free
Much langer in its spacious fields o' brine,
Tho' they were saut as Lot's wife was langsyne !
Upo' a par wi' this are thy fause words
About my laddies—thae warld-famous lords !—
Wha o'er oblivion and dark death uprear
Their fronts immortal, as my mountains here
Shute high their lion taps abune the rack
Of that sad reek that never lea's my track—
Nae mair than thine—the only ill I fear,
Wi' the spring winds, and aft they mak' me sweer !

GLASGOW.

I weel believe't ! Yet pride maun hae a drag,
 Or it micht tapple owre the nearest crag,
 As now it threatens owre the paltry curn
 O' smertish callants wham thou've schuled or borne.
 Oh, guid be thankit ! of sic pride I'm free,
 Or, wi' my Roll Renowned, what wad I be !
 Its names to tell, a towmond wad be brief !
 Past computation a'—and a' death-prief !
 How I micht crouse craw owre my Doctors Reid,
 Strang, Hunter, Baillie, Cullen, and, in feide,
 Name giant Adie Smith, mine ain bred bairn !—
 Worth a' thy Blairs, an' Bells, an' Browns, I'se warran',
 Twenty times tauld ! As for thy men o' lear',
 They downa either weel wi' mine compare !
 Ev'n if we tak' but those wha lived and dee'd
 Before this century had shot a-heid :
 Wha can thou pit against sich deevils dour
 As Jardine, Anderson, Dunlop, and Moor ?
 Or Bishop Trummel, founder, lang ago,
 Of my First College—when thou'dst nane to show !
 Forbye the Boyds, Beaton, Wodrow, and Graham,
 Maclaurin, Forbes, Wellwood—chiels that Fame
 Hath crown'd and thronèd high for aye owre men,
 In ne'er-disputed richt to rule and reign !
 Kings absolute in erudition, till
 Scots folk for learning tine baith wut and will !

EDINBURGH.

Bawl not thy musty pedagogues at me !
 Nor haud them up as if, on bended knee,
 I should fa' down and worship ! Adam Smith—
 And he was frae our Lang Toun owre the Firth—
 Is maist the only worthy o' thy batch !

The rest's a lang-forgotten, prosy hatch
 O' book-worm grubs ! wham to compare wi' those,
 Wham I, within the period thou impose,
 Sent marvels owre the world to lead and bless
 Entire humanity frae than to this,
 Wad be a jest, I trow, were it not meant
 By thee, in spite, to gi'e my heart a dint,
 But, saucy limmer ! tak' thou tit for tat,
 And syne match me the gods whom I've begat !

GLASGOW.

The " gods ! " how dost thou name them, Lady Grand ?
 I'd think thy " gods " were but an impish band !
 Thou lookst mair like a dam o' ghouls than gods—
 But name the idols-ere my patience nods !

EDINBURGH.

Tho' " second o' our Empire " thou are named,
 'Tis for thy size, not sense, thou art sae famed !
 Taste and refinement give thee a wide berth,
 But of their opposites thou kens nae dearth !
 Still, wishing thy amendment, ere I'm done
 I'se featly o'er my matchless laddies run,
 Beginning ere thy Bishop Trummel dee'd,
 Or he had ta'en that Wonder frae his heid,
 Thy quaint " First College," and end near the day
 When sank thy lark that sang " The Sabbath " lay :—
 First comes Dunbar, the wisest Scottish bard
 Sin' Tam the Rhymer to Elfland repair'd ;
 Sir Richard Maitland next, auld Scotland's friend,
 Her poet an' historian to his end ;
 Sir Dawvid Lindsay o' the Mount I claim,
 He in the East was born, had lands, and hame ;
 Nae satirist e'er plied a sharper quill,

Nae dry-nurse ever kinder hushèd still
 A royal squaller, or gat less for it,
 Than droll Sir Dawvid—mangre a' his wit ;
 The martyr Wishart, too, was of the East—
 That garden o' the gods—and not their least !—
 There Knox and Heriot baith upsprang to fame ;
 There's Merchiston's great Napier's deathless name ;
 Drummond's the dove of Hawthornden,
 And butt and censor of the burly Ben ;
 And Bishop Burnet's, and that patriot born,
 Fletcher of Saltoun, wham nae bribe could turn ;
 Carstairs and Rutherford, the great divines ;
 Johnston, the judge, and Leslie, wha the lines
 Of ev'n Cromwell did bamboozle aft,
 Till he lost a' by zealots waur than daft !

GLASGOW.

My high-bred complimenter, that will do !
 The cock will craw belyve ! Are ye near through ?
 Gin thou prose on at this Auld-Reekie rate,
 I fear some o' thy " gods " will have to wait !

EDINBURGH.

'Tis dune in self defence ! I'll hae my say,
 And thou sall listen, whether yea or nay !
 Crichton the admirable I claim as mine,
 And e'en great Henderson the Fife divine ;
 And Ramsay, wi' his " Gentle Shepherd's " fame—
 Upon this vera Rock he built his hame !
 Lord Forbes, too, Eldin, and Donaldson ;
 Dick and Dalrymple, and Lords Gardenstone,
 Monboddo, and Glencairn ; the Muses' fry—
 Douglas, Hamilton, and Buchanan high ;
 The " Poet of the Seasons ; " Falconer—

A' "Makkars" trusty, and true men of honour !—
With Mallet, Blacklock, and sweet Michael Bruce,
And poor young Ferguson, sae blythe and crouse !
Macneil, Macpherson—the slee prosy ane,
Wha faither'd his fanse fudge on Ossian ;
Boswell ; and Blair, the grave bard of the tomb ;
And great John Leyden, and wee Johnny Home—

GLASGOW.

Ye raving, ranting randie ! rail nae mair !—
Thy "godlings" company we weel can spare !
For what want we wi' a' thae auncient fools !
We're happy they're a' happit i' the mools !
Grahame, Campbell, Pollok, Burns, and Tannahill
Are worth ten shiploads o' sich shavers still !

EDINBURGH.

Thou must be rude—it is thy nature to,
As thou hast ever done, so must thou do !
I named these men as a mere group o' mine—
Some stars that in my firmament still shine !—
But tho' I multiplied the list by ten,
I wadna half exhaust my head-roll then ;
I hae but tauld the chief to Home and Blair,
O'erleaping dizzens worthy nicer care,
As John of Duns ; the Erskines, and Munroes ;
The Browns, Dundases,—and, in short, a' those—
An unco number !—whom I'd no in mind,
Belanging to the span o' time design'd.
But what's the odds ? Sister ! ye trow richt weel,
That, in a' pints, I tower owre thee a deal !
Tak' trade for ane,—behold my breweries !
Hail streets in length, and aye the newer is
The langest o' the lot ! they tell whare siller is,

Baith them, and my renoun'd distilleries !
 And warn thee thou canst not a candle haud
 To my great trade in liquour—guid and bad !

GLASGOW.

I'se no dispute it ! Pity that this trade
 Sae mony o' thy sons imbeciles made !
 My callants tell me they've sae tint their glee,
 They never smile but when they're on the spree !

EDINBURGH.

A vile, ridiculous insinuation,
 Born of base spite and vaulting, mad ambition,
 And so beneath my note ! My great Book trade
 Puts even muckle London in the shade !
 My schules *are* schules, wharein education
 Exacts frae thousands murd'rous occupation !
 My learn'd Professors, ever since their birth,
 Have never daur'd to creep out owre my hearth ;
 My lions of the Law are kenn'd a' owre,
 And, being sae, why needs I roose them more ?

GLASGOW.

Nae need ava, they can do that themsel's,
 Better than wedders that do bear the bells,
 With bare-faced vanity that mocks the mune !—
 But hast thou mair to say, or art thou dune ?
 Void a' thy spleen at ance ! this rivalry
 Thro' a' this century has sicken'd me !
 And sae it was that I did thee invite
 Unto this conference and chat to-night,
 To see could we not come to better terms,
 Whereby, for guid, we micht lay doun our aims,
 And no provoke ilk other thus, nor mak'

The haill roused country point at us and talk
Between its loud "Ha ! Ha's !" which aft are heard —
Nocht to our honour, or our high regard—
As far as Fleet Street, whare the Aircher, "Punch,"
Sits whetting his dreid dairts at us to launch !

As for our trades, thou kens as weel as me
They canna be compared, nor e'er can be ;
As weel compare a match lowe to the fire
Wi' which my Vulcans grim, when they desire,
Gar solid airn rin like spates o' slush
That doun thy gutters in a thaw do gush !

EDINBURGH.

Thou grants me naething ! How can I cry "Peace !" —
When not one tittle of thy claim thou'lt cease,
But rather go on adding to it more,
As if it were thy scheme to whelm me o'er,
And owre my sunk heid raise thy upstart toun,
As the sole capital o' Scotland grown ?
Thou baith my trade and great men laughst to scorn,
And law and education floutst in turn !
But thou'lt admit—since ever I was boun'
By Malcolm Canmore to the Scottish Crown,
Doun to this hour, I've been the supreme seat
Of Scotland's sovereignty, and the retreat—
The loved retreat—of her nobility,
And a' her greatest born 'twixt sea and sea ?
Her legislative and law-making place,
And sounce executive, since Jamie's race,
At Perth, was stappit by avenging Grahame ?
And further, thou'lt allow that I, in fame,
Do out and out outshine thy vulgar name
For airn wark, and ships, and deaving din—
Things were mechanical, and base as tin ?

But these aside, why, my aspiring dame,
 Nature herself dôth me supreme proclaim,
 As witness'd by her pledge—this Queenly site,
 Now heaved sky-high on mony a rugged height,
 Now plunged into the depths and womb of earth,
 Where titans only have appropriate birth !

GLASGOW.

Waur, waur ! Of ev'n thy site this truth is trite—
 Thy site 's thy site, but *thou* art not that site ?
 And if it be thy badge, as thou mainteen,
 Then, I'm *queen'd* too ! for, how mony a scene
 Of grandeur, and of beauty unexcell'd,
 Within my area can be beheld !
 Up to my vera wa's the glory fills !—
 Westhorn is mine ; Cathkin, and Campsie Hills ;
 The Wangel, and Kilpatrick ; Pollokshaws ;
 Bothwell, and Blantyre, and its Priory wa's ;
 Gleniffer Braes ; Bardowie Loch ; and, last,
 My Kelvin valley—*Elfland o' the Wast!*
 And mony ithers—a' as fair as thine,
 Tho' nae Sir Walter yet has cried “ Divine ! ”

EDINBURGH.

Thou gars me laugh in turn, and in my hairt
 I'm half inclined to cede thy wish'd-for pairt !
 What is it thou wad hae ? In reason speak,
 And let us aff thae nasty wranglings break !
 Shute thou to me thy cotton umberell,
 And do thou wairp this muffler round thyself,
 Tied steeve about thy chafts, 'twill fend thee weel,
 When doun thy Clutha eastlin snell winds steal !
 Come, tittie, come ! say what will buy us peace,
 And mak' this feide unseemly instant cease ?

Thou ne'er canst be as me, nor me as thee,
But we may, Love ! agree to disagree ?

GLASGOW.

Sin' I hae min', nae words upo' my ear
Did ever fa' that gied me greater cheer !
Thy muffler, frae the cauld blasts me to fend,
I do accept and welcome ! sister ! friend !
For a' our testy bickerings, I trow,
Our herts were never vera far astrow !
An' we agree to let the past *be* past,
Of course we'se understan' that, first and last,
In thy best pints I equal thee, and that
In mony ithers I owretap thee flat !
In trade, in population, in great men,
In general importance, power, and strain,
And, abune a', in our great public schemes,
Mine far outstrip thy vague and tortuous dreams,
Bungled in planning, and in carrying through,
'Maist lost in muddles of a vast ado !
This free admitted, then we can agree,—
As thou hast been continue still to be,
In a' relating to the law and courts,
Thy Governmental places and resorts.
Have still thy General Post Office, dear,
And I'se keep mine intact—that thou may swear !
The Public proclamations at the Cross
They maun be made in baith touns—or nae loss
O' time be tholed until they're swept awa,
Wi' a' their “ use and wont,” like last year's snaw !
Thou'lt be the capital in name galore,
I'll be the capital in wealth and power !
Maintain thy jurisdiction where thou can,
And I will mine extend on my ain plan !

Feed fat thy bouk on thochts o' thy grand sel'--
 How thou'rt of a' the warld the city belle !
 And I will quately, direct jog alang,
 My toun improving and renewing strang !

EDINBURGH

For sake o' peace, and that I have the while
 My ain thochts on the great themes thou revile--
 Thochts that thou canna, ne'er will understand,
 Because thou'rt made to wield thy great command
 Owre forces differing frae those o' mine
 As much as our twa natures in design.
 The cock will craw anon ! 'Tis Sunday morn,
 Or lang ere this we'd to our caves been borne,
 By early toilers, and the rush and rair
 O' trains that 'tween our touns whirl evermair.

Hand me thy umberell ! pledge o' our pact,
 I'll keep it in my Castle here intact--
 Gif I find room for 't !—and just lainch it out
 To show great visitors, when they're about,
 Or when I gang to Lon'on or the Queen's,
 An honour'd guest amang her honour'd freens !

GLASGOW.

Bravo, Edwina ! Glasgow's sister-twin !
 Accept this sacred token that our sin
 Of living erst estranged is deid, and now
 Repented of and coosten, stick and stow !
 Fareweel, twin-tittie ! may we aften meet
 'Tween blasts o' Eastlin wind and Westlin weel !

Thae words were hardly spoken when I heard
 The Dawn o' Day by chanticleer declared,
 And instant frae their eyries the twa sprites

Spontaneously arose and took their flights—
Ane east, the ither west, whilst on the moor
I wauken'd wi' a start—near my friend's door !
For, in sooth, strecht fornent me, by the Shaw,
The weel-kenn'd house, some hundred yairds awa',
Stude brent afore my een in the gray dawn,
Smoking richt gaylie 'midst its verdant lawn !

I scrambled to the door and rang the bell,
Which swith was answer'd by Miss Howe hersel',
Wha, smiling, tauld me that her billie dear
Had pass'd the crisis, and wad sune be fier !
“ But what is that,” quo' she, “ upon your brow ? ”
I liftit up my hand and felt—O, wow !
A new development !—a bump, I ween,
As lairge as ever turkey's egg was seen !
'Twas plain at once : I *had* fa'n owre the scaur
And knock'd my pow against some jutting spar,
Or muckle stane ; then, in delirious sleep,
Had lain for lang hours by the Warlock's steep,
And dream'd the while, what here is set in sma',
The strange convention o' the spirits twa,
Wha represent and guide the cities great
Of Edinbro' and Glasgow to their fate !

SONG : DUNSAPPIE.

DUNSAPPIE braes, Dunsappie loch,
Thou art sae fair thou sadden me !
For here my joys cam' a' to nocht,
For here my love I last did see !
Like his ain smiling cheerie face,
The dimples in his cheeks an' chin,
Are thy sweet howes to wearie Bess,
Their hill-encircled bound within !
Dunsappie braes, etc.

Thy lang-lo'ed craigs an' cliffs out-owre
Are imaged in thy waters blue,
As in my lone heart, evermore,
My lad is vision'd, aye sae true !
Dunsappie braes, etc.

O wherefore did my laddie dee ?
O wherefore gaed his ship sae stray ?
Doun i' the dreid, the deep, deep sea,
Lie him and a' his mates this day !
Dunsappie braes, etc.

Ye rocks an' whinny knowes around,
Thou shining loch sae fair to see !
I never lea' thy hallow'd bound,
But I stray back fu' soon to thee !
Dunsappie braes, etc.

SONG : DUNSAPPIE.

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O that my laddie hadna dee'd !
O that he were but here ance mair !
This scene were Paradise to me,
Where now I mourn, heart-sick, an' sair !
Dunsappie braes, Dunsappie loch,
Nae ferlie gin thou sadden me !
'Twas here my young life cam' to nocht,
'Twas here that Jake I pairted wi' !

“CHING-CHING”: AN EDINBURGH
MUSICAL GENIUS.

WE dwalt down in a back side street,
Whare auld wives flyte an' bairnies greet,
Whare ever queer folk queer folk meet,
An' “carena' a ring;”
Athort the way a woman baed,
Neither an auld wife nor a maid—
But thy step-mither when she wed
Thy Dad, “Ching-Ching!”

This little lad was nineteen year,
Tho' nar as sma' as Daidles here,
He was decreepit sae, an' queer,
An' thrawn, puir thing;
The neebors a' likeit him,
The laddies never strikeit him,
Naebody had a pick at him—
Puir, wee “Ching-Ching!”

Pale, pale he was, an' gentle aye,
As ony lamb upon the lay,
An' his heart was fresh as day
In the May spring;
He had blue een, an' brow as big
As the gleam seen throo the brig
That o'erspanns the Vale o' Ligg,
Poetic “Ching-Ching!”

Our Maggie was a maiden then,
 Not yet wed to Geordie Glen ;
 Oh ! braw she was, an' bonnie, when
 She did pearlins bring,
 An' busk hersel', wi' maiden art,
 A' to capture Geordie's heart,
 Ne'er dreaming o' the tragic part,
 Noo thine, “ Ching-Ching ! ”

Puir Ching wad sit, an' sit, an' see
 Maggie dressing thus sae spree,
 While ne'er a word nor cheep gied he
 Than a deid thing,—
 In sooth, he seem'd as happy as
 He himsel' had been the cause
 O' her donning a' her brows—
 Heroic “ Ching-Ching ! ”

But a' the time she was his Queen—
 First-love's Empress, bricht an' sheen,
 Radiant as the sun when seen
 As Day-star o' spring !
 All unwitting, all unthought,
 She was unto him, I wot,
 The centre ruler of his lot—
 The ALL to “ Ching-Ching ! ”

Sune saw she how fond he was !—
 An' oh, how vex'd she was the cause !
 She tauld the lad to gang his wa's,
 An' no to cling, cling
 To her, like a devotee,
 A worshipper, a slavie,
 Content, if her he could but see,
 To be “ Ching-Ching ! ”

But na ! he but bow down before
 The goddess whom he did adore,
 As meekly as the meanest flow'r
 Before Day's King !
 Mair to him she was than monarch,
 Or breath to life, or sea to bark,
 His All in All—queen, life, an' ark,—
 Oh, puir “ Ching-Ching ! ”

About this time, ae unco nicht,
 Some sympathetic soul, outricht
 To the Opera took our wicht,
 Like a wean thing :
 Lo, an' behold ! at morn, neist day,
 He cam' to Meg, in high array,
 An' sung an' rehearsed the haill play,
 Glorious “ Ching-Ching ! ”

Every sang—nay, every verse,
 Did this Orpheu's glib rehearse—
 The stern, the sweet, the fond, the fierce,
 Wi' the truest ring !
 Glorious day ! thrice glorious day !
 Meg was pleased, and Ching was gay !—
 What mair could mortal want or hae,
 Thaucht proud “ Ching-Ching ! ”

At this time, too, anither friend,
 Doun-drawing to life's hinner end,
 Bequeath'd, by testament unkenn'd,
 A new sting-an-ling
 Melodeon to him—lairge, an' grand,
 That play'd like a haill German Band,
 When finger'd by a master hand,
 Like rare “ Ching-Ching ! ”

The auld testator had it bocht,
 To try an' learn it as he thocht,
 An' had for years hard at it wrocht
 Ae wee tune to bring
 Or squeeze out o't—but a' in vain !
 To save his soul—if he had ane—
 He couldna gar't play mair than—nane !
 Sae will'd it to “ Ching-Ching.”

Wi' sklentint' een, an' wylart look,
 The new toy in his hands he took ;
 Frae tap to tae he swat an' shook—
 Maist swarf'd, by jing !
 Syne, plucking up, he drew it out,
 Viewing it round an' round about,
 Then press'd the keys, an' ga'e a shout—
 Puir, wee “ Ching-Ching ! ”

But, ere ae hour had come an' gane,
 He could play “ Scots Wha Hae ” his lane !
 Syne, greetin' an' lauchin', ane by ane—
 A haill lang string
 O' Scotland's bonniest, matchless airs,
 Ere nichtfa' he play'd up our stairs,—
 To himsel' singing unawares,
 Enraptured, “ Ching-Ching ! ”

Sae, as days pass'd, his passions grew—
 Music an' love seem'd a' he knew,
 An' frae them baith what strains he drew,
 O' Heaven-like ring !
 Like some god-orphan there he sat,
 An' in rapt saul his psalms begat,
 Wi' strangest sweetness, sadness fraught,
 Divine “ Ching-Ching ! ”

Sae did this inspired Knurlin prime,
For weeks—for months—his waking time,
Still higher rise, an' mair sublime,
Up, upon the wing,
Owre earth, an' every earthly care,
Like love-mad lark in morning air,—
Enraptured wi' his visions rare,
Angelic "Ching-Ching !"

But ah ! the day drew nigh when Meg
In Hymen's Yoke but shute her craig,
Hoo then wad Ching existence drag ?
Or he play or sing ?
Torn frae his goddess by stern fate,
What *wad* he do ? Sad, sad debate,
That nane could saddle—nane wad state,
To puir "Ching-Ching."

Ae day, when there was gaun to be
A grand "Review" he wish'd to see,
A neebor wifie, tenderlie,
Wi' a thick string,
Tied him on her back, an' took him
Whare the troops he nicht o'erlook 'em,
Shelter'd frae the winds, which shook him,—
Wee, frail "Ching-Ching !"

Far up St. Anton's Hill he sat,
In a bield nook, lown an' flat,
Like ane wandering Fairy's brat,
Seeing ilka thing !
But it began, alas ! to rain,—
A perfect deluge fell amain—
Which drench'd an' chill'd him to the bane,
Puir, wee "Ching-Ching !"

Like a stricken sma' roe-deer,
 Like a lily, drooping sear—
 Blichted in a thrawart year,
 In a late spring,
 Sae was Ching ta'en hame to bed,
 Uphappit warm, an' nursed, an' fed—
 But noch on earth could haud the lad,
 Oh, wee “Ching-Ching !”

Maggie stept across the street,
 To spier for her wee favourite ;
 He smiled a smile—mair sad—mair sweet—
 Than mere hope can bring ;
 Syne, sitting up in bed, he said,
 Wi' her hand 'tween his handies laid,
 “ Dear Maggie ! now I'm happy made—
 Kiss your ‘ Ching-Ching ! ’ ”

“ I'm deein', Maggie ! never mair
 You'll cairry Ching-Ching up the stair,
 To play ‘ The Bush Aboon Traquair,’
 Or auld sangs to sing !
 But dinna greet ! oh, dinna greet !
 I'se be better gane, my sweet !
 An' sune in Heaven ye will meet
 Wi' your ‘ Ching-Ching ! ’ ”

“ Fareweel ! my head is like to burst !
 I've lo'ed ye sin' I saw ye first !
 But, Maggie, at the vera worst,
 I'm nae *vile* thing !
 My greatest faut was loving you,
 An' that I couldna else but do,
 For ye were aye sae kind and true,
 To ‘ Wee Ching-Ching ! ’ ”

That nicht his great saul fled to whare
Love an' music's evermair,
Neth their Faither's sleepless care,
 An' protecting wing !
But sune as ere his death was known
There rose to Heaven a dismal moan
Of wae an' pain that he had gone—
 The people's " Ching-Ching ! "

Upo' ae leesome afternoon,
The sweetest ane in sunny June,
Mourners in hundreds gather'd roun,'
 His licht bier to bring,
Doun to his tomb, 'mang bonnie bowers
Of bushes an' memorial towers,
Whare, neth a hill o' wreathes an' flowers,
 Pass'd wee " Ching-Ching ! "

EPITAPH ON "CHING-CHING."

IN silent rest beneath this green
Here sweetly sleepeth he,
Who in the body on life's scene
Was born a dwarf to be,

But who within his child-like frame
Display'd a giant mind,
Where fires of genius high did flame,
And love of womankind !

Music to him was bread and drink,
And love the breath of life ;
Of discord's jars he scorn'd to think,
And those of hate and strife.

So living, so he pass'd away,
And here his body lies ;
His cherub soul, unsmudged with clay,
Soar'd up beyond the skies !

AN AULD FARMER

[NOW COMPULSORILY RETIRED TO THE CITY.]

LORD, how he totters, how he creeps along !
How palzied are the limbs that were sae swift !
How bent the shouthers that were erst sae strang,
And made the wheat sheaves spin thro' air like drift !
That gart the Irish navvies quake wi' fear
When they did riot in the field o' bear
Ae harvest morn.

A-down the street the aged farmer goes,
His auld coat trailing to his shambling heels ;
Within his hands twa staves he doth enclose
Wi' fikey fingers, an' wi' thae he feels
His way, sae unco, strange, an' singular,
And all unlike the country lanes afar,
This summer morn.

His snawy locks proclaim his many years,
His wan, sunk cheeks, and wither'd, wrinkled brow
Tell o' his changèd life and its dread cares,
And that his dwining days are numbered now ;
For he the earth nae mair shall till or reap,
But in a city grave lie down and sleep
Some early morn !

Oh, what a differ frae the time bygone !
That auld man was a blessing and a pride !

Nae husbandman like him grew grass or grain,
Or curler bowl'd in a' the country-side !
Nae happier faither such a family reared
Than that auld man, now wearie, worn, and bleared,
This May-day morn !

His lands, his house, his stock are poindit a',
His curling-stanes are biggit into dykes,
His wife is deid, his fam'ly, far awa,
Are deid or married, and a stranger bykes
I' the fine farm he wraucht sae mony years,
Bykes, an' grows rich at half his rent an' feeres,*
And sings ilk morn.

* Feeres, or fiars, the prices of grain in each county, determined yearly by the Sheriff, for fixing certain rates and tenant farmers' rents.

AE WINTER NICHT.

WHEN driech December's lowering lift
Made even mid-day mirk,
And a' the city, nicht an' day,
Seem'd every joy to shirk,
And crouch'd beneath her blanket gray
Of wintry smoke and cloud,
As if she wadna muckle cared
Tho' it had been her shroud.

Ae dismal e'en, our cosy hame
I dauntlessly forsook,
Wearied wi' driving lang the pen
And poring owre the "book."
The nicht was dreary, cauld, an' raw,
An' travellers were few ;
The tramcars ran, but not ae ane
" Outsider " was in view.

I socht the city's stir an' din,—
My suburb hermitage
Had made me like a puir wild bird
Lang steekit in a cage ;
And when at last I freedom fand,
Like a freed birdie, I
Felt dazed, and wistna whaur to flee,
Sic freedom strange to try.

I thoct to rax my limbs at least,
 Maugre baith wind and rain,
 Sae up the new North Brig I sped,
 As proud's 't had been my ain.
 The Nor' Loch valley, smoor'd in reek,
 I crossed in dudgeon high ;
 For I was fixt, and I had sworn,
 " I'se cross this gulph—or die."

Umbrellas, big-coats, waterproofs,
 Haps, mauds, and cloaks flew past ;
 Cars, cabs, and cairts fill'd a' the road,
 And reel'd and rattled fast.
 Naebody seemed on pleasure bent,
 Naebody there but me.
 The very news-boys turn'd and fled,
 Frae ev'n their dear " bawbee."

In doorways, neuks, and common stairs,
 Close-mouths, and public howffs,
 Sojourners coor'd in motley groups—
 Braw-folk, trades-folk, and " scowffs."
 At Stewart's, eastward, wi' a birr,
 I doun the High Street wheel'd.
 Lo ! what a change ! nae gale blew there ;
 But hame-like dirt and bield !

Lamplichters, wi' their rods in hand,
 Frae post to post did rin,
 Leaving a' sides, a comet's tail,
 Star-dotted, them behin' ;
 And in their wake this ancient route
 Did hotch richt boisterouslie,
 Pang'd fu' o' life—pain, wae, and want,
 And wantonness, and glee.

Grin' dingy shops, like orges' dens,
With "publics" stuck between,
Doun the "Lang-gate," outfacing nicht,
On ilka side were seen ;
And crowds of folk of every age
Did swarm baith out and in,
Like casting bees, or disturb'd ants,
That furth their hills do rin.

Wee bairnies, in the wintry cauld,
Barefoot, half-nakit ran ;
Uncared for by ilk dirty drab,
And drowsy, drucken man ;
They seem'd as mony as Tyne's sands,
Or sheep on Lammermuir,
I wonnert where they a' lay down,
And hoo they a' did fare.

Blae, shilpit creaturs maist they were,
With faces shrunk and lean ;
Sae different frae the brose-fed chicks
In auld East Loudon seen !
Their look was that of wae-worn eild,
But, as auld Reynard's—sly ;
And keenly did they tak' the "size"
Of every passer by.

And a' abreed this wondrous way,
Auld Scotland's Royal Route,
The "people" swarm'd its haill lang length,
Their kindest hame, nae doot.
There cripples begg'd, there fiddlers play'd,
And mony minstrels sung ;
Reek, noise, and stench fill'd a' the air,
And peace and pleasure dung.

Rags, "honest" rags, and "povertie,"
 With shows o' shoddy "braws,"
 Made here a bonny speckled blend,
 Ye "queer folk in the Shaws!"
 Here life was seen, Man's wayart life,
 Sae strange, sae wild, sae sad!—
 Its shadows grim as those of Hell
 In sin's false lustre clad.

I hurried on: Abune the din,
 And glimmerin' attics hie,
 I heard the Boreal sweep and roar,
 And strain for victorie,
 Within as dark and starless vault
 As ever Pluto caved,
 Yea, black as that which chaos bound,
 When clootie first it braved.

The nether Bow, the Moray House,
 St John Street, and Jack's Land,—
 I passed them a'. My heart was laith
 And wroth to understand
 Man's wearie world and heritage
 Of ceaseless waes and pains,
 And for them a' blank death and dust
 The total wage and gains?

Sae brooding, I the kirkyard yett
 In Canongate drew nigh;
 It stude a-jee, I slippit in,
 Fain, fain there peace to try:
 The dreid scenes o' the world outside,
 Alike of gloom and glee,
 Its shame-faced sins, its cruelties,
 Had pain'd and sadden'd me.

Now here anither city was
Mair populous than that
Which roar'd without and all around,
And never wad be quat.
'Twas fou o' shadows—moving shades,
And gleams of eerie licht—
For, thick as midnight stars, around
The toun glims flicker'd bricht.

The Norlan' blasts that warr'd abune
Invaded not this scene,
And I was left in shelter'd calm
And blissful peace serene.
The tomb of Adam Smith I pass'd,
I wat with knitted brow !
I knew the giant by his wark—
Where was the giant now ?

Slow strolling to the northern nook
Where Dugald Stewart sleeps,
I, musing, strode o'er countless caves,
Where Death his treasure keeps.
Beneath my feet, my fellow men,
Without ae move or moan,
In thousands lay, that a' had trod
The road that I have gone.

On my return, I stepped aside,
As aft I'd done before,
That o'er the grave o' Ferguson,
I reverently might pore,
And reach through him the Scottish groves
Of song and poesy,
Not for to ape his deathless strains,
But just to soother me.

I thought how Burns this way had ta'en,
 His great heart swoln with grief ;
 And how he raised this " simple stone "
 To give that heart relief,
 When, sudden, furth behind the tomb
 Did shoot a form or wraith,
 Swathed all in sable drapery,
 Mair gruesome than mort-claith.

Behind a veil a woman's face,
 With staring eyes, I saw,
 Eyes that gleam'd fierce as those of cats
 When nigh their pray they draw ;
 Her face, long-stretch'd, look'd pale but wild,
 And startled as a tod's,
 That on a sheepfauld sudden haps
 When he's on ither roads.

" Fear not," she cried, " I am but one
 Of this great city's lost—
 Only a ' common wanderer,'
 Forsaken, tempest-toss'd ;
 But tho' aloof on stormy scenes,
 As truly yet I be
 Thy sister, sir ; nay, shrink nor start,
 A sister, sure, to thee !

" But I am weary, weary sir,
 And fain would rest in peace !
 O that I might this night lie down,
 And from all travel cease !
 Beside us is the grave of him
 Who woo'd and ruin'd me !
 A gallant lad he was ; but fate
 And drink were more than he.

“ He fell ! I fell ! ten thousand falls
Lower, and lower down !

Yea, e'en to this sad sink of doom—

‘ A Woman of the Town ! ’

‘ A public nuisance ! ’ one who dares
To ‘ importune ’ proud man !

A ‘ street tramp,’ a deceiver
Of all she can trepan !

“ ‘ A dangerous beast,’ a ‘ dressed-up bait ’

That lures to hells unknown !

The ‘ monstrous public pestilence,’

The scab Life’s face upon !

And there lies he who made me this !

He was a gallant gay !

He was thy wonder, Annanside,

The sun that made thy day.

“ He was my prince, I was his queen !

My prince he was, till when

I, princess-like, discarded him,

To rule o’er other men !

And thus it was ! O fool, fool, fool !

I up, and fled with one,

Who in his turn abandoned me,

Destroyed and all undone !

“ My prince then sought me out, and did

Just what I’d done to him !

Better, far better had he turned

And torn me limb from limb !

But what he failed, the harsh world did !

Nay ! trod me down, down, down !

And kneaded me to what you see—

A plague spot of the town !

“ O God ! O God ! Think ye that God
 Can pardon such as me ?
 I am not what I was at all,
 And fain to him would flee !
 A dreadful deed has stopped my course,
 A deed without a name !
 But, sir, believe me when I say
 I was not all to blame ! ”

“ God ? ” said I, prickit to the quick,
 “ God, lassie, pardon thee ?
 God could thee pardon were thy sins
 Blacker than Satan’s be !
 God is our Faither, lassie, aye !
 We’re His for foul, for fair !
 There ne’er lived ane—nor can live ane—
 Too sinfu’ for His care.

“ Aff to the Hospital gae ye,
 And gang this verra hour ! ”
 “ Oh, no ! ” she cried, “ no, no, kind sir,
 I’m far beyond its power !
 No home, no hospital for me,
 None but the bed of death !
 Would that I now were laid therein,
 And past all sin and scaith ! ”

By this time we were on the street,
 Slow moving side by side.
 I scanned her face at every lamp,
 For signs to be my guide ;
 And soon we reached a quiet nook,
 The Park gates just within,
 Near where a flaffing glim o’ gas
 Feucht hard wi’ nicht an’ win’.

There, halting short, I said to her,
 " My puir, puir lassie doo,
Whether or no' your gruesome tale
 Be a'thegither true
I canna tell ; but, by your looks,
 I judge it's nae far wrang ;
And if that's sae, my little bird,
 Ye've sung a bonnie sang !

" Noo ye'd repent ? Weel, thank the Lord,
 A door is open ready !
Gae to the Magdalene this nicht,
 And keep your purpose steady."
" No, no," she cried, " no Magdalene,
 No hospital for me !
My time's too short, I feel so, here ;
 But fain, fain sir, I'd see,

" Ere my sad eyes are seal'd for aye
 In death's dark narrow pale,
My old home I'd behold again
 And bonny Annandale !
In sackcloth I would creep to it,
 On hands and knees I'd creep,
If by a trifle I might come
 Myself in life to keep.

" O Ferniclea ! O Annandale !
 O happy early days !
O ruddy health ! O innocence !
 How sweet were all thy ways !
Oh ! let me back once more to thee,
 Just one more day to thee,
To lay me in the lone churchyard
 Where all my kindred be !

“ Dear, happy home ! Dear, early days !
 I was an angel then !
 Beauty I had, riches and place,
 And love—love, beyond ken !
 Oh, sir, dear sir ! look soft on me,
 Have pity on my need ;
 And if you spare a dole, I shall
 To Annandale with speed !

“ ’Tis only there that I would flee,
 ’Tis only there I’d die.
 My mother and whole familie
 All in their graves there lie !
 So, sir, dear sir, have pitie !
 My prayer’s a small request—
 What will me take to Annandale
 And there lay me to rest ! ”

“ How much ? ” I said, “ how much ? ” being stirred
 By her wild passion’d words,
 “ How much, my doo ? my bardie’s purse
 Ill with my will accords.
 Will a’ that’s in ’t—a half a croon—
 Will that serve thee to tak’
 Back, back for guid, to Annandale,
 And ne’er thence bring thee back ? ”

“ O sir,” she cried, “ thou art a king,
 A crowned, right, royal king ! ”
 And gracefully she took my hand,
 And gratefully did bring
 Saft kisses to it, mony, mony,
 Showers o’ them, down, down, down,
 That convert all by Holyrood,
 That “ Fresh Saint o’ the toun ! ”

She fummelt at my breist as I
Furth my deep pouch did draw,
My auld, auld oily leather purse,
Wi' 'ts pawtent clasp and 'claw.
Ha ! what was that ?—a gentle tug—
I lookit doun amain,
Syne clutch'd her wrist, for in her claws
She held my watch and chain !

My watch ! my auld grandfather's watch,
His gowden seals and chains,
Crusht within the hizzie's clutch
As 'twere the devil's gains !
As I'd jaloosed, she prued to be,
Sae harsh I cuist her aff,
“ Begone, ye thief, begone ! ” I roared,
“ Begone, ye scum and scaff !

“ I saw ye smile as doun the street
We twa thegither cam',
I mark'd that smile, that smile tauld me
The smiler was a sham !
A waylayer, a decoy bird,
A street snare and a stain !
Out upon ye, hence and away !
Your lies, your wiles are vain !

“ Your bonny hame in ' Annandale,'
Your ' Fernielea,' and sic,
Are parts but of your dodge : but I
Fell soon saw through the trick.
But oh, my dear, my puir dear doo !
Nae doubt have I ava
Your cruel fate has ye constrained
Your gin round me to draw !

“ Tell me if truly—verilie—
 Ye’re just a common trail ?
 Weel, that is richt, the truth’s aye richt,
 And does at last prevail !
 Oh, my dear lassie, mend your ways !
 Tak’ tent and think awae ;
 For oh, my dearie, as we brew,
 The browst we surely dree !

“ Turn ye, turn ye, my puir lassie !
 Gang hame—if hame ye hae !—
 Tak’ this half-croon—it’s a’ that’s left—
 Tak’ it, my dear, and gae !
 I’m but a puir, puir loon mysel’ !
 Nae words, nae words, my doo !
 Gae hame and try to mend your ways
 And counsel guid keep true ! ”

Sae saying, I wheel’d on my heel,
 And left her to pursue
 Her ain kent path, but just a keek
 I stowlins backward threw.
 Westward, alang the Drive she sped,
 And ere she reach’d the gate
 I saw her joined by ane—a man—
 Her seeming bully mate.

Sune were the twa baith lauchin’ loud,
 She pointing straucht at me ;
 And I could even hear my words
 Rehearsed in mimic glee.
 My half-crown, likewise, she show’d up,
 But seem’d to wail my watch ;
 For I could hear them in their wrath
 My saul to Hell dispatch.

On reaching hame and safe in bed,
List'ning the wild wind's roar,
On this adventure lang I thocht,
And turned it o'er and o'er ;
But every " turn " but braucht me back
To whare I first began,
Sighing, " Wae is me for this young lass,
Ay, baith for lass and man."

SONG : DUDDINGSTONE LOCH.

MIDNIGHT.

LIKE me thou seemst a lonesome thing,
O'er whom fell winds o' fate are blown ;
Nae rest the wailing midnichts bring
To thee or me, fair Duddingstone.

Chorus—

Thou lone, lone Loch o' Duddingstone,
Thou lone, lone Loch o' Duddingstone !
How sad to me thy waters moan,
Thou lone, lone Loch o' Duddingstone !

Thy stately swans, that queen-like glide,
When day's bright glamour 's o'er thee thrown,
Thro' eerie nicht a' wanton hide,
An' thou wi' me dost mourn an' moan !
Thou lone, lone Loch, etc.

Dark is the midnicht welkin a',
Nae star, but ane, peeps tremblin' down.
The City's din has died awa,
Thy waters only lap an' moan !
Thou lone, lone Loch, etc.

Like dread decrees o' destinie,
Dark Arthur's hills do o'er thee frown ;
And rocky ramparts prison thee,
Like closing fate when hope has flown !
Thou lone, lone Loch, etc.

Like mine, thy bosom heaves an' fa's,
An' seemst wi' very pain to groan,
As if, like me, thou hadst such cause
In dark despair to mourn an' moan !
Thou lone, lone Loch o' Duddingstone,
Thou lone, lone Loch o' Duddingstone !
I court thee tho' thy waters moan,
Thou lone, lone Loch o' Duddingstone.

ALF AND LOWRIE.

[TWO EDINBURGH WORKING-CLASS SCHOOLBOYS, ON A SATURDAY, WHICH IS ALWAYS NOW A SCHOOL HOLIDAY.]

OUR Alf is at the whistling age
O' careless foureteen,
Sichts an' shows his thochts engage,
Wi' footba' games between.
He saunters noo alang the street,
Wi' lowse licht pow an' shufflin' feet,
Wheetlin', an' won'erin' gin he'll meet
Wi' his chum "Lowrie Green."

He turns a corner—Lowrie's there,
Wheetlin' like himsel' !
The twa conjoin— a kindred pair—
Faster than pen can tell.
"Come on, Alf," Lowrie, eager, cries,
"Come on to Leith !" an' aff he flies,
An', switherin', Alf behind him hies,
Laith to be left himsel'.

In Leith Walk he o'ertakes him clean,
Then keen is their dispute.
Alf wants to gang to Logie Green,
But Lowrie stands in doubt.
He lo'es Leith's docks, her ships, an' pier,
Her foreign sailors, ear-ring'd queer,
Blue-jackets, tars—a' heroes dear
To boys the warld throughout !

At last Alf says he has a "bob"
He got frae Sandy Sim,
His mither's baker, for a job
He last nicht did for him.
If Lowrie, then, to Logie Green
Will gae this day, an' be his frien',
He'll halve an' share the "bob" between
Themsels—richt true an' trim.

Says Lowrie, "Logie Green's owre far.
"Let's gang to Calton Hill!"
"A-weel!" cries Alf, to close the war,
Though sair against his will.
"Let's hae an orange first ava!"
Says he, as he the "bob" does draw
Frae a breck pouch that's stuffit a'
Like some auld country mill.

A knife, a tap, an' yairds o' strings,
Bools an' buttons mony,
Pencils, pen-points, preens, an' rings,
An' sweeties black an' bonnie!
Amid this hoard the "bob" is found,
Then the fruit's coft—fresh, fair, an' sound—
An' sookit wi' a greed profound
As that of country Johnny.

Syne aff the pair set for the Hill,
Whyles in shop-windows peepin',
Whyles racin' hard, whyles standing still,
Whyles like twa sluggards creepin',
Whyles staning sparrows, dogs or cats,
Crawin' like cocks, squeekin' like rats,
For footba's kickin' ev'n their hats,
And whyles wi' ither threepin!

At lang an' last the Hill they reach,
 Whilk nimbly mount do they.
A bet is made—they strive an' stretch
 Wha first shall tap the bae ;
But half-way up twa tars they meet,
"Twa Rale Blue-jackets," trig an' neat,
Sae they stap short, by wonder beat,
 An' adoration gay.

"Hoo brave they are ! Man, nocht on earth
 Could fricht them—they're sae brave !
They'll ne'er hae grutten sin' their birth,
 Nor ne'er greet to their grave !
Our teacher durstna leather them !
Ma faith, he'd try anither game—
He'd turn 'no-weel,' an' sneak aff hame
 A muckle coward knave !

"Oh, Lowrie ! see what briests they hiv,
 As braid's Sir Weelim Wallace !
See that ane's airm, an' that ane's niv,
 Bigger than Bob M'Cally's !
They'd fecht six Turks, man, if no' twal,
An' hack them into mince-meat small,
Gang through them like a cannon ball,
 Faster than fleein' swallows !"

Sae thaucht our youngsters, as, richt-slow,
 They brattled up the steep,
The tap o' whilk was them below
 But after three hours' creep.
Mony a loon was there before them ;
Three country lads did fair out-glour them,
At whilk bauld Lowrie stude out-owre them,
 An' chaffed them in a heap.

The rurals took his banter ill,
An' ane ev'n cuist his coat,
An' squared at Alf, but, haith, his fill
O' fechtin' sune he got.
Alf backward stept a yaird or twa,
His richt fist to his briest did draw,
Syne in the face of Johnny Raw
It thunder'd like a shot.

It streetch'd the champion on the grass
As Boreas streaks a tree ;
His doun-come naething could surpass
On either land or sea !
But they had pluck they country loons.
The ither twa, beyond a' boun's
Enraged to see twa city coons
Their leader lick sae free,

Sprang forrit, like twa tigers fierce,
Their heid-ane to avenge ;
But Reekie's ranks to turn or pierce
Seem'd quite out-owre their range,
Which when the fallen hero saw,
He up on end again did claw,
An' foremost in the fray did shaw
His bluid-stain'd visage strange.

Then a' along the battle line
A deevilish fecht did rage.
Onlookers watch'd, in humour fine,
The gallant foes engage !
" There's three to twa !" cried mony there ;
" There's three to twa ; it isna fair ! "
But ere they could say any mair
The war had ceased to wage.

Pell-mell the clench'd fists fell a-wee—
 Richt an' left, left an' richt—
Foe-men, like gowks upo' the spree,
 Reel'd, maugre power or micht.
The rural ranks the swaird did strew,
Their General, Cope-like, hamewards flew ;
The city troops their noses blew,
 An' merry mon's did dicht.

Then, this war over, a' the land
 On the Hill-tap had peace,
An' a' the folk did sit or stand,
 An' never seem'd to cease
To gaze upo' the wondrous scene
Out-spread around them, gray an' green,
Sea, plain, an' mountain, an' between
 Fields, woods, an' touns to trace.

But little did our callants heed
 For this or other " scene ; "
They scour'd the Hill wi' youthfu' speed
 For " fun " to be their freen' ;
An' north the Nelson Monument,
Some lads wi' wham they were acquent,
They sudden met, an' straightway blent
 Amang them on the green.

Then " ba " an' racin' lang they tried,
 An' eke ev'n " pitch-an'-toss."
Wae's me, that this game (sair decried)
 Maun aye be some lad's loss !
But our twa birl'd their bawbees
Like master players, an' wi' ease
Braucht aff at last a groat apiece,
 As 'twere sae muckle dross !

Alack-a-day ! by Jove, by Jing !
They ne'er ance thocht it ill,
But gart their ha'p'nies twirl an' ring
As if the sin were *nil* !
Nae doubt when they're to manhood grown
Their dreidfu' error they'll disown,
An' sit in sackclaiith an' bemoan
Their deeds on Calton Hill !

By this time it was near nichtfa',
A glorious setting sun
Arrested even our laddies twa,
Despite what a' they'd won.
A'body gazed ! Upon the hicht
O' far Ben Lomond—clear in sicht—
The sun was throned in his micht
In gowden graith an' crown !

Far glow'd the splendours o' his state !
His robes—the gowden clouds—
Upspread to Heaven's howe were let,
While fields, an' hills, an' woods
Were veiled a' in gowden sheen,
Thro' whilk their matchless Scottish green
Gleam'd as the hues by angels seen
In their divine abodes !

The Forth her siller campaign spread
Frae Fife to Lothian rare.
Her isles an' rocks were glowing red,
An' bonnie 'yond compare !
Her sparkling towns, baith far an' near,
Were busk'd, like queens in glitterin' gear,
Their winnocks did as stars appear,
Or gems surpassing rare !

“ Oh, Alf,” cried Lowrie, “ sich a sicht,
The cluds seem a’ on fire !
It ’s near as grand as ’twas yon nicht
When Brodie brunt his byre !
It ’s queer ! cluds surely canna burn ? ”
He quized, as hamewards they did turn,
Fell hungry noo—sae a’ did spurn
But “ grub,” their ane desire.

“ Baps an’ cheese,” an’ “ penny pies ”
They baucht as sune ’s they could,
An’ devour’d a’—as if a prize
Were gi’en for bolting food ;
Then swith for hame they cheery sped,
Ready for supper an’ for bed,
And, oh, for this fact mair than glad—
The morn * a Sunday stood.

* Next day, being Sunday, of course there was no day-school to go to—hence the great joy of the boys.—J. L.

YOUNG MAGGIE.

[ON HER EMIGRATING TO QUEENSLAND WITH HER HUSBAND
AND INFANT CHILD.]

O UR Maggie's gaun out-owre the sea,
Fu' mony a thousand mile beyond
The last sad glimpse upon the lee
Of that Auld Land she lo'es sae fond !

Nae mair her winsome bonnie face
Wi' loving e'e we'll gaze upon,
But other eyes, in other place,
Will it behold an' love anon !

When far beyond the Tropic Line
Her Native Land lies hid for aye,
Ye Powers above—eterne, divine !—
Wi' gracious blessings strow her way !

Be a' the strangers she's to greet
Her friends devoted, kind, an' leal !
Sae southern days shall brightly fleet,
An' her new hame be "Hame" atweel !

Her young guidman, sae stark an' strang,
Sae bauld, sae tender, an' sae true,—
May be, life's varying scenes amang,
Be her safe guide an' guardian through !

May peace, an' weal, an' health combine
Wi' heart's contentment, lang to prove
Their new fireside athort the brine
A happy haunt o' virtuous love !

And oh ! may she their bonnie bairn,
The best they tak' frae Scotia's shore,
Naething but love an' kisses earn,
Frae hearts that ever her adore !

Fareweel ! fareweel to a' the three !—
Tho' we micht live an' meet again !
Should they be as we would them be,
They'll bless their flicht out-owre the main !

MISS JOSEPHINE JARVIE.

[AN EDINBURGH BOARDING SCHOOL YOUNG LADY.]

HOW lovely ! enchanting ! delightful !
Old Madam* is going to Bath !
This school, I declare, is just frightful ;
But her going reopens Love's path !

Come ! come to me Charley, my darling !
Haste, hasten to your " Gipsy Jo ! " †
Fear now neither scolding nor snarling ;
" Old Mad." is just going to go !

And tho' Grizzly, our Govy, remains
In charge of us " girls," as you know,
With toothache and neuralgic pains
She's so troubled, she ne'er troubles " Jo ! "

Then come to me Charley ! come ! come !
Leave me not in misery so !
From my " Master of Science " I'm lonesome !
But now none dare say to you " No ! "

The London exam. is approaching,
For which, if I wish a degree,
I ought now to be busily coaching ;
So, Charley, come and " coach " me ! "

* The irreverent school-name of the venerable Lady Principal of the Academy.

† " Jo," short for Josephine.

You're the goal at which I am aiming !
You're the honour and prize I would win !
The plot that I always am scheming
Is to snare you with Love's subtle gin !

I soliloquize ever about you,
Ev'ry moment that I am alone ;
Tho' oft, when you're with me, I flout you,
And, purposely, say, " Get you gone ! "

Ah, Charley, dear Charley ! however
Could you think that my saying was true,
When my soul, as rusheth a river
To ocean, was rushing to you ?

In Princes Street Gardens I saw you,
When the " school " was taking the air,
But to me I dared not to draw you,
For spectacted Madam was there !

How I hated her when you did pass,
And I only could give you a bow,
All the time that, on the sweet grass,
I'd have knelt and worshipped you so !

Oh ! would that these " school-days " were over,
This long age of slavish restraint !
Its bonds do *so* tangle a lover !
They would best suit a " Nun " or a " Saint ! "

And Josephine's none of these two !
She's a chosen disciple of Love !
The votaress, Charley, of *you*,
For earth and for heaven above !

Away with "high-breeding" and art !
"Deportment" and "style !" I'm so sick
Of the whole prudish cant ! in my heart
I could bid it farewell with a kick !

And flee unto Nature again,
To artless simplicity's charm !
To be free, I'd traverse York Plain—
With, Charley ! my hand in your arm !

To "walk so," to "sit so," to be
Ever feigning what one is not
Is dissimulation to me,
Hypocrisy, slavery, rot !

I *so* hate all affectation,
All acting and living for show,
That, than eat or laugh to dictation,
For ever them both I'd forego !

The "New Woman ?" Pooh ! Lord, make me
But Charley's wee wifie at home !
And all the "new" *horrors* may be
The butt of all satire to come !

I'd care nought ! For well they'd deserve
Man's laughter for donning his trews ;
Sure the idiots should rather conserve
Our time-hallow'd honours and dues !

I'd neither be she priest nor doctor,
Except unto Charley, my pet !
And to him I'd be preacher, leech, proctor,
And the very best *Boss* he could get !

I'd lecture him, drug him, and tend him !
For him I would live and would die !
Such a wifie, oh Jesu ! do send him—
If 'tis fated that wife be not I !

To ride on a " cycle," to caper
Astride like an ape on a staff !
And to slang like unto a strapper
Of " tires " and " screws " and like chaff !

Oh ! 'tis worse than to simper or whine,
Or to dress and to look as a doll !
Two creatures inane and supine—
Imbeciles, both lacking a soul !

To grow, and develop, and be
Active, and pretty, and strong,
Is a doctrine all sacred to me,
And ignoring it always seems wrong.

But to physic, shoe horses, or shoot,
For this or that candidate vote,
Ape our brothers from bonnet to boot,
And our own work deem folly and rot !

Well, ah well ! This really *is* fudge,
Sheer balderdash, bunkum, and bosh !
The grossest nonsencical sludge
Mankind ever pass'd with a rush !

Is there nothing more fit we can do ?
Ah ! where are the old and the poor ?
The young and the invalids, too ?
The weak ones—inside and outdoor ?

They suffer, are helpless, and call,
Call to us, by night and by day,
Yet our response is tardy and small,
Tho' our chance is fast ebbing away !

Then there's keeping shop, clerking, and sewing,
And washing and scrubbing galore !
When all this runs short, 'twill be growing
Nigh the time to be whining for more !

As for *me*—why, have I not Charley ?
And is he not plenty for *one* ?
I think so—fairly and squarely—
And *more* than “ plenty ” when done !

He's a scientist born and bred,
As exact as the figure of three !
So I'm training both body and head,
His fit spouse and companion to be !

Yes, Charley, my darling, my dawty !
I *do* assiduously slave !
Now I sing like a Lind or a Patti,
And play like Beethoven so brave !

You scoff at the learning of *tongues*,
Apart from the learning of *things* ;
So I'm secretly straining my lungs,
And wishing I only had wings,

To fly o'er the mountains and gather
My “ specimens ”—store upon store—
And wander and dream midst the heather
Of the prince of *savants* I adore !

With my geological hammer,
And trowel botanical, I
From the rocks would smite chips of Love's glamour
And his flowers from the sod dig so spry !

But I widely digress from the real,
This cursedly cruel, slave-life !
And what's dreaming, if my ideal
I am fated never to wife ?

He has vowed me his love, and I know
He's the truest and noblest of men ;
But how oft disappointment and woe
Rule where true love promised to reign !

All alone in this dormitory,
Penn'd up and confined like a rogue
For telling my class-mates a story,
Of which C. was the hero incog.

"Two hours" was my sentence ! Ah, Madam,
I'd been pleased tho' it had been "ten ;"
For so long in fancy I'd had him—
My Charley, my king of all men !

Now, this time's near expired by my watch,
So my jailor will quickly be here,
And my prison door slowly unlatch,
And say, "Josephine, follow me, dear !"

Then down to the school-room we'll march,
Where my seat by the window I'll have,
And all passers I'll scan so and search,
Till I see *him* come striding so brave !

Then I'll hearken him ring the door bell—
Oh ! what heavenly music to me !—
Of all rings his ring I could tell,
Tho' a thousand were rung—*just to see !*

Then up to the school-room he'll run,
And, tho' light be his foot on the stairs,
I shall hear it as clear's the Time Gun,
Which the old maids at one o'clock scares !

Then opens the door, where, to Madam,
My hero his hand does extend.
Oh ! would his good manners forbade him,
And said, " Give it to Josephine, friend ! "

But it's coming ! Some day at the altar
I shall link it so safely in mine !
It shall never escape, tho' he'd falter
And deny me, *his own* Josephine.

SONG : TAMMY MACRAW.

THE SLEEPY SCHULE LADDIE O' BRUCHTON BEING WAUKENED
LATE IN THE MORNING BY HIS MITHER.]

FRAE fa' o' nicht till late neist morn,
Deil catch ye doing aucht but snorin' !
I wonner what ye're gaun to turn,
Ye lazy scoundrel, Tam Macraw !
Ye're sleepin' a' yer brains awa !
Ye're sleepin' a' yer brains awa !
Tammy ! Tammy ! Tam Macraw !
Ye're sleeping a' yer brains awa !

The schule ! 'twill be, in trowth, a schule
That mak's a man oot o' a mule !
Or a fine fallow frae a fule—
Like you, ye joiter, Tam Macraw !
For ye're sleepin', etc.

Yer faither's gane three hour an' mair,
An' still ye snot an' snotter there ;
But jump ye shaff, an' doun that stair,—
Skip, bag an' baggage, Tam Macraw !
For ye're sleepin', etc.

Maun I, yer mither, you entreat,
The lauchin'-stock o' Bruchton Street ?
Ye donart deevil ! I could greet,
Sae sair ye vex me, Tam Macraw !
For ye're sleepin', etc.

I aye was swith o' limb mysel',
Owre every hizzie bure the bell ;
For snools, nae tongue my scorn can tell !
 Bang up this moment, Tam Macraw !
 For ye're sleepin', etc.

Whan your Dad cam' to court wi' me,
" Ye're wide awake aye, Peg !" said he ;
An' fegs, yer Daddy didna lee,
 Tho' I'm yer Minny, Tam Macraw !
 Sleep, sleepin' aye, etc.

Loup up, ye loon ! Dregg on yer claes,
Syne aff to schule, an' mend yer ways ;
Ye'se get the play in twa-three days,
 Then snooze an' snotter, Tam Macraw !
 Sleep, sleepin' aye, etc.

Ha ! there ye are ! on foot again !
My Tammy aye, my doo, my ain !
That wearie titba' mak's ye hain,
 My ain, my doo, my Tam Macraw !
 Nae sleepin' noo o' brains awa !
 Nae sleepin' noo o' brains awa !
That's you, wee Tammy ! Tam Macraw !
 Nae sleepin' noo o' brains awa !

BURNS IN EDINBURGH.

IN buckskin breeks and bricht blue coat,
And hair richt featly tied behind,
A big rough man, a polyglot
And mammoth of our human kind,
Goes striding, like a stalwart hind,
Up High Street ev'ry now and then,
And cits of cits inquire, to find
Who is that giant man of men.

"It's Robbie Burns!" gets whisper'd round!
"What, him that's wrote the great new book
About the twa dogs' crack profound,
And mony anither fonny fluke?"
"I doubt, my freends, ye've him mistook!"
"No, no, it's him—see, he returns
Wi' him for whom he gaed to look.—
Mark ye the man—it's Robert Burns!"

Wi' active step and strength of limb
He thumpeth down the stony street,
And many an eye is turn'd on him,
As ane folk hardly ever meet.
For why? few could a reason neat
Give for the fact, but just that he,
The haill man—frae his head to feet—
Express'd some wondrous mysterie.

They saw the flaming eyes, and saw
The quick smile flush the swarthy cheek,
The nervous twitches slack and draw,
The manly pride, that would not sneak
'Neath even a lordling's wing to beak,
The tender pity that could flow
For mice and little birds, and seek
Divinest meanings in their woe.

With fancy kin, I see him move
Thro' all the Edinburgh days ;
The wayward, brief, "Clarinda" love ;
The Nicol friendship ; and the maze
Of high life, wi' its "New Town" ways ;
The learn'd coteries assailed,
Or simply claim'd, *sans* blame or praise,
Because superior mind prevail'd.

Slowly but surely then began
His evil fiend to urge his course ;
Contamination lamed the *man*
Long ere the *poet* felt its force ;
His social madness raised remorse,
But, maugre both his common-sense
And perfect judgment, did endorse,
Complying, the downfall immense !

Alas ! 'twas Robert Burns no more,
The Ayrshire wonder, and the wit
That made the "Unco Guid" to roar,
Like weanies when their nurses hit ;
Who scourged each cleric hypocrit ;
And stript the "ruling elder" bare ;
Who sang "My Nannie, O," and writ
The patriot's psalm, the poor man's prayer.

He pass'd from here with mind enlarged,
With fuller knowledge—good and ill ;
His grand friends thought they'd all discharged
Their mighty debt to him, tho' still
He lived amongst them—'gainst his will
Needing the "tithe" they well could spare !
So forth he gaed, and paid the bill,
By early death, in speechless care !

ROBERT FERGUSON, SCOTTISH POET.

[BORN IN EDINBURGH IN 1750 ; DIED THERE IN 1774.]

NOT born to be as thy successor
 (Wha yet for thee wad sure been lesser) -
The great prodigious cant transgressor,
 And priest-pride smiter ;
The poor man's champion intercessor,
 And world's sang-writer !

Thou wert, poor Ferguson, for a',
A bard of genuine grit—nor sma',—
Thou hadst the seeing ee, to draw,
 And limn thy world,
And to thy side haill Scotland ca',
 Tho' pedants snarl'd.

Thou wast Invention's darling child !
Upon her favourite aye she smiled,
And led him forth, and ne'er beguiled
 His infant feet,
But brang him to, thro' wold an' wild,
 The Muses' seat !

A ward thou wert of Humour aye !
Thy cronies—Mirth and Frolic gay,
With whom thou ready wast to play
 At ev'ry hour,
Of darkest nicht, or brichtest day,
 Auld haunts to scour !

Alas ! beneath the primal cùrse,
 That tak's the rhyming craft to nurse,
 Thou early fell, and, worse and worse,
 Gat crush'd and torn,
 Till, all undone—peace, pleasure, purse—
 Thou lay forlorn !

In youth forespent, with want an' toil,
 Hunger, and miseries—so vile,
 The first temptation didst beguile,
 And lure thee on,
 With sowps o' drink, alas ! the while
 All hope was gone !

Soon, soon the strain began to tell !—
 First, Courage frae her high seat fell ;
 Wi' fleein' Health—to save hersel'
 She couldna sit,
 Sae toppled owre—leaving a hell
 That soul of wit !

The sicht was mair than Heaven could thole ;
 Sae, frae a crowd, an angel stole—
 Azrael his name, and of the whole
 The best to man,
 And wafted thee unto thy goal
 As thou didst stan' !

That goal lies deep in Scotia's heart !
 And far within the ken of art !
 Therefore, thy fame can ne'er depart
 Thy dear-lov'd toun !—
 And thou art link'd to him wha gart
 Her kings bow down !

G

BURNS AT THE GRAVE OF FERGUSON.*

WHAT! lies he there below thae weeds?
Aff, bonnet, aff! and 'mang the reeds
Swith crook, ye knees!—for my heart bleeds
That such as he
Naebody minds, nor his grave heeds,
Mair than “lat be!”

Oh, Ferguson! my brother dear!
My elder brother!—*mair than peer!*
Poor, ill-starr'd mortal! lying here,
Crumbling to dust,
When thou shouldst been for Scotland clear,
In love and trust,

Her living laureate and bard,
Her darling singer and reward,
Her ae son worthy maist regard,
Her priceless pride!
Sounding her fame, till it was heard
Baith far and wide!

* Burns, soon after his memorable *débüt* in Edinburgh, visited the tomb of his predecessor in Canongate Churchyard. It is recorded that he deplored with passionate emphasis its uncouth and apparently totally neglected aspect. Nevertheless, he approached it uncovered, and, in the most reverent manner, knelt down amid its docks and other weeds for some time. The present “simple stone” which adorns the grave, with its famous inscription, are the results of his visit.—J.L.

BURNS AT THE GRAVE OF FERGUSON. 83

Oh, Ferguson ! my saul for thee
Writhes in the slough o' miserie,
Helpless and weak, as saul can be
That can nae mair
Than bow wi' heid, an' weep wi' ee,
In vain despair !

Lang hae I worship'd thy loved name !
Lang hae I prized thy glorious fame !
And aft I've kindled at thy flame
My fainter glim,
Striving to follow thee with lame,
And halting limb !

Ev'n I hae *borrow'd* frae thy store
Baith forms and methods by the score !
Hints, modes of treatment, themes galore,
I've gat frae thee !
And now I strut at Glory's dōor—
Whare thou shouldst be !

But I'se sune let the warld see
How turns my gratefu' heart to thee,
Whase babe and nursling I *maun* be,
Till that far time,
When I, my lane, may, bold and free,
Parnassus climb !

Thy tomb shall *not* neglected be !
Nor yet *unsung* thy memory !
Whilst I or means or mind can ply,
That be my ain,
Sufficient for resolve so high
Between us twain !

Fareweel, dear shade ! brother, fareweel !
My ain time 's short !—as, sure, I feel
Within my breast life rock and reel,
Baith nicht an' day !
Forewarning me, like dunts o' steel,
It slips away !

So, for a wee, fareweel, dear shade !
As we for ither plain were made,
We'll yet forgather in some glade,
Or heuch abune,
And clear aff scores, an' be repaid
For a' we've dune !

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

[BORN AT EDINBURGH IN 1777 ; DIED AT ABBOTSFORD,
NEAR MELROSE, IN 1832.]

COLOSSAL scribe ! colossal Scot !
And eke colossal poet, too,
Tho' as a bard we seek thee not
But whare thy warriors mak' ado,
Or whare a grand scene strik'st thine eye,
Or Scotland's wild Past thunders by !

Yet mild wert thou, an' still, an' smooth !
Nae ruffle on thy saul's braid deep
Was ever stirr'd, for airs that soothe
Did only o'er its level creep ;
Thou kend'stna famine, flood, nor storm,
Nor Passion's hell in any form !

Thou wast a warld's *entertainer*,
Of natural character the scribe ;
Wha sae reads thee—he's a gainer,
Tho' a debtor to thy tribe :—
Imagination—wit—hadst thou,
And a memory, *vast*, I trow !

Maist o' thy tales are wonnerfu',
Describin' vera life they seem,
As they frae us confession pu'
That what we read wi' truth doth teem ;
An' aft thy humour's in sic store,
We downa else but laugh an' roar !

The Past is shadow'd in thy page,
 An' in that Past a' types o' men,
 An' women, too, flit o'er its stage,
 Revivèd by thy magic pen :
 We see them a', and as distinct
 As we to life wi' them were link'd !

But there were depths, an' depths within
 Thae human sauls thou fathom'd not !
 Thou hadst nae lead-line to begin,
 Sae used not what thou hadna got !
 The surface, and a dip below,
 Measured the utmost thou couldst go !

As simply as a little child,
 That deems each spherèd star a spark,
 Thou by the auld creeds wert beguiled,
 An' strade unquestioning thro' the dark,
 Unwotting and uncaring all,
 What in Man's future would befall !

An' yet hoo aften toilèdst thou,
 Alang the vera marge of Fate !—
 Ripping the banks up wi' thy plough,
 An' harrowing them wi' harrows great !
 But all unheeding the dread stream,
 Of Mystery, that near didst gleam !

Aristocratic to the core—
 At least in heart an' sentiment—
 Thou bended down a prince before,
 As he were something special sent
 By Heaven to enoble Earth,
 An' glorify it by "*high birth* !"

To thee the poor the "rabble" were—
The "mob," the "clowns," the "knaves," to serve
"Superiors," and as such to fare,
Rejoice or suffer, feast or starve,
Follow to battle, win or die,
An' ne'er to ask the reason why !

Thou wert a' this, an' yet, at hame,
Thou as a blessing wast belov'd !
Heedless of praise, applause, or fame,
But by thy master passion moved—
To found, an' build up Abbotsford,
An' mak' thyself a landed lord !

Tremendous were thy gains—an' loss !
And glorious thy retrieving fight !
Herculean efforts were as dross
Compared wi' thy deeds of might !
Nae wonder Scotland hauds thee hie—
Son mair heroic ne'er had she !

Son mair heroic ?—no, nor *guid*,
Despite thy Tory-leaning heart !
Upright, pure-living, there thou stude,
Aye ready to fulfil thy part !—
Son, husband, father, master, friend,
A spotless pattern to the end !

As public writer, public man,
Barring thy tory-trucking ways,
Nane yet as popular ever ran
Life's race as thou didst a' thy days !
The First in fame, the First in worth,
Career mair splendid ne'er knew Earth !

Poet, historian, novelist,
Public man, an' benefactor !
Antiquarian—not the least—
Patriot—a vera Hector !—
Worthy Earth's first Monument,
That thy native Toun's lang kent !

O sleep beside beloved Tweed,
And nevermair afar to stray !
Dream on of high an' knightly deed,
Redoubted lords and ladies gay !
Fond revel, whilst Eterne doth last
In thy true heaven—the dark Past !

ALLAN RAMSAY, SCOTTISH POET.

Author of "The Gentle Shepherd."

[BORN AT LEADHILLS, LANARKSHIRE, IN 1686; DIED AT
EDINBURGH IN 1757.]

B RAID, lib'ral-minded, open, free,
And hamely-hearted, with an ee
That could the safe road always see
That thou shouldst gang,—
Which was on seeing sune by thee
Firm tramp'd alang !

Of thy ain age far in advance,
Folk viewed thee wi' their phiz askance !
" Playhouses," " libraries"—to France
Damn'd them an' thee—
Vex'd that they couldna pack thee hence,
Strecht owre the sea !

A member of the " Easy Club,"
Thy faes there thou at first didst stub !
An' mony a raw " Whig " sair did rub
In thy plain verse !
An' did their leaders dounricht drub
Wi' satire fierce !

This Club—a band of Jacobites,
As lang's 'twas *safe* to meet o' nights
Enjoy'd thy witty " Tory " skites
Wi' hearty glee ;
But when war cam' thou claim'd thy " rights,"
An' kept frae't free !

Let Mar an' a' his dupes rebel
(Folk mayna speak wha wish them well),
Thou in thy "shop" wouldst mind thyself—
 King this, King that !—
Conscience thou at a push couldst quell
 Wi' reasons pat !

Of a' the sons of deathless sang,
Wham Scotland to this warld e'er brang,
Thou an' Sir Walter snooved alang
 The free'st o' care—
Uninfluenced by passion strang,
 Whim, want, or scare.

Firm Self-control thine Angel wast
Desire an appetite kept fast,
Until she didst permission cast,
 Wi' warning smile,—
Meaning, excess thy joys would blast,
 And thee defile !

Thy heart was in thy "shop" and "gear,"
They, sune an' late, kept thee asteer,
Whilst "Profit" thou, thro' mony a year,
 Her fav'rite made thee,
For thou didst a'—for love or fear—
 Whate'er she bade thee !

The Muse, despite her warldly scorn,
Did strangely to thee aften turn !—
An' thy "back-shopie" mak' her bourn,
 For days an' days,
Leaving thee aye, be't nicht or morn,
 Braw, brand-new "lays !"

These dune, an' shawn in printed tits,
Thou sune turn'd into penny bits,
For a' "Auld Reekie" kenn'd thy skits,
An' lo'ed them too !—
They fill'd wi' joy her simple wits
Wi' sma' ado !

At last, the mightiest o' them came—
"Patie and Roger," clinking fame
Immortal, to thy weel-kenn'd name,
For evermair !
An' stowin' fou thy canty hame
Wi' dainties rare !

"Jenny and Peggy" follow'd suit,
Frae "Habbie's Howe," an' thereaboot,
Bringing the fairest flowers an' fruit
E'er grew on tree,
Or in men's sauls pat care to route
Wi' poesie !

Fair Nature ne'er was painted truer,
Wi' passion'd een didst thou look to her !
And as a MAID DIVINE thou drew her,
To show a' time,
The richt stand-point from which to view her
Was e'en thy rhyme !

But why didst thou the Shepherd mak'
A puppy o' a titled pack
Of landed lordlings—tho' they back,
In strecht descent,
Could ablins their "high" lineage track
To Rogue or Saint ?

An' " Peg " boud be a " Lady " too,
Proved clear wi' " herds " she'd nocht to do !
But was a wench wi' bluid as blue
 As Eve hersel' !
Wha was, sirs ! if a' tales be true,
 An *owre* blue belle !

But, despite this, Earth's latest day
Thy " Gentle Shepherd " sall out-play !
An' i' the Next Warlds—far awae—
 Still minded be
The sweetest memorie Scots sauls hae
 Of auld " Auld Reekie ! "

AT THE FORTH BRIDGE.*

THE Wife an' me took boat at Leith,
An' steam'd awa richt merrilie,
An' sune behind us left Inchkeith,
As squat's a deid deuk in the sea ;
We could hae danced a-board that boat,
We were sae proud to be afloat !

For tho' land-lubbers baith are we,
We aye hae dwalt within the spell
O' the wide-spreadin', witchin' sea,
An' lo'e it mair than I could tell ;
Sae Bell she says, an' lauchs to me,
" Jim ! I feel splendid ! Hoo do ye ? "

In sooth, it was a glorious day !
Ane in the hinner en' o' June,
Sunshine was a'whare, and in play
Saft breezes round us sang in tune !
The glow o' health in Bella's cheek
To neck an' brow at ance did streik !

* Forth Bridge—Begun in April 1883, and completed in seven years. Its designers were Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker ; its builders, Sir Thomas Tancred and Sir William Arrol, of Glasgow. Its full length is one and a half miles, and it reduced the railway journey between Edinburgh and Perth from 69 to 48 miles, and of course those between Edinburgh and Dundee, Aberdeen, etc., proportionately. It is in all respects a stupendous structure. Total cost, over £3,000,000, and that for its connections £800,000. The steel plates used in the structure weighed 54,000 tons, and the rivets used numbered 8,000,000, and the estimated weight of the masonry was 250,000 tons. Over 3,500 workmen were at one time employed in its construction.

Newhaven on the left we pass'd,
 The Chain Pier, Granton, Cramond, too ;
 Syne by Dalmeny's wuds sae vast,
 Westward afore we kent we flew !
 " This Boat coves a' for speed," says Bella,
 " Young Galloway's a clever fella ! "

Noo for the Bridge !—the Bridge ! the Bridge !
 The Bridge that we hae come to see !
 Eh !! what a Monster ! I allege,
 An uglier Monster couldna be !
 An Alligator-crocodile,
 An' Dromedary—*in ae pile !*

Nearer we come : The creature's legs
 We mark doun-planted i' the Firth,
 As strecht across to Fife it dreggs
 Its lang length frae its hole, or earth,
 Deep-hidden in the south shore hichts
 That shut out fair Dalmeny's sights !

Nearer : My gosh ; it downa move !
 It is nae mammoth brute when dune !
 " Oh ! see that train ! " cries Bell, my love,
 " It's gaun to cross this ship abune !
 What greater ferlie noo remains
 Than crossing seas in railway trains ! "

" This is an age of steel, my dear,"
 I sigh'd when passing 'neath the Bridge,
 " And so the Bridge,—but here's the Pier—
 Come ! let's ashore an' tounward trudge !
 I'm hungrier than a cagèd hawk—
 The Brig'll stand till we come back ! "

Says Bella, while we ate our staik,
 " Was not yon train an' awfu' sicht ?
Lord ! they be daurin' men wha take
 A rin throo air at sich a hicht !
I'd raither flee in a balloon
Out owre the hills as far's the moon ! "

Again, when we had stow'd our wames :
 " Jim ! tell me this ! Hoo did they do't ?
There's no', I'm sure, 'tween Tay an' Thames,
 Anither Brig ye could match to't ?—
Of a' the sights that e'er I saw,
That Brig's the awfu'est o' them a' ! "

Return'd anon unto the Pier,
 We sat us down upon the shore,
An' lang'an' silent gazed we here
 Upon the scene spread us before ;
We had nae choice but sit an' stare,
For we had eyes, and IT was there !

At length we frae our reverie woke,
 I look'd at Bell, she look'd at me,
And instant frae her sweet lips broke
 Thae rousing exclamations free—
" Lord ! what a Brig ! it's terrible !
It's fearfu' ! awfu' ! horrible ! "

Just at that moment, frae each end
 The Bridge, a muckle train did start,
Advanced, and, near its middle bend,
 Met, an' shot by each ither smart !
Bell sat wi' open mou' an' stared,
As if the world's last knell her scared !

“ Thank God they’re saved ! ” she cried at last,

“ I thocht them lost between the humps !
But no ! they met an’ smoothly pass’d,

Like twa train’d courtiers in their pumps !
They couldna hae behaved much better
Tho’ etiquette-bred to the letter ! ”

Then we set strecht alang the Pier,

An’ paid our fares on board again,
Scanning, as lang’s it did appear,

The wondrous pile stretch’d owre the main
And wishing when we cam’ to Leith
It had been doun as far’s Inchkeith !

A SHORT TRIP TO ROSLIN CASTLE AND HAWTHORNDEN.

'T WAS in the month o' warm July
That our wee boy, the wife, and I
Resolved a jaunt we'd hae ;
Alfy—our little lad— was keen
That those far Highlands should be seen
Which ance Rob Roy did sway !
The wifie cried for Aberdour—
" A week's rest by the sea
Wad health restore, an' gie us power
The winter's cauld to dree ! "
" But whaur, please, are bawbees
To be found for sich jinks ?—
I vote for, we trot for,
Nocht far'er than Leith Links ! "
" Leith Links ! " the wifie shriek'd, " for shame !
Hoo can ye sich a quarter name—
No' twa mile frae our door !
Gif ye hae no' the cash to spare
To tak' us far'er—onywhare—
Speak ne'er o' *jauntin'* more !
But, yet, as I've ne'er seen the glen,
I micht consent—this year—
To veesit only Hawthornden,
An' fair ' Rosslyn,' my dear ! "
Cried I, " Done ! the day's won ! "
Adding, by way of warnin',
" Pack up some food, an' licquors good
We'll gang the morn's mornin' ! "

Sae neist day we loup'd out the train
 At Roslin Station, on that plain
 Whare auld Sir Simon Fraser
 Led on a handfu' o' true Scots
 Against the Southrons—*haill three lots*—
 An' cowed them in *wan day*, Sir ! *
 Baith Alf an' 's mither kenn'd the tale,
 An' gif ye mark'd their een,
 Oh, sir ! ye couldna surely fail
 To note, out-flashing keen,
 Their Scots pride, far an' wide
 Owre a' that hallow'd ground ;
 Their set lips, stately steps,
 An' thankfulness profound !

But sune we turn'd a neuk, an' saw
 The modern clachan's double raw
 O' cots 'langside the road ;
 Nane higher than twa stories seen—
 Slated, an' having them between
 The poor man's tiled abode ;
 Yet up that village street we paced,
 Fill'd baith wi' love and awe,

* February 24th, 1302. " Edward ordered Sir John de Seagrave to cross the Tweed with a powerful army to chastise the 'rebels.' . . . Seagrave, accordingly, marched from Berwick towards Edinburgh at the head of 20,000 men, generalised by some of 'Longshanks' best and most experienced officers. . . . Seagrave had advanced as far as Roslin unmolested. There he divided his army into three divisions. . . . The first detachment was under his own immediate command. . . . Early in the morning of the 24th, as Seagrave and his men slumbered carelessly on Bilston Moor, an alarm was raised that the enemy was upon them. . . . Comyn and Fraser were at Biggar when they heard of the advance of the English. Hastily collecting 8000 men, they marched under cover of night to Roslin, and surprised the invaders in their encampment. Seagrave's division was entirely routed. Himself was wounded and made prisoner, along with many other persons of note. This victory was

For 'tis wi' mickle interlaced
 Of what we deem maist braw
 In the haill wondrous tale
 Of Scotland's brave career,
 And the men, wham, we ken,
 The Great Globe canna peer !

Here wifie said, pookin' my coat,
 " I'm perfectly exousted out !—
 Oh, get us, Jim, some tea ! "
 This was just said, when Alf maun cry—
 " Faither ! gie me a tip'ny pie—
 Nae trashy slops for me ! "
 I kenn'd " The Royal Restaurant,"
 An' shoved ajar its door,
 An' urged our party throo't to gang,
 An' bather me no more !
 Syne did I, kind o' dry,
 Slip canny to the *Bar*,
 An' took there, what suits mair,
 My manly saul—by far !

Replenish'd an' refreshed at last,
 We straightway to the Castle pass'd,

hardly won when the second detachment of the enemy hove in sight. A cruel but necessary order was given to slay the prisoners ; which having been done, the Scots, elated with success, rushed on the foe, who, after a stubborn resistance, broke and fled in great confusion. . . . This second triumph . . . had been scarcely achieved, when the third division of the English, led by Neville, was seen in the distance. Worn out by their night's march from Biggar, and fatigued by the two previous encounters, the little band of Scots thought of immediate retreat. But the proximity of the foe rendered this impossible. Therefore, with the determination of patriots resolved to do or die, they awaited the onslaught, which resulted in the death of Neville and the total defeat of his division. Sir William St. Clair of Roslin shared the glory of that day ; and the stately castle, founded at the instance of his ' English prisoner,' became a worthy monument of the ' Triple Victory.' " —*John Dickson, F.S.A., Scot.*

Ev'n easier than auld Monk ;
Our valiant youngster led the van,
And, paying tolls to the gate man,
Took the auld " Strength " with spunk ;
Then forward boldly, nocht afraid,
We eagerly did press,
Close following whare our leader led,
Ev'n to each dim recess ;—
Floundering, wondering,
As aye the mair we saw—
Vaults an' keep, dungeons deep,
An' nine-feet-thick auld wa' !

Then, survey dune, on a green knowe,
Benorth the ruin's rifted pow,
I sadly sat me down ;
The sun blazed up in heaven hie,
It, an' the *wrackit strength*, to me,
Were there—and they alone :
That wrack below to Sol abune,
What was it ev'n in years ?—
A shadow of the afternune,
Lang, lang ere nicht appears,—
An infant, a wean sent
To moonge an hour an' dee,
Bewailing, foretelling,
Earth's doom an' destinie !

" A Relic of the Ancient days ? "
Na, na ! that batter'd, shatter'd maze,
Of crumbling stane an' lime,
Is but a left-aff ploy of bairns,
Wha, yesterday, piled up their cairns,
To gladden a play time !

Deserted an' forgotten noo,
 Their "little-housie" fa's,
 For rain an' frost mak' sma' ado
 To powther its bit wa's !
 An' winds sweep, owre yon steep,
 An' blaw its dust abroad,
 Till, some day, nane can say
 Whare the St. Clairs abode !

Yet, frae the point o' living men,
 Yon ruckle we sae lo'e an' ken
 Is e'en a hoary pile ;
 A remnant o' the distant age,
 When Scots wi' Southrons fierce did wage—
 In their ain Scottish style—
 Heroic warfare, lang an' sair,—
 Hundreds 'gainst thousands set—
 As when, as faes, on Bilston Muir,
 They triple armies met,
 Defeating, an' beating
 Them a' in ae short day !—
 Regretting, an' fretting,
 There war' nae mair to slay !

Later—two centuries, an' mair,
 Royal revenge the Fortress there,
 By sword, an' fire, an' sack,
 Did madly havoc an' destroy,
 Tho' 'twas to mony lang their joy,
 And only hame, alack !
 Henry the Eighth, keen to unite
 The British Kingdoms twa,
 Proposed to join, by marriage rite,
 The Royal weanies sma'—

His ae lad, the Sixth Ned,
 An' matchless Mary Stuart ; *
 But St Clair, ev'rywhare,
 Denounced it frae his true heart !

For this, the bluff King Hal lat loose
 His curs of war, an' brak' the truce
 Atween the nations twa ;
 Hertford was sent owre Tweed to burn,
 Sack, an' subert—each in its turn—
 Touns, castles—grit an' sma',
 Whilk had opposed his marriage scheme,
 Devised for Ned an' Mary,
 An' made it feckless as a dream,
 Tho' dream'd by Royal Harry—
 Barring them that *true* came
 Anent his mony wives ;
 For they wha did *them* thraw
 Did cheaply haud their lives !

Hertford's invading army came
 By sea to Leith—an' brunt that same,

* In 1544. "Events in connection with Roslin Castle now bring us down to the above year. Then began in earnest 'the mad wooing to win a fair bride.' Henry VIII. formed a plan of uniting the two Kingdoms of England and Scotland by a marriage between the infant Mary, Queen of Scots, and his only son, Edward VI., then a child. The project was gladly welcomed by the leaders of the Reformation in Scotland, and ultimately a Treaty was entered into with England for its consummation. The Regent Arran was one of the signatories. But French influence, which was nothing more or less than Romanism, was then rampant at the Scottish Court. Mary of Guise, the Queen-mother, and Cardinal Beaton, aided by many of the nobility, among whom was St. Clair of Roslin—who was a staunch supporter of the Old Church—strenuously opposed the English alliance. Arran, the Governor, proved false. . . . So Henry's suit failed. But the proud monarch was not to be done. Defeated diplomacy was followed up by armed invasion. . . . The Earl of Hertford was dispatched to Scotland with a powerful army. That general got

Wi' "*Edinburgh Toun!*"
 Syne out to Roslin here they sped,
 An' owre that bridge they rush'd like mad,
An' tore the STANDARD down!!
 Then pillaged they the castle a'
 Of vertu, stick an' stow!—
 And tower, an' donjon keep, an' wa'
 Swath'd in a fiery lowe!—
 Which at length the Auld Strength
 Braucht to a sorry pass,
 For St Clair it left there
 Lord of a smoulderin' mass!

Anither fateful century,
 Rowlin', an' gowlin', low an' high,
 Rush'd to that sea—"The Past"—
 An' then, ance mair, there cam' a day,
 When for the tragic Roslin Play
 Anither Act was cast! †
 'Twas war this time—loud-booming war,
 Harsh cannon shot an' wrack:
 Destruction in his Hell-made Car,

special instructions regarding the towns and castles opposed to the nuptials between Edward and Mary. . . . St. Clair's opposition brought Roslin under the terrible proscription; and his Castle was quickly to feel the brunt of bluff King Hal's wrath. . . . Having laid the capital and its port in ashes, Hertford began to reckon with the proscribed castles in their neighbourhood. Craigmillar was the first to receive a visit; then Roslin. Here little or no resistance was offered. . . . St. Clair paid for 'the rough wooing.' He was literally burnt out."—"Roslin Castle," by John Dickson, F.S.A., Scot.

† In 1650. "Then the Castle received a visit from another English army on no peaceful mission. On that occasion it was doomed to feel not the brunt of fire, but of artillery. . . . Cromwell, after his splendid triumph (at Dunbar), marched to Edinburgh, which he entered without opposition. There he resided while 'his forces occupied themselves reducing detached castles'—Roslin among others. Thither General Monk was despatched with six hundred

Death grinning at his back !
 On they push'd, on they rush'd,
 Leaving in their rear
 Disaster sole master,
 With Horror—his mate dear !

The doomèd Castle for their prey
 The twa had mark'd that harvest day,
 Sae, thick the bolts of Monk
 Thunder'd on forewark, tower, an' keep,
 Till, batter'd down, a' lay a-heap,
 Like mortals slewn—or drunk !—
 Huge, rock-like lumps o' stane an' lime,
 Bound, an' cemented firm,
 Conglomerated in the time
 When nae great guns could harm,
 Or thunder, an' sunder,
 An' pell-mell ding them down,
 As really an' freely
 As thrissle taps are strewn !

After he'd it bombarded weel,
 Monk storm'd an' took the Ancient Peel,

men, four pieces of ordnance, and a mortar-piece.' He took up a position on the high ground to the north of the castle—at a spot still known as 'Monk's Battery'—in the neighbourhood of Rosebank. Sir John St. Clair—the 'Prince'—was then its proprietor. He held out bravely for a time against the Cromwellian soldiers. But ultimately the powerful cannon of the Commonwealth prevailed. The destruction of the Castle was all but complete. Every part of it was battered down except the 'Modern House,' which still stands. After its surrender the Castle was spoiled of its valuables; everything was carried off that was worth removing, and the brave defender sent a prisoner to Tynemouth Castle. . . . Roslin Castle was never again rebuilt. It is, therefore, safe to affirm that we now look upon the once proud House of 'the lordly line of high St. Clair' pretty much in the same condition as Monk's cannon left it; with this difference, that its ruins have become, through the wasting hand of time and other causes, only more ruinous."—*John Dickson, F.S.A., Scot.*

An' sack'd it like a Jew !—
 But it was thretty year an' mair
 Before it gat its hinmaist scare—
 A "scare" frae Scotsmen, too !*
 Edinburgh Covenanters,
 Guid, misguided men ;
 Fiery theologic ranters,
 Weel meaning, tho' mista'en,
 To their job led the mob,
 Wha hack'd an' hash'd an' stole,
 Like reivers an' thieves—
 Waur than the Knaves o' "Noll !"

But here come Alf an' Wifie back,
 Wha to the Chapel made their track,
 When I 'gan clim' this knowe :
 "Oh, Dad !" cries Alf wi' gleaning een,
 "The PRENTICE PILLAR we hae seen—
 A strange ane onyhow !—
 It's *strange* because that *he* did do't—
 Only a *prentice*, Dad !—
 When his auld Boss to Rome had got
 To buy some foreign fad !"
 An' so on our wee son
 Ecstatically chatter'd,
 Baith fearless, an' careless,
 How little his thochts matter'd !

Abune the Ruin, doun the banks,
 We merry trippit to the "stanks," †

* "Once in its history Roslin Castle suffered from fanaticism. This happened on the 11th December 1688"—(exactly as indicated in the poem.)—*John Dickson, F.S.A., Scot.*

† The open arena above the Castle by the riverside, and the scene of the Gypsies' theatre in the 16th century, as described in the poem.—*J. L.*

Whare, in "the days of old,"
 The Gypsies their theatre made
 On whilk they sang, an' danced, an' play'd,
 An' yearly *Fête* did hold ;
 Esk out the west meander'd on,
 Thro' high o'erhanging wood ;
 Brattlin' owre stay an' rocky stone,
 In seeming raptured mood ;
 Birdies sang, the Glen rang,
 Sol gloriously did shine,
 As eastward owre the sward
 We left these scenes divine !

We could hae linger'd there a week,
 Had we no' had our hame to seek,
 An' stow our wames wi' food !—
 Sae, firm we set our steps eastward,
 Pacing the sweet uneven sward,
 Ev'n in the river's mood—
 "Jim !" cried wee wifie, "Jim, I say !—
 Why are ye gaun sae slow ?
 Ye've seen the Glen before to-day,—
 For gude-sake let us go !
 Roslin Glen ! Hawthorden !
 I trow they'll turn yer mind !
 Come on, man ! alone, man,
 I'm fear't ye fa' behind !"

By this we had the "Orchard" pass'd,
 And of the Castle seen our last,
 An' strecht were facing hame ;
 But glories ev'rywhere around
 Stay'd us for lang hours, fair spell-bound,
 An' thankfu' that we came !

But at the FLAT ROCK we sat doun,
 While wifie dealt us a,
 A thick ham sandwich and a scone,
 An' me some usquebaugh—
 Sae warming, sae charming !
 I thocht to Fairyland
 I had flown, or been stown,
 In some way “ underhand ! ”

“ Hoo bonnie ! Oh, hoo grand ! ” sigh'd Bell,
 Fifty times, ere, doun the Dell,
 We'd reach'd the new Toll Brig,
 An' paid our shillings—sweer eneuch,
 Thinkin' the dues are gey an' “ teuch ”
 For folk wha arena “ big ; ”
 Yet paid they were, and owre the stream
 We slow an' thochtfu' snooved,
 Half-wotting yet 'twas a' a dream,
 Or eye-sicht naething proved !
 Hanging woods, thunder clouds
 Of foliage sae green ;
 In Fairy, sure were we,
 Else there I'd never been !

We speel'd the brae to Hawthornden
 Like folk wha, 'wilder'd, dinna ken
 Whether they dream or no' !
 Ev'n Alf left aff bird-nesting there,
 An' up an' doun did wilyart stare,
 An' fearfu' keek below !
 “ Nae wonder ! ” Bell, enravish'd, cried—
 (Ready at ev'ry turn !
 She never is nor was tongue-tied
 Sin' our bless'd Marriage Morn)—

“ Nae wonder ! by thunder,
 This Glen wad turn the Deil !
 I ne'er saw scene sae braw,
 Nor half its match, atweel ! ”

“ Are thir the ‘ caves,’ ” again quo' she,
 “ Lord save us a' ! what holes they be—
 ‘ Hawthorn *dens*,’ I trew !
 ‘ King Bruce's Bedroom ’ ca' ye this ?
 Oh, Jim ! the times wad be amiss,
 When I sty'd here my soo !
 I'll think o' Bruce an' Wallace mair,
 An' their heroic men,
 Noo I've seen this their hiding lair,
 At auld Hawthornden !
 Come awa—leave them a' !
 Wow ! what a world we're in !—
 Out-bye fair ; inside, there !—
 Tombs to keep hale folk's skin ! *

At train time, stationward we set
 Oursel's, wi' great an' sair regret

* “ Hawthornden is perhaps better known to most people on account of its caves. These are certainly more remarkable than those of Gorton, nearly a mile farther up the river. They are not natural caves, but cut out with human hands—by *whose* hands it would be difficult, nay, impossible to say. . . . Bishop Pocock, in 1760, wrote of Hawthornden :—‘ The grottoes are cut in a perpendicular rock, several rooms are within one another, and no other passage to them but by boards laid from a shelf of the rock to the entrance of the cave. Here they searched for the Young Pretender in 1746.’ . . . There are two tiers of caves, the lower being farther to the west than the upper, but both having apertures on the face of the rock. . . . The caves which form the upper tier can only be entered from the garden at the back of the rock. . . . Entering by the low doorway cut in the rock, we go down by six steps into a long passage, at first somewhat dark, until our eyes get accustomed to the light which comes through an opening at the other end of the passage. This must be the ‘ King's Gallery,’

That we'd sae little seen,
 O' a' the wonders o' that glen,
 Known owre the warld as Hawthornden,
 An' Roslin's rare ravine !
 But, as the Wifie said to me,
 " Jim, we'se come back again !
 We're young enough yet ev'n to see
 The haill o' Hawthornden—
 Fairy bowers, Fairy flowers,
 Woods, rocks, an' cliffs, an' stream !
 Mystic Caves,† Heroes' Graves.
 An' Poet Drummond's theme ! " ‡

mentioned by Stukely. . . . On our right is a cave cut in the solid rock, 15 ft. by 7 ft., and about 5¾ ft. high. The long passage, the ' King's Gallery,' is 75 ft. long, 6 ft. 6 in. wide, and about 5 ft. 8 in. high. On going along this passage for about 20 ft. we come to an opening on the left hand, down two steps into a passage of the same width and height as the main passage, and about 24 ft. long. . . . At a distance of 60 ft. the main passage widens on the left, where there is a large opening into the side of the Well, the mouth of which is in the Courtyard."—*The Rev. John Thomson, F.S.A., Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosslyn.*

† These "caves" are the wonder and the mystification of all who inspect them.—*J. L.*

‡ " There is something almost tragic in an incident of Drummond's early life. The sudden extinction of the love, which had early been kindled within him, reminds us sadly of the lamented death, under somewhat similar circumstances, of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, heir to the British throne."—*Rev. John Thomson, F.S.A.*

COLLARS AND CUFFS : A NEW SONG.

[SHOULD BE SUNG TO ITS OWN TUNE.]

EVERY gent whom we see on the street,
Ev'ry manniken masher we meet,
Doun e'en to the scavenger on his beat,
Is gaily array'd in collars an' cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs ! collars an' cuffs !
Cuffs, cuffs ! collars an' cuffs !
Paper, auld sarks, an' cotton stuffs,
Are used by the rood for collars an' cuffs !

The lassies likewise, when rigg'd out they be,
Are collar'd an' cuff'd like mannikens spree—
Yea ! coated, waist-coated, an' tied as we—
The lords Paramount o' collars an' cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

The black-coats at kirk, the lawyers in court,
Tradesmen an' toilers o' ev'ry kenn'd sort,
Counterloupers, gentry, an' people of sport,
Are never seen lacking their collars an' cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

Even cadies, an' cabies, an' drieche sandwich men,
Boot-blackers, news-boys—the smartest we ken !
An' their billies, the tracers—Dickie, an' Ben—
Once a month at the least don clean collars and cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

Noo, that they *are* a' universally worn,
Our collars an' cuffs we shouldna just scorn—

Tho' lord they're a burthen no easily borne,
An' aft mak' us damn them—baith collars an' cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

It's a' vera weel for mashers an' fops,
Coxcombs, an' cr'atur's in publicks an' shops,
To gird wi' stairch'd clouts their wristies an' chops,
An' come forth like lords in their collars an' cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

Excuse the puir critturs ! their wee nits o' heids
Can grapple nocht else but what their bouk cleeds,
In a crap o' strong men they're the windle-strae reeds
Fit only to tag on new collars an' cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

Nae doubt when they're aulder an' gotten some wit,
They'll look on thae falderals glummer a bit—
E'en some to the dung-hill their hail set may skit,
In a fit o' disgust o' collars an' cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

When I was a youngster sic plagues were-na kent,
Tib says they're a judgment our latter days sent,
A terrible scourge for guid time misspent,
Trifling wi' baubles like collars and cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs, etc.

I' the tricks, the freaks, an' the farces she plays,
Dame Fashion out-strips e'en hersel' noo-a-days,
But o' a' the cursed cantrips she ever essays
Nane come within sicht o' collars an' cuffs !
Collars an' cuffs, collars an' cuffs !
Stairch'd stiffer than airn ! collars an' cuffs !
Paper, auld sarks, an' queerer stuffs
Are changed by the ton to collars an' cuffs !

BALLAD : THE WELLS O' WEARIE.

*A New Version.**

[FOUNDED ON TRADITION.]

“ I DAUR ye meet me ! I daur ye by the dirk !
And I'se meet thee, ne'er fear ye !
I sall rin thee through an' through, and slay thee in the-
mirk,
By the gloomie, gloomie Wells o' Wearie ! ”

They met at deid o' nicht, they met wi' dirks drawn,
Whan the howlet waitit eerie,
And wha was sitting there but the bonnie Ladye Ann,
Weeping sair by the Wells o' Wearie !

It's “ trow-na my Lord,” it's “ trow-na my chere,”
And “ trow-na my Lord I fear ye !—
Thee an' thy langest blade I couldna stowp to fear,
By the gloomie, gloomie Wells o' Wearie ! ”

They drew fell sune, thae twa rival lords,
Ladye Ann fell tapsalteerie !
They smack'd at ither craigs, thae twa young lords,
And they bluidit a' the Wells o' Wearie !

* I have hitherto met with only two former versions of the celebrated “ Wells o' Wearie ”—one, the popular song, by the late Alexander Abernethy Ritchie, of Edinburgh, and the other by Alexander MacLagan, also of Edinburgh ; but though I have been assured repeatedly that there exists a much older version than either of the above, I have never had the good fortune to see it, or to hear it sung. My verses, such as they are, were suggested by the memory of a dreadful legend which I heard told in my early days.—*J. L.*

Ladye Ann moan'd low, and she wringit her hair,
And says— "Till time grows eerie,
Till the vera doom o' time my ghaist sall sit there,
Wringin' 's hair by the Wells o' Wearie !

"It's there he was slewn, it's there he is laid,
My leal Lord Reay, my dearie !
Fling aff my silken gown, fling aff my tartan plaid,
Rive them aff at the Wells o' Wearie !"

He ran him through and through, he gat his revenge,
He slew him fornenst his dearie !
Ladye Ann gien ae sigh, but she never spak mair,
And gaed wud by the Wells o' Wearie !

And aye sin that time, at the turn o' the nicht,
Whan the howlet wailleth eerie,
On a brae nar the Loch,* a maiden looms in sicht,
Wringing hair by the Wells o' Wearie !

* Duddingston Loch, near Edinburgh.

JOHN CRAWM.

[A DISTINGUISHED EDINBURGH COAL MERCHANT.]

I SAW him on the street some nichts—
A mountain o' a man ;
Stude six feet fowre, an' on the wechts
Weigh'd thirty stane an' wan.

Weel was he namèd Johnny Cramm,
For cram, in sooth, could he !
His breakfast neat o' eggs an' ham
Was a feast ev'n to *see*.

Fowre deuk yites—lairge, an' lately laid,
An ashetfu' o' ham,
Three jugs o' tea—ilk morning made
Breakfast to Johnny Cramm.

He denner teuk at five o'clock,
His wife had it aye ready ;
For if ahint, it was nae joke,
He'd ca' her aucht but " leddy ! "

He startit wi' a Granton cod,
An' ate it stoop an' roop ;
Seven courses mair made up his load—
Wi' yill, a Scots-pint stoup.

Syne doun he'd clash afore the fire,
An' doze, an' smoke, an' read ;
Ease was douce Johnny's hail desire,
Efter a " guid square feed."

The giant's heart was like himsel'—
Muckle, an' saft, an' great—
A' folk that kenn'd him liked him weel,
And not ev'n *ane* could hate.

JOHN CRAWM'S ELEGY.

A MURNFU' mane's in Patter-raw,
An' neebor streets roun' there awa',
This morn the folk, groun white as snaw,
At ilka door
Gather in groups, an' whimper a'—
"John Crawl's no more!"

O wha this day our tears will wipe?—
Ilk wrinkle in our cheek's a stripe,
Or sewer, or an open pipe,
Whare fludes down pour,
For him wha's dee'd thro' eatin' tripe—
"John Crawl's no more!"

The vera day death neckit him,
He to his ain wife, Jenny Sim,
Says—"Jenny, lass, for supper trim,
An' cook galore,
A pan o' tripe, fou to the brim!"—
"John Crawl's no more!"

Whan hame cam' puir John Crawl that e'en,
His muckle wame was toom, I ween,
Mair hungry had he never been
In 's life before;
But at his heels Death strade unseen—
"John Crawl's no more!"

He rair'd to Jenny—honest man !—
“ Bring ben the tripe, as gleg 's ye can !
I'm hungrier than a Hielant clan,
And weel may roar ! ”
Syne he clash'd down, an' to 't began—
“ John Crawm 's no more ! ”

Ae mouthfu' he'd na ta'en but twa,
The third ne'er reach'd his wame ava,
For in his thrapple, like a ba'
Owre big for bore,
It stack, an' stay'd in spite o' a' !—
“ John Crawm 's no more ! ”

Sae was this Titan tripp'd wi' tripe !
But ocht will serve when time is ripe,
An' we, perforce, maun slack our gripe
Of life's loved shore,
And forward to our bournies slipe—
“ John Crawm 's no more ! ”

In mony a puir hame he'll be miss'd,
By mony a body sair distress'd ;
For coal accounts he *them* ne'er press'd,
But, frae his store,
Sent *them* what wad thro' winter last !—
“ John Crawm 's no more ! ”

Street vendors weel may chow their lips !
An' wee newsboys bewail their “ tips ” !
Hard-working, weary men his “ nips ”
Nae mair restore !
Death sair, atweel, has creesh'd their hips—
“ John Crawm 's no more ! ”

Jock Tod's sax sons, baith big an' wee,
 Maun noo, half-clad, the winter dree ;
 Nae mair he'll them a "cast suit" gi'e,
 "To cleed the core,
 Until man-muckle they'd a' be"—
 "John Crawm 's no more !"

Ye wives that gat his left-off sarks,
 An' "made them doun" for oor young sparks,
 Bemoan Dame Fortune's wanton quirks—
 Lost trade deplore !
 She 's used thee waur than cessing clerks—
 "John Crawm 's no more !"

Ye coupers, cadgers—a' ye folk,
 Wha frae horse-flesh thy "living" trock,
 Short may thou noo thy favours dock,
 Baith back an' fore !
 For thou 'rt a sair, sair stricken stock—
 "John Crawm 's no more !"

He sherp a proper naig could "twig,"
 Whether for saddle, cairt, or gig !
 Glanders, blawn-win', or weedy leg
 He ne'er pass'd o'er,
 But spied them out, an' tauld them gleg !—
 "John Crawm 's no more !"

A truer judge ne'er gaed to fair !
 An' a' folk kenn'd him, rich an' puir !
 To help them deal for horse or mare
 He did adore !
 Yet, rips an' rogues, tho' worsted sair,
 "John Crawm 's no more !"

He was a "self-made" wealthy man ;
As country carter he began,
And early to Auld Reekie ran,
 In days o' yore,
An' startit' gathering rags, and than—
 " John Crawm 's no more ! "

Frae rags to clouts, an' cloggs, an' coals,
He mounted, like owre 's native knolls ;
Life's roughest rocks, an' heinous holes,
 Did he ignore ;
Still, tho' he wan its envied goals,
 " John Crawm 's no more ! "

His great Haymarket eldin fauld,
As lairge as Inchkeith I am tauld,
An' founded in the days of auld,
 Ere he'd grown hoar,
Is to be advertteez'd an' sald—
 " John Crawm 's no more ! "

His coalmen, horses, lorries, stables,
Tho' ferlies *now*, will sune be " fables " ;
Savants will rise an' turn the tables
 Wi' ruthless lore,
Pruvng they're nocht but red-wud raibles—
 " John Crawm 's no more ! "

But lives and lives his death unsattles,
An' heads their future's unknown battles,
Whare wechty weapons, wands, or wattles,
 Aft stain'd wi' gore,
Shall sune decide what dark fate ettles—
 " John Crawm 's no more ! "

Frae a' the city—ev'rywhare,
Frae halls an' holes o' rich an' puir,
An' proud half-nabs, whase scrimpit gear
Nane daur explore,
This wail will rise for mony a year—
“John Crawm 's no more !”

EDINBURGH SPARROWS.

[ENCLOSED IN A LETTER TO A NATURALIST, AN
M.D. OF EDINBURGH.]

DIV ye e'er observe the sparrows,
That flit a' about the Toun,
As in broughams, or ither barrows,
Ye gae hurlin' morn an' noon ?

What queer smeekit deevils they are—
"Country cousins" wadna ken them !
Than Coogate stray-waifs blacker far,
Wee feather'd niggers, Lord befrien' them !

Like Toun rascals, too, hoo clever,
Impish-like, they cairry on !
They mak' me aft cry—"Weel, I never
Saw sich cheek in feathers shown !"

Whare they roost when comes the gloaming
I could never yet opine,
But they're sae acquent wi' roaming,
Doubtless they are—lodged fu' fine.

Frae house-roofs, riggin's, lums, an' trees,
They watch for "grub" without devald ;
A' day they're busier far than bees,
Lat the day be warm or cauld.

Weel I ken at farm places
They a driedfu' nip do tak' ;
But in Toun, here, they're the graces
That to *lang-syne* wing us back !

Twitterin', flutterin' bits o' birdies !
Wha could touch to do them ill ?
Haith ! if ony, my last word is—
Lat them mind auld Hornie's bill !

EDINBURGH BLACKBIRDS.

“COALS ! Coals !”—all through the morning,
And in the afternoon ;
“ Coals ! ” again, at nichtfa’
Is heard owre a’ the Toun !
“ Coals ! Coals !—tenpence a bag !—
Coals ! Coals ! Coals ! ”
They tak’ nae breath, they never lag,
Their wearie “ Coals ! Coals ! ”

“ Sweep ! Sweep ! ” all in the morning,
Between the coalmen’s notes,
“ Pee-Sweep ! ” for long hours after
Owre a’ the city floats !—
“ Pee-sweep ! Pee-sweep ! Pee-sweep !
Sweep ! Sweep ! Sweep ! ”
They downa chirp, they downa cheep,
They scream, tap-voice, “ Sweep ! ”

“ Bells ! bells ! ” all in the morning,
The Scaffies’ bells loud ring,
“ Bells ! bells !—bring a’ yer buckets !
Bring every refuse thing !
Bells ! bells ! we’re the blackbirds !
Bells ! bells ! bells !
No use to us street cries or words
While we’ve our scaffy bells ! ”

Thae Edinburgh blackbirds
 Sing not sae sweet as some,
 But what a blessing bring their notes
 To thousands when they come !
 Some say—" They're bad by nature !"
 Cant ! Cant ! Cant !
 As noble minds, as tender hearts,
 Hae they as tribes ca'd "*Saunt* !"

Sae, Will, if that thou reck my rede,
An' wadna rin owre fast to seed,
Thou, in the country, broo an' breid,
As all along,
Will toil for—fecht for—sweet, an' bleed,
Manlike, an' strong !

It's only Kirsty an' thysel'
Thou hast to keep in brose an' kail ;
The bairns are married, weel an' haill,
An' doin' grand,—
The puirest o' them's finger nail,
Is worth my hand !

Besides, my Hero, by thy leave,
A soughin' wind aff Ballencrieve
Sings lowly thou art now the Grieve
Of that fine farm !—
A lift that should, for years, thee heave
High owre a' harm.

Go for the grieveship ! Shun the toun !
Tho' higher wages be its boon,
What better could they mak' a loon
That's weel eneuch—
Nay ! rising like the Harvest Moon,
Clear clud an' cleuch ?

If quateness, rest, an' peace thou love,
Keep snoovin' on in thy auld groove ;
The young may tempt the fates an' rove
But not the eld ;
They, if they're wise, will hardly move,
Until compell'd.

Ev'n for the young the city life—
 For lad, or lass, or man, or wife—
 Is fou o' pitfa's, rank an' rife,
 Seen and unseen,
 And few can thread them in the strife,
 And 'scape them clean !

Scrawl down fowre words an' send them in,
 To let us ken hoo ye a' fen' ;
 And if thy grieveship's to begin
 This side the tairm ?
 An' hoo's the Coo ? an' Kirsty's shin ?
 An' John Cowe's airm ?

Has Badger gat anither lease
 O' that rare red-land ferm o' his ?
 Faigs, Wull, he should sit still in peace,
 At 's present rent !
 The place, *at three times that he gi'es,*
 We twa ance kent !

Auld Barbour 's deid : is his sweet dame
 To carry on the ferm the same ?
 Is Miller better ? What o' Grahame,
 An' his law suit ?
 I doubt the Laird will crap his kame
 In this dispute !

Thou wast aye strong on politics,
 An' local an' Imperial tricks,—
 How does the vote o' upstart Dick's
 Among thee fare ?
 I pray he soundly gets his licks—
 He needs them sair !

The ithers *seekin'* Council saits,
Will never turn the Toun's debates ;
They're business bred, nae doubt, and rates
 Could eithly heeze,—
Tho' *their* shares it micht try the Fates
 Frae them to squeeze !

Ta-ta, Auld Crony ! Mind thou write !—
A letter grand can thou indite !
So, man ! tho' Kirsty fume an' flyte !
 Clank doun some nicht,
An' reel us roundly "black-on-white"
 Till neist day-light !

“PLAIN BRAID SCOTCH.”

[AN IRREGULAR RHYME, BY ONE WHO, WITH MUCH APPARENT TRUTH, DESCRIBES HIMSELF AS GLASGOW - EDINBURGH LOCAL OPTIONIST, AND ALSO AS AN ARDENT AND DEVOTED MEMBER OF THE “THREEFOLD OPTION ASSOCIATION.”]

I T'S skeich, man ! Wheich, man ! *
Only Usquebaugh !
A bang ane, a strang ane,
That tears frae een can draw !

“Corkit,” man ! jurk it, man !
Clear it's thrapple fair !
Syne up wi' 't an' sup ye 't,
Aund synde it doun wi' mair !

Slops an' tea's nae for me,
But a soup o' Yill
Is gude aye—nicht or day—
Wi' a Whusky gill !

I lo'e Swaps to ma baps,
Tho' Tip'ny ne'er comes wrang ;
Stout Scots Drink to me skynk,
An' lat the World a' dang !

* It should be explained that the scene of this veracious effusion was the supposed Rhymer's own house in the purlieu of the Pleasance of Auld Reekie, the occasion and time of it a slight domestic and convivial reunion on a “Seturday at e'en,” and of which the “Dramatis Personæ” were the following—all well known in the neighbourhood indicated—to wit, “Jock,” an elderly but yet stark coal-heaver ; his vigorous spouse “Tibbie,” and “Tam,” her “brither,” who happened to be there on a two days' visit to his friends.

Big mutchkins—fou, 'mong friends I lo'e,
 Tho' chapinfu's are better !
 Ev'n fowre o' them we a' can wame,
 Whan we gae doun the Watter !

Oh, I could slorp, an' be nae corp,
 A verra *butt* o' Wine !
 Nips o' Brandy, too, taste grand aye
 Afore oo supp or dine !

Gude auld Sherry I like *verra*,
 Sin' e'er I pree'd it first ;
 But of Shampain I am sae fain,
 I'd drink it till I burst !

Punch, or Toddy, for a body
 Is better, sure, than nane ava ?
 But, Tib, gie me, whan weel I be,
 Always my Auld Kirk *neat an' raw* !

Doun owre the lugs in the deep mugs,
 O' the Brewery is fine !
 But a' thae trochs are drucken slochs
 Wha guzzle mair than aucht or nine !

I'm a "Coalman," sae can thole than
 'Maist a' drinks—eggsepin Watter !
 Ev'n Scotch Porter I can sport owre—
 Whun hard up, or on the batter !

The whole three had just been discussing keenly, "owre a dram," the great Drink question, and the various methods advocated for its solution. "Jock" had stoutly announced himself to be (in his own sense only, no doubt) a strenuous and determined "Optionist"—both local and threefold, and, as conclusive evidence of this prime fact, deftly produced from an inside coat pocket a small bottle of whisky, and handed it across the table and generously urged his brother-in-law to "sup it up" in the manner the rhyme goeth on to expound.—*J. L.*

“There’s Lemonade?” Oh, Tib, ye jade!
 Daur ye name *thatt* to a felly?
 Red saut Watter wad be better,
 Oot the sea at Portybelly!

“Potash, Ginger-beer, an’ sic?”
 They’re for weans, waifs, weemin folk,—
 Stragglers wha can geet nae *Tic*!
 But, ma Tibbie, no’ for “*Jock*!”

In that rare Toun ca’d Gilmerton,
 Ma Faither lang a Cairter was!
 And, Honest Man! ilk raik he ran,
 He made a gill rin owre his hause!

Ma faith! ma Faither *was* a *Man*!
 Nane in a’ the shire could throw him!
 To Ninety Twalmonths his Life ran!
 For Doctors’ drougs could hardlies cove him!

Pure “Sandy-Tam” was aye his drink,
 The same that’s ca’d the “Auld-Kirk” noo;
 An’ I’m his true bairn, Tib, I think,
 For aft I coort it till I spew!

“Three times a week, Jock, an’ whiles mair!
 A sair, sair sot, ye ken yersel’!
 Nae suner aff than on the flure—
 Hoo ye’re alive I canna tell!”

Tib! Men like me wad sink an’ dee
 Withoot a Whitter noo an’ than!
 Luggin in coals into a’ holes
 Is waur than on the Tredmill gaun!

It's stairs, stairs, stairs—forever stairs !
 Saxty aften in a day !
 Tibbie, my doo ! tho' it's a' true,
 Ye little trow what 'tis I say !

Stairs !—we sae little get to speel,
 Wi' a Hunner* on our backs !
 Men sit in purple, yet cry “Deil !
 Ye lazy loons ! ye drucken jacks !

Oh, wad they but, some hantrin' morn,
 An hour gae wi' me down our Route,
 An' tak' the first Land for a “turn,”
 They'd sure puir Coalmen lesser scoot !

But, Tib, I'm no', nor never was
 The “sott” that aft ye ca' me, dear !
 I do my wark, fetch in the “brass,”
 What harm than, if I drink ma beer ?

We've five braw sons an' dochters fowre
 Braucht up upo' sich lines as thae,
 Are they no' girls an' lads o' pow'r
 Of Edinburgh Toun this day ?

Jock, after me, is in the coals ;
 Davie's a mason ; Will's a scribe ;
 Sandy's a baker—makin' “rolls”
 Eneuch to staw a Hielant Tribe !

Jamie's a sailor—rising fast !—
 Ma pet, ma favourite and ain lad !
 But Davie aye was your upcast,
 Because he's after *your* Dad ca'd !

* One hundredweight.

Bell is wed, an 's weel wed, too—
An *Honest Man* has gotten Bell !
Jean's aff foreign—weel to do—
Wi' her three kids—sae like yersel' !

Katie's at service—pleasin' grand !
Her Mistress sweers there's nane like Kate !
She'll pit her in her Wull affhand,
An' leave oor bairn a lady great !

Meg's a limmer, but she'll saddle !
Never ye fear ! Oor Meg's a' richt !
She has her Daddy's pluck to battle,
An' struggle forrit—day an' nicht !

Sae, Tib, could we hae dune aucht better,
Tho' I had been the great Lord Mair,
Wha was as sober as a setter,
Whan 'mang the neeps it scents the hare !

“Ye Gomrell ! Tam, my brither, here,
Is nickerin' at ye in his sleeve !
Watna I weel you're on the beer ?
An' for a fresh 'nip' seeks ma leave ?

“The morn is Sunday !—aff to bed !
The grocer kens yer drouth, *Auld Jock* !
Sae in my basket has he laid
Eneuch to serve yer mornin's bock !”

SONG : PORTOBELLO IN SUMMER.

AIR—" *Wandering Willie.*"

DEAR little, fair little, rare Portobello ;
Dear little, fair little, dainty wee Toun !
Now on thy grand Sands there sweepeth nae billow,
But swarms o' wee weanies play blythely aroun',
Bitter's the blast that in winter blows o'er thee !
Spring is nae better alang thy fore shore !
Simmer's the time that doth only restore thee,
And gars thy deep pouches wi' siller rin o'er !

Come on, ye strangers ! Come on ye visitors !
Come in thy thousands, and stay wi' us lang !
Haste, ye excursionists—train loads and car loads,
Multitudes' welcome ! ye canna come wrang !
What is North Berwick, St. Andro's, or Elie ?
What's e'en Dunbar wi' its auld Castle wa's ?
Dull, cauldribe holes to blythe Portobello !—
Greens for gowk gowffers wi' shinties an' ba's !

Gi'e me thy Beach, and thy grand Promenade !
Gi'e me thy Pier, rinnin' out i' the sea,
Like ane that wad loup owre to Fife, but was stay'd
By the breadth o' the jump, and in time took the gee !
Peace and it's blessings be thine, Portobello !
Shoolfu's o' siller, and gowpens o' gowd !
Thou art the pride of ilka guid fellow,
And a' bonnie lassies unto thee do crowd !

A LAMENTABLE PARODY: "'T WAS WITHIN A
MILE O' EDINBURGH TOUN."

"'T WAS within a mile o' Edinburgh Toun,"
 'Neth the towers o' the Pilrig hie,
Whare they sell guid stout an' the ale nit-broun,
 And a dram o' the Scots whisk-ee,
 Ancient Tammas, on a day,
 Met wi' Willie, auld an' gray,
The twasome smirk'd, syne lauchin roar'd, " Na, na, auld
 neebor dear,
We canna, canna, winna, winna, manna thirst sae here !"

Thae comrades were auld neebor farmers baith,
 But noo they'd retired to the toun ;
Sae into the " Half-Way House," naething laith,
 They clatter'd an' cluish themsel's down ;
 Then said Tammy, yawl an' gay,
 Said to Willie, auld an' gray,
" A towmond's gane sin' we twa met, Na, na, auld cronie
 dear,
We canna, canna, winna, winna, manna pairch mair
 here !"

" Ho, Waiter ! fetch ben two stowps o' guid stout,
 An' their neebors o' nit-broun ale ;
Wi' a dram o' auld Scots we'se synde the twa out,
 Lest this painfu' drouth should prevail."
 " So, here's to ye !" Tam, he cried,
 " Same to you !" auld Will replied,

Syne doukit deeps his lugs, an' sang, "Na, na, auld
neebor dear,
We canna, canna, winna, winna, manna tipple here !"

Whan baith were blind fou—thae canty auld carles,
Nor of horses nor kye could mair speak,
They huggit ilk ither, like boys an' girls,
Whan their kiss of first love they seek,—
Heartsome Tammy, yawl an' gay,
Wanton Willie, auld an' gray,
Sank into ithers' airms, greetin'—"Na, na, auld neebor
dear,
We canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna fuddle here !"

—Exit, under the table.

SONG : ABERDOUR.

[BY AN ANNUAL VISITOR FROM THE GRASSMARKET.]

WE'RE awa' to Aiberdour, rambling, Grizzy, O,
Throo its Taverns a' to tour, grumblin' Grizzy, O ;
Whare their sweet bells tinklin' ring,
We shall booze, an' lauch, an' sing,
As we did of yore, by jing ! ancient Grizzy, O !

Doun out-owre the yellow sands, canty Grizzy, O,
There sometimes oursel's we'll land, dainty Grizzy, O ;
'Neth a rock beside the sea,
We'se admire baith land an' bree,
And our pocket pistols pree, drouthy Grizzy, O !

'Throo the famous woods we'll rove, fairie Grizzy, O,
An' dream o' Langsyne's love, dearie Grizzy, O !
When unto my breist ye clung,
Wi' yer aims round me flung,
In the days when we were young, rare auld Grizzy, O !

To Starley burn we'll gang, fiery Grizzy, O,
Aud to Donnybristle bang, wiry Grizzy, O ;
To Bruntisland we'se stap doun,
To Kingdom, an' the Lang Toun,
Just to taste their zill nit-broun, couthie Grizzy O !

To ilk famous scene an' broun, roving Grizzy, O,
We will trot to a' in turn, loving Grizzy, O !

An' to cheer us on our way,
Into ilka Pub we'll stray,
And mak' sure we lose nae day, thrifty Grizzy, O !

And when a' our mouth is up, waefu' Grizzy, O !
And we've drain'd the fareweel cup, playfu' Grizzy, O,
We shall doucely travel hame
By the steam-boat owre the faem,
Maybe fou'er than we came, glorious Grizzy, O !

THE WOLF, Y-CLEPED POVERTY.

THE Wolf cam' doun to our door
When farming times grew hard and ill ;
And, tho' we'd seen it aft before,
That beast we greatly hated still.

The callants even feared it,
The auld Man grat for him and his ;
He kenn'd o' nocht wad mak' it flit—
The weird—" For life ! " was in its phiz.

The ill thief's teeth he'd fand aft,
And sair had tholed its sicker wark,
But auld age tender is and saft,
And downa bide nor bite nor bark.

Sae our Auld Man sune left us—
The Kirkyaird robb'd the Wolf o' him ;
An' tho' dark Death is nae sweet lass,
Beside the Wolf he wasna grim.

Our womankind as ill fared,
Tho' they'd outgrown their youthfu' cares ;
Ane follow'd hame to the Kirkyaird
Our Auld Man and his thin gray hairs.

Anither o' them teuk ship,
Forsook for guid her native shore ;
The hinmaist neither airt did trip,
But faced the Wolf brute at the door.

THE WOLF, Y-CLEPED POVERTY. 141

Three blooming roses were they—
A' that were left the parent tree ;
And twa were rudely ta'en awae,
And ane was left the storm to dree.

My curse be thine, thou Wolf brute,
That such a happy hame could wrack !
We may see mony a year dee out,
But auld lang syne will ne'er come back !

IN AN EDINBURGH CEMETERY.

[BY A BEREAVED LOVER.]

O, DEATH ! dread and dark art thou !—
Darker far than ought we know ;
Fear'd and hated here below—

Thou real king of kings !
But love is universal law ;
Then, lacking love, what is thine a'—
But a burden dour to draw,
And which naething brings ?

Angelic Jessie ! here, below—
Scorning ev'n my speechless woe,
Heedless either " ay " or " no,"—
Hast thou hid frae me !
Out, thou dark fiend ! let hell be thine !—
As it shall be,—I opine,
Some day hath the " Scheme Divine "
Fix'd to settle thee !

'Midst this jungle o' tomb stanes,
Where flow'rs an' shrubs o'er mould'ring banes
Ranker grow than hot-house anes,
Or those near the Line !
Touching is the mindfu' care
With which they a' 'tended are !—
What trimming, Jessie, wilt thou wear
On this grave o' thine !

Oh ! woe eternal ! wait a wee !
I scarce think yet that it can be !
Jessie ! snatch'd by death frae me,
 My ain dearie doo !
Day o' darkness ! day o' gloom !
Seeking flowers to deck her tomb !
Speed thee, fell Fate, and me doom
 To the Pit 'e-noo !

Oh, I'd be where my love is !
It maun be as a Heaven to this—
Yearning sae for what I miss,
 Yearning day and night !
But if there is a God ava,
A father he must be to 's a'—
Jessie 's then an angel braw,
 Radiant, bless'd, and bright !

Is that really, truly sae ?
Oh ! that dreidfu' doubt wad gae !
Here lies a' her mortal clay,
 But she 's mair than that !
Where, then, is that "mair" o' hers ?
I ask keen, but naething stirs,
Ne'er a leaf the truth avers,
 Though I've pray'd and grat !

Something like a hope, atweel,
Deep within my mind I feel,
Maistly when the midnights steal
 O'er my sleepless bed,
And I turn and toss about,
In a fit o' fear and doubt,
Sometimes, then, a ray will shoot—
 As frae her it sped !

Is this self delusion sheer ?
Merely but the wish'd for cheer
Which my heart, in anguish drear,
 Mak's to ease itself ?
Or is 't real light frae Heaven,
In God's mercy to me given,
When I'm toss'd and tempest driven
 Nigh the gulf of Hell ?

I trow not! but it still seems
This is aye the end o' dreams,
And vain strivings after gleams
 Of Man's future fate ;
His weak-vision'd human mind
Naething *certain* e'er can find,—
Dark, as daylight's to the blind,
 Heaven's lore 's to it.

Strange, or sad, a' things appear !—
Strange, that I am idling here !
And, oh ! how sad that thou lies, dear,
 Sae soon in this grave !
Lord ! O, Lord ! do pity me !
In her "sad fate" may I see
How that Thou dost kinder be
 Than e'en my love could crave !

AN EDINBURGH FAIRY SKETCH.*

PART FIRST.

JOCK Eezil was an artist, born
In the dean ca'd Haw-thorn,
Ae unco Hallowe'en ;
His mither was a sorceress,
A spae-wife, howdie, doctoress—
A far-kenn'd skeely quean ;
His daddy was a clerkin' chiel,
Pent in some lawyer's offish ;
A caird wha lo'd his drams owre weel,
And was consider'd " waufish ; "
But he jee'd, an' sune dee'd,
And swith was laid aside ;
And Jock grew boyhood through,
His " Ma's " sole boast an' pride.

His artist genius did appear
As early as his green ninth year,
For he drew then on 's schule slatie
A " likeness " o' his Auntie Katie,
Busk'd in a new gown, brave an' braw,
Wi' her buck-teeth, red-wig, and a' ;
And, case that ony should mistak'
The lady for a last year's stack,

* The writing of this poem was begun at the time of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations—June 1897—but it had to be postponed, and was not resumed and completed until February 1898. I would pray the reader kindly to bear this in mind.—*J. L.*

The discreet laddie wrote below—
"Thiss is mi deer Ant Kat, yu no'!"

Praised as a "jainus" for this wark,
 Jock sune griev'd sair for "fame;"
 And preen'd his plumes for higher mark,
 To bring doun grander game.
 Within a book his minnie bocht,
 Sune "drawin's"—by the score—
 O' maist things ever seen or thocht,
 He added to his store;
 And these his mither's minister,
 A "guid believing man,"
 On seeing, did himsel' bestir
 For Jock to work an' plan,
 That he nicht sune a student be,
 In terms o' 'ts constitution,
 O' our great Scots Academy,
 Or Royal Institution.

There three years, Jock wi' time sae deal'd,
 That, wi' twa mair at Rome,
 He, on his coming back, was hail'd,
 And strecht aff did become
 A leading landscape limner o'
 The modern "Scottish Schule,"
 A race whase "geniuses" elbow
 Fu' mony a sumph an' fule.

At the first Exhibition on the Mound,
 After his bright return to his ain shore,
 Jock had five samples hung, which, at one bound,
 Did land him in among the foremost core
 Of painters whom their native touns adore,

Which—bless them for 't !—they never fail to do,
When ance they've broken frae ilk youthfu' splore,
And fairly have out-launch'd upon the new
And dark rough tide of life—the “ Modern Athens ” stew !

By crowds o' folk Jock's praise was sung an' heard,
And a' his pictures met a ready sale ;
Still, some were not content,—but, *were he spared,*
Next year he'd gar thae stubborn critics quail !
A subtle scheme he plann'd to rout them hail !
This was to paint twa “ glories ” nane could beat,
Or ev'n equal, on a “ whuppin ” scale,
Ane of *Midnight*, wi' Moon an' Stars complete,
The ither, *Dawn o' Day*—as seen frae Arthur's Seat !

These matchless triumphs o' the pen an' brush
Were to be won within the Jubilee year
O' our maist gracious Queen, sae Jock did push
Up to the summit o' that mountain dear,
Ae nicht when moon an' stars shawn full an' clear ;
Stored an' provided 'gainst his nicht-lang watch
Wi' rowth o' sandwiches an' ither cheer,
Including flask, tobacco, pipe, an' match,
With which his sublime task maist fitly to dispatch !

Souple an' strang, he scorn'd the easy way,
Which from Dunsappie gently tracks the hill,
An' rises by sma' gradients up the braise,
Preferring, rather, by his valiant skill,
To storm the steep, unwitting aucht of ill,
Sheer from the gorge that 's hight St. Anton's Dell,
From crag to crag upspringing blythe, until
Upon the rocky croun he fand himsel',
When he his flask would tap, an' smoke, an' rest a spell.

Now, lang ere this the king o' day had sunk
 In's gowden glory doun the occident,
 An' a' wide heaven was azured owre be junk,
 And wi' nicht's starry legions was besprent,
 Led by the queen-like Moon, maist radiant,
 All fresh an' glowing frae her silvern bowers,
 Inclosed 'midst Neptune's empire orient,
 Wherein his Naiads knit thae snawy flowers,
 That crest his sea-green waves an' wreath his wat'ry towers.

Across the Firth, and a' the land a-near,
 And o'er the silent hill he stude upon,
 Saft breezes wafted, an' did sough fu' drear,
 And eerie shadows pass'd him and were gone,
 Whilst still the Moon and stars unclouded shone,
 And the great city smee'd, and glared its lights,
 A thousand fiery points on darkness sown,
 Not like the stars abune, but blae as wichts,
 Exiled and pris'ners held, unworthy freemen's richts.

Jock fell to wark amain, an' sune had he
 The scene sublime weel sketch'd, and in his pow
 Whate'er he couldna draw o' land or sea,
 Or star-isled firmament, for, high and low,
 Nae jot escaped his eager gaze, I trow ;
 And syne he saucht a bield to rest him well—
 Till Dawn peep'd blushing owre her Lammer Knowe.
 The dowff moon-ridden Nicht's dreid reign to knell,
 And void the haill round sphere for Souran Sol himsel' !

This fand he sune below a towering rock,
 O'erlooking the great gorge aud crags beneath,
 Where keenly frae his flask he suck'd—nae mock,
 But a deep draught o' Stewart's, through his teeth,

Him to replenish, and his heart ensheath
 Wi' hope and courage, for the fateful fray
 And strife wi' nature, for the victor's wreath,
 Which with to garland his lang locks that day
 When Art upon the Mound made her next grand display !

The nectar being prime, Jock felt at ease,
 And sae sat down—his back against the rock ;
 But to sleep's border-land, by slow degrees,
 His spirit drifted, as his meershaum's smoke,
 Grew less and less, then, sudden, he awoke,
 Hazy an' stupid, strangely—as *he thocht*—
 And wondering what it was that could provoke
 This unco fit, when he sae weel had focht,
 And ev'n the half had won o' the high prize he socht.

Before him spread a wide-extending flat
 O' greenest swaird, a' free o' whins an' broom,
 Starn'd owre wi' wild-flowers bonnilie, I wat,
 Daisies an' buttercups in summer bloom,
 Which Jock scarce saw, because there was nae room
 In moments sae supreme to spare for them,
 For, faster than electric lights illume
 The North Brig wi' their incandescent flame,
 Vast multitudes o' elves frae Fairyland there came !

Aff ilka airt the surging crouds rush'd on ;
 The haill Hill gapit wi' ten thousand holes,
 Frae whilk the Fairy leigions pour'd anon,
 Not singly, but in dreidfu' swarms, or shoals,
 Beyond a' count—ouphes, knurlins, goblins, ghoulds,
 Fays, guid an' wickit, frae the Nether Realms,
 Gentle and semple, Wisdom's sons, and fools,
 A motley mob of doucelike folk an' blellums,
 Up-hauders o' the warld, and those the warld o'erwhelms.

Jock, in his cosy nook, kenn'd weel the fact—
 The Fairies had annex'd Arthur's Seat,
 What time TRUE THOMAS, by a glaikit act,
 Brang here the Moonshine Race, by promise sweet,
 The then unborn Kilmeny's sprite to meet,
 By virtue of their native power to be
 Where'er they wis, or fancy can entreat,
 In past or future, or on land or sea,
 Seen or unseen, as thoochts, ranging eternity.

Wi' a' this Jock was perfectly acquent,
 "But what," quoth he, "is a' the steer 'enoo?"
 An auld, staid elf, in passing, on him bent
 A kindly glance, and ev'n made a bow,
 Syne turn'd an' gently said, "Mortal! unto thou
 I may reply, because thou'rt of the core
 That rangest Nature over, through and through,
 Hunting for wonders, which thy hearts adore,
 That thou in paint to men their glories may restore!"

PART SECOND.

TOMALIN.

Know, then, O Mortal! I am *Tomalin*,
 His Majesty King Oberon's Knight-at-Arms,
 In whose loved service I use up my years
 Since Wizard Spencer unto me gave name,
 And gave my office, not the *sanction* merely,
 But the *approval* of the world as well.
 I'm of the BODY GUARD, a company
 Of knights and gentlemen of Fairyland,
 Enroll'd, and sworn on oath of Arrarat,
 With all our might to serve our Emperor

In fearless honour till the crack of doom
And vanishment of earth. For that I love
Thy simple truthful heart, and fancy rare—
And eke as weird as e'er was berth'd withal
In brain of Scottish mould—I'll thee unfold
The meaning and occasion of this Play,
Now being staged within thy human ken.

JOCK.

Wi' a' my heart I thank ye, Tammy Lin !
Knichthood apart, ye are, I needs must say,
A proper gentleman !—for handsome is
That handsome does, and, truly, not ae hair
Care I for your dimensions, for an ant,
Nae bigger than this pimple on my nose,
Evolves and teaches even giant Man
Forethocht an' wisdom, sae superlative,
That neither sage nor seer can better it !
Go on, sir knight ! go on, my oracle !
My twa lugs gape to drink your wondrous tale !

TOMALIN.

This is thy Diamond Jubilee year, and 'tis
In Fairyland the Ter-Centenary
Of our so gracious, dear Titania,
Queen Consort, and joint monarch of the Fays !
Man ! Mortal ! three centuries have sped
Since by the might of Shakespeare she was raised,
Named, crown'd our Queen majestic evermore,
In an Athenian mood one summer's night,
As this moon haps, *three hundred years ago* !
Following that Moon's bright sphere around the globe,
We celebrate our yearly *fête* this time
Most opportunely and most fitly here,

The noble heart romantic of the land
Most loved and loving of the stainless Queen,
Whose sixty years of rule last week did see
Fulfil'd, and honour'd by a million towns,
And joyful cities ev'rywhere o'er earth,
'Twixt Pole and Pole ! Lo, Mortal ! hearest thou
The music of the Underworld advance ?
It is to fitly proclaim the approach
Of their High Majesties—in chariots drawn
By steeds Olympian of fire and light,
And winged as the eagles of the North—
Oberon and Titania, who, in state,
Meet here this night the sapient Magistrates—
Lord Provost Thistle and his Bailies stout,
Together with the faithful Dean of Guild,
And gifted Treasurer, the elf Mac Hat,
And all the loyal herd of Councillors
Of this old capital, both to receive
Their homage, and addresses dutiful,
And offer'd in the name collectively
Of all their fellow ouphes located in
The limits of these ancient territories—
This Kingdom Caledonian—well belov'd !
The music 's chiefly vocal. Hear to them !

FAIRY SONG : DUNEDIN.

Dunedin hills are rockie,
Dunedin hills are hie ;
But to our Fairy folk aye
Nae bonnier hills there be !
Nae bonnier hills there be,
An' nane sae green an' fair,—
Oh, the hie hills o' Dunedin,
We'se never lea' them mair !

Dud'inston loch is lonely,
Dud'inston loch is drear,
But beauty dwells there only
That dwells nae ither whare ;
That dwells nae ither whare,
In a' our Fairy Round,
When midnight waters murmur,
An' flow'rs in tears are found !

Dunsappie loch is bonnie,
Dunsappie loch is sweet,
An' aft its pleasant borders
Are skipped by Fairy feet !
Are skipped by Fairy feet,
When the proud Moon beams bright,
An' she sees in the waters
Her face the lee-lang night !

Saint Marget's loch is cheerie,
Saint Marget's loch is bright—
Altho' St. Anton's near aye,
An' his auld howff 's in sight !
An' his auld howff 's in sight,
Or what o' 't 's to the fore—
The last sad scrap now left us
O' his auld days o' yore !

Dunedin hills are rockie,
Dud'inston loch is drear,
Dunsappie 's sweet an' bonnie,
Saint Marget's lo'ed for cheer ;
Saint Marget's lo'ed for cheer,
When bairns the boaties fill,
An' when the Moon, to kiss it,
Her arms throws owre the hill !

JOCK.

My rare freend, Tammy Lin—or, pardon me !—
Sir Tammass, rather—Man ! sae sweet a strain,

Sich deevine maisick, by the saul o' Airt !—
 Ne'er reach'd my heart before ! Whare be the folk ?—
 Naething I see but moving multitudes
 O' tots o' men and women dress'd in green,
 Or muneshine lookin' white—where be the gods,
 The seraphs that that Melody o' Heaven
 Sent sounding owre this hill three meenits since ?

TOMALIN.

They're still in Fairyland, tho' on the way ;—
 Rest thou in patience, thou wilt see them soon,
 Hark ! hark !—they play again !

FAIRY SONG : THE QUEEN.

For that Night is nigh its noon,
 Cometh our Queen Monarch soon,
 Hand in Hand with Oberon,
 To her Car of State !
 Ev'ry vile thing flee anon !
 Be with flowers her progress stroun !
 Flowers on earth and stars aboon !
 Meet for Oberon's Mate !

Hence pismires and hissing snakes,
 Black night ravens, and fire-drakes,
 Screech-owls, jackdaws, cornkraiks—
 Hence till dawn of day !
 Come not near her thou blind-worm,
 Horn'd snails keep all thy form !
 Toads, and leeches, hide, and swarm
 In thy bogs—away !

Golden flowers of whin and broom
 Fall in showers, and perfume
 Her night-path, and it illume—
 Ev'ry bloom a star !

Anemone, and primrose,
Honeysuckle, and all those
That make bright Midsummer's close,
Rain thy sweets on her !—

Pansy, violet, bluebell,
And the tiny pimpernel,
With the stonecrop, that lov'st well
Her rock home on high ;
Bugloss, now that celandine
Is past flowering, and doth pine
In the meadows—tho' sunshine
Gilds all earth and sky !—

Bring all these, and that there be
A *fête* meet for such as she,
Carry hither rosemarie,
And, with banks of thyme,
All the roses—every one,
Be they whole or partly blown,
For the Queen of Oberon
Make thee all things prime !

JOCK.

That coves Leith Harbour ! Whence comes the music ?
It's neither of the airth nor of the air,
Altho' baith airth an' air were fou of it,
And naething else ! Oh, gracious Tammy Lin,
Be ev'n further gracious, an' tell me
Whaur be the glorious fountains o' that flood
Of heavenly melody ?

TOMALIN.

In Fairyland ;
Whose citizens in close-packed multitudes
Mosaic now this Hill—whose bosom is
All hollow-caveren'd, as the sea-worn rocks—

The old-world's bulwarks—on the stormy shores
 Of iron-bound Dunbar.—The local haunt
 And city capital it is to us,—
 One bravely order'd too ! no finer town
 In all our Fairy Empire could'st thou find,
 Nor one more law-abiding, or which hates
 Disloyal tumult, strife, or anarchy
 With such a soul determined and convinced !
 So, being, as we're known, the archetypes
 Of thou dull Mortals of this middle world,
 We have our Kings and Queens, and royal fry
 Whose princely privilege it is to gad,
 And suck the honey of the working bees,
 And pay them with contempt ! All castes, all ranks,
 All useful posts and sinecures Men know,
 Have in our Commonwealth their prototypes,
 And patterns eterne. That level plat,
 Beneath this cliff, is the appointed stage,
 Whereon, to-night, their Mighty Majesties,
 Oberon and Titania, shall receive,
 From the Right Hon.'ble Lord Provost Thistle,
 With all the Magistrates and Councillors,
 And Heads of many other bellied Bodies,
 Of this Metropolis and loyal land,
 Addresses dutiful and to the point,
 Congratulating them on this Great Day—
 The Flower of Time ! the Ter-Centenary,
The Day commemorative evermore,
 Of Mab's Accession to the Fairy Throne !

PART THIRD.

JOCK.

Whan does the show begin ? I'd like to see't,

For that's a bonnie plot o' gress, I trow !—
It looks like Glasca Green !

TOMALIN.

So well it may !

See'st not, to-wards the East, yon noble pile
 Arise in glory, as of blessings built ?
 The " Fane of Concord," 'tis, the *People's Palace*,
 Which, after the Centenary rites are o'er,
 Is to be open'd with the first *éclat*,
 By ev'n the Fairies' god, Lord Primrosebery—
 The prototype, of course, of one of thine—
 For evermore it is our mission high
 To shadow forth, by sp'ritual sights and sounds,
 The future doings of the sons of Men,
 And all their varied ways, words, thoughts, and acts.

JOCK.

Bravo, Auld Tam ! " Lord Primrosebery,"
 I take to be your model of a Scot,
 Wha's mair an' mair admired, esteem'd, an' loved
 The mair he's kenn'd ?—Rush throo the Royal Farce !
 I'm in a fidge to hear an' see Lord Prim !

TOMALIN.

Hush ! listen ! Mortal ! if thou canst, and quake !
Their sovran Majesties are on the Move !
 And Bunkum Palace for St. Anton's left,
 Ev'n as we talk ! and all along the route
 Of the procession, Fairy nations crowd,
 Thicker than gray-faced sheep at Falkirk Tryst,
 And *maa* and *baa* as much ! Here come the firsts !
 Soldiers in regiments, and troops, and corps !
 None nameless ! none unknown ! and then, O Scott !

The old SCOTS GRAYS of Fairyland themselves !—
 Accoutred and equipp'd as Heroes be !—
 Their bearskins awful as the frowning brows
 Of Fate o'er-stooping Sin ! Their chargers, too,
 Those War steeds terrible—what joy to see,
 Defiling round these mountain butresses,
 Larger than farm-yard mice round barley stacks,
 But sleek as new-born kittens ere they're drown'd !
 “*Second to none*” they are ! That Blenheim knew,
 Ramillies, Oudenarde,—Malplaquet, too !
 And Waterloo ! and Balaclava !—where
 They cut their way to Glory's citadel,
 And so enrobed themselves with high renown,
 They caper now like *Mars* for evermore !
 Oh list that music coming from our types,
 The Elfin Scots Greys, playing Scottish airs !—

FAIRY SONG : THE AULD SCOTS GREYS.

Should a' the battles be forgot
 O' reg'ments of the line ?
 Should the Auld Greys be mention'd not,
 An' tugs o' war langsyne ?

Chorus—

For auld lang syne, comrades,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll birl the bicker turn about,
 For auld lang syne !

In Flanders first we drew our blades,
 An' gar'd the Fae to pine !
 But we've bled in mony a Forlorn-Hope,
 Sin' auld lang syne !

Chorus—sung after each verse.

Frae Tournay, on to Waterloo,
 We ne'er a field did tine,

An' mony a stoure we've warstled through,
 Sin' auld lang syne !
 For auld syne, etc.

On Balacla's hichts we gave
 A troop to the "Red line,"
 An' back like geese the Russians drave,
 That day, lang syne !
 For auld lang syne, etc.

"Scotland for ever !" was our cry
 Forth flash'd thy blade an' mine !
 The gunners couldna ocht but fly
 That charge lang syne !
 For auld syne, etc.

We'll drink a can to the Auld Greys,
 That ne'er their fame may dwine !
 They've scatter'd wide Auld Britain's faes
 Sin' Auld lang syne !
 For auld lang syne comrades
 For auld lang syne !
 We'll tak a richt guid willie waught
 For auld lang syne !

JOCK.

Great Granton ! what a ploy ! O Tammy Lin !—
 Whaur can' frae a' thae wee bonnie naigies,
 The vera miniatures o' leevin' steeds
 Now stabled at Jock's Lodge ? What *can* they be ?

TOMALIN.

Just what they seem and are. The Fairy tongue
 Y-clepes them, "Picktree-brags." For cavalry,
 Nothing on earth, or ev'n in Elfinland,
 Can stand before them ! In nature, Fairy,
 They are, of course, compact of air and earth—

Part spiritual, part material—
 But all immortal, tho' aye subject to
 The other ills that plague thou lumps of clay—
 But halt !—our Royal Chariots ! Behold !
 Behold, poor Mortal, and lament thy kin !
 These first are fill'd with various notables—
 Princes and potentates from foreign Courts
 And leading Colonists, and Chiefs of Ind ;
 Then come the awful Officers of State,
 Led by our Coalition Premier,
 And all his cabinet of giant minds !

JOCK.

I downa bide them !—ane's just like anither !
 Whare is the Queen ?—it's *her* I want to see !
 But what is a' that noise ?—the sun 's no' burst ?

TOMALIN.

It is their Majesties ! Well may'st thou start,
 Ay, *tremble*, till the very sweet of fear
 Drops from thy bristles !—but keep good heart still,
 For I am with thee, and my influence
 Is tantamount to both thy life and weal,
 Being now with Oberon paramont,
 Hush ! that's the Poet Laureate, and he sings !

THE FAIRY POET LAUREATE'S SONG.

Why shines yon moon so bright ?
 Why gleam yon stars of light ?
 Aud all these dewdrops white ?—
 Lo ! hither comes, this night,
 Queen of the Fairies' King !
 The Zephyrs scarce can blow,
 They're load with fragrance so,

For flowers would die with woe
Did the south wind forego
Their perfumes Mab to bring !

Into Oblivion's shade
Three hundred years have sped,
Since, in Athenian glade,
She our great Queen was made,
By Shakespeare, the man-god !
All hail, then, bright, loved Queen !
Myriads of Fays are seen,
All crowding round this Green,
That they may say they've been
Whereon our Ladye rode !

Pipe, tabour, gittern, harp,
Be heard from scarp to scarp !
Let not one ill wind warp
The music quaint and sharp,
With which we welcome her !
Thou fretful seas be still !
Low murmur brook and rill !
And with thy joyaunce fill
This raptured Night until
Glad Morn comes from afar !

JOCK.

Altho' no' just sae weak as some we've had,
This Poet Laur'at, like them a', is bad !
But here comes ane—a local Fairy ane—
His mouth wide open, ready to begin !—

A LOCAL FAIRY POET'S SONG.

The Little Craigs, Sal'sbury Craigs,
Samson's Ribs, an' Echoin' Rock,
The Windy Goul, St. Leonard's Hill,
Are crowded a' wi' Fairy folk !

M

Radical Road, Duddyston Road,
 The Queen's Drive an' the Palace Yaird—
 Ev'n Hunters' Bog—they're a' in vogue,
 Ne'er sich a Ploy's been seen or heard !

St. Anton's Well, St. Marget's Well,
 The Wells o' Wearie, too forbye,
 By Elfin squads, gif their drouth hauds,
 By morn sall a' be drucken dry !

Our neebors spier—"What's a' the steer?"
 An' glow'r again, an' rub their een !
 They little ken, thae sons o' men,
 The love we bear our Fairy Queen !

Her Empire's girth is wide as earth,
 The Mune ne'er sets on't it's sae great !
 Myriads o' Fays, a' happie, praise,
 An' bless Hersel', her throne, an' state !

PART FOURTH.

JOCK.

I liked the last song better than the ither,
 Because it seem'd, atweel, a heartier blether.
 But, mercy, dear Sir Tammas, where 's the Queen ?
 To drive frae Bunkum what a time she 's ta'en,
 An' 's no here yet !

TOMALIN.

She is detain'd, no doubt,
 Getting addresses from her loyal elves.
 But, Mortal ! ere she come, list thou to me !
Thou must be hidden from her piercing eyes !
 Wherefore, know thou there groweth nigh a plant,

The common Vervain it is call'd of men ;
 And tho' 'tis lilac-blossom'd, small, and fair,
 'Tis the most hated flower of us that grows !
 No Fairy worth his salt will look on it,
 For 'tis a poison to our eyes and nose—
 A curse, in short, eternal as our race !
 From earliest times, this deadly little weed,
 By Mortals who have been our enemies,
 Hath been esteem'd as " holy," for it holds
 A sap, or essence, antipathetic
 To every spirit other than mere Man's ;
 Wouldst thou believe it—with this noxious herb
 In ancient times they strew'd their homes at night,
 To keep our wandering Ouphes from ent'ring them ?
 Nay ! tied it round their children's very necks,
 In little bags—oft deck'd with ribbons gay—
 Infection to avert, and 's amulets,
 To charm us Fairies from them ! Greatest men—
 Priests, Officers of State, Ambassadors—
They, of all men !—when done treaty making,
 In sacrificial rites and incantations,
 Did solemnly employ it ! So it is—
 To *us*, but not to *thee*—therefore, go hide
 Behind that rock, for there the dev'lish plant
 Grows, and pollutes, with *stench*, this balmy night !
 Fear no approach of Fairy Sprite or form,
 For not the wildest Fay from Elfinland,
 Would come anear it tho' his mother pray'd !

JOCK.

I ken the flow'r richt weel, its habitat
 Is in waste places near to towns—like that,
 But, dear Sir Thomas, if frae me ye go,
 I'll ne'er divine the meanin' o' the show ?

TOMALIN.

Mortal ! the voice of duty calls me hence,
 For, when the Chariots halt on yonder Green,
 I must approach their Majesties at once,
 And usher all the Leaders of this Land
 Into their August presence : never fear !
 Thou wilt see all, and understand it too,
 Tho' too far off to hear the spoken words
 Of all the trembling herd, or the replies—
 (More musical than a Peri's hymns !
 And beautiful as waterfalls in May,
 When heaven high the Scottish Laverock sings !)—
 Of our ethereal Queen,—I'm in thine eye,
 And, when I lift my hand—like this—stand forth,
 Secure in perfect trust, and care of me !

JOCK.

Weel, vera weel—go on ! I'll see it out,
 Altho' my “trust” should gape, and cry “Hout-tout !”

TOMALIN.

That's right, child !—I'm off !—the chariots come !
 Fear thee nought, Mortal ! for tho' they're sublime,
 The Monarchs of the Fairies are not fiends !

JOCK (Alone.)

This is the funkiest farce I e'er was in !
 That little deevil !—weel named “Tammy Lin !”—
 He mak's me lauch ! What fear I for the fry
 Of Elfin princelets, peers, an potentates,
 And a' the pigmy rabble scurrying bye ?
 But, here's the carriages ! O Wow ! fill'd fou,
 Wi' lion Aulphs, wha'll mak' a great ado,
 Because they're aiblins sib the Royal bluid,

Or in direct descent sin' Noah's flude,—
 Oh, weel, weel, weel ! What are their cairriages ?
 Just like themsel's !—truth nocht dispairages,
 And it is true that, a' their cars are shells
 O' walnuts, or the prickly pine-tree's bells,
 That in gray Autumn, on the woodland grass,
 Crunch underneth our feet as on we pass.
 Hech !—*here's the Queen !* Newhaven ! I must say
 She's gash—an' fat—extr'ord'nar—for a Fay !
 Wha wad describe her dress must needs wear specs,
 For it is of sae mony films an' flecks,
 Infiniteisimal an' gosamer,
 My nakit een wad rend it did they stir !
 An' ev'n a bridegroom's tears wad draigle't a',
 Waur than sale petticoats in Patter-raw,
 Noo, at the far end o' the Green, she stops,
 Maist graciously to please the lollipops,
 Wha 're to present addresses, an' receive
 Her three words in reply, syne tak' their leave,
 As if a god had spoken, an' how fine
 She lifted up ae ee, an' smiled divine,
 Ere she 'gan blawing of the Royal nose,
 Wi' a white cobweb, perfumed by the rose !
 O Portobello ! but the Queen's nae *fool !*—
 She kens a paste bead frae a gowden jew'l !
 Upo' her countenance I see impress'd
 Shrewdness, an' circumspection, of the best—
I like her weel !—an' in this distant view,
 She looks the *Perfect Woman*, through an' through !
 Sedate an' cool, an' motherly, an' kind,—
 Fou, fou o' hert, and lairge, and just in mind !
 Her locks are white as is the newest snaw,
 But she is beautiful despite it a',
 Because she is sae true, an' bright, an' “good,”

Sae mindfu' minded o' baith saft an' rude ;
 But her twa staring een wad dykes see through,
 An' ev'ry character ope to her view ;
 She, at first sicht o' ev'ry elf, or man,
 Sees a' his past, an' a' himsel' doth scan !—
 But, yonder Tammy Lin hauds up his hand !—
 And I step furth, obedient to command !

TOMALIN.

Mortal ! draw hither !—'tis the Queen's decree,
 That thou approach her instantly with me !—
 Most Mighty Sovereign, Jock Eezil's here !

TITANIA.

Lie on thy belly that thy height be less,—
 Thou Mortals are so hoist on flesh and bone,
 We aerial creatures cannot reach thy Zone,
 For lack of length when we would speak with thee,
 Even sitting in our Chariot though we be !—
 Artist ! we're given to know thou'st made a sketch,
 Of Midnight, from the top of Arthur's Seat,
 To be, in future, supplemented with
 A picture of sunrise, from this same Hill,—
 Can'st show me what thou'st done ?

JOCK.

Your Majesty,

Has only but to hint, and your hint's had,
 'Maist ere desire is born ! Here is my sketch,
 Altho' it merely roughly indicates
 The outlines o' my plan, which, briefly, is—
 To hang, in our next show upon the Mound,
 Twa paintings, that shall out-an'-out defy
 A' competition, strife, an' rivalry,
 From wheresoever they might come.

TITANIA.

Ah ! ah !

And I shall them inspect on that same Mound,
 If moonlight be propitious, I'll be bound !
 But, Mortal Artist, I *so* love this sketch,
 That I would have the Sketcher follow me
 Instant to Fairyland, and sit beside
 His greatest patroness—Titania !—
 Queen, lovablest of queens the wide world o'er !—
 For a probationary seven years,
 And at their close—if then thou loved'st me,
 And all the half-heaven world of Elfinland—
 After a visit possible to those
 Of thy kin who had still escapèd death—
 A meagre number I do shrewdly fear !—
 Straight to return, and never leave me more !
 Say ! say !—There, thou would'st have all thy desires—
 Renown, and ducats, countless as the stars,
 For sketches of our scenes,—which are beyond
 The utmost fancy of thy greatest bards,
 As much as night's 'yond day ! Did'st thou but see
 My parterres in my Garden Holygood,
 With all the beds of flowers that blossom there,
 And blow, perennially, and evermore,
 Smelling like nectar the gods sip, and dream,
 Dreams inconceivable by all but gods !

JOCK.

Your Fairy Majesty,

Doth offer like yersel ! I like ye weel !
 An' if ocht ever tempts me on to leave
 My native hame an' city—Edinbro'—
 Which I lo'e dearer than the breath o' life !—
 I'se bear your words in mind, but the pentins,

Midnicht an' *Dawn o' day*, they *maun* be dune,
 But *when* they're dune, Great Queen, we'll see, we'll see !
 I dinna like my man-life a' thegither !
 It's wi' sae mony wearie sorrows fraucht,
 That, truly, aft my hert is like to brek,
 Wi' grievin' for them !

TITANIA.

Well, Ah ! very well !
 When thou art ready, seek me on this Hill,
 Near this sweet Green, and when the Moon is full,
 And hangeth like the targe of warrior Jove
 In Heaven's starry hall.

Farewell, poor Jock !
 He in the next car's Oberon, my king,
 In full dress uniform, as Kurnel of
 The Gordon Highlanders of Shadow-land,
 The latest sons of Glory soon to be !
 Farewell !

JOCK.

Ay, Ay ! So long ! But, Roslin ! what is that ?
 The haill Hill sings like a Revival Kirk !

FAIRY SONG : TITANIA, O !

A-doun the Westlin welkin jous,
 In airy cortege canny, O,
 Anointed Oberon and his spouse,
 The snawy-fair Titania, O !

The Mune kythes wan gaun doun the sky,
 An' shootin' stars are many, O ;
 The wailing breezes wanton bye,
 Sab, sabbin' for Titania, O !

Titania 's sonsy, stout, an' sleek,
And as astue 's she 's bonnie, O ;
Nae foreign knave daur ev'n prick
The pinkie o' Titania, O !

Wide is her sway, lang last her power !
Her influence o'erspan a', O ;
Doun to time's vera hin'maist hour,
Live, love, an' rule Titania, O !

Nae face sae sweet, nae heart sae pure,
Nae higher mind has ony, O !;
Frae India fair to Lapland dour,
The People's Queen 's Titania, O !

Our Fays they hae in Germanie
An Emperor richt funny, O !
An' ither lands braw sovrans hae—
But nane can match Titania, O !

Come peace, come war—she keeps her chair !—
Thy Fairy throne, Britannia, O !—
Tho' ev'ry foreign wolf should rair,
They'd rair in vain, Titania, O !

Our guid auld king * his hoary beard
She keeps an' kames sae canny, O ;
A' things in Fairy could be spared,
Before our Queen, Titania, O !

PART FIFTH.

JOCK.

Losh ! that coves cudd ! Ye tauld me, Tammy Lin,
Ye were our patterns an' exemplars ?—

* Type of JOHN BULL.

Yet here hae I the noo just seen an' heard
 The similar o' that whilk I did thole
 In London's streets but a short week gane bye,
 In the eruptions o' our Jub'lee *fêtes* ?

TOMALIN.

We play around all Earth. Hadst thou but been
 In Australasian Wilds when yon bright Moon
 Stood at her fullest in fair Sydney's sky,
 Thou mightst have seen thy London revelries
 Rehearsed perfectly by our Elfin hosts,
 A month before their time !

JOCK.

Great Scott again ! Man ! did this rock-based hill
 Turn tapsalteerie, or a somersault—
 Blinding wi' stoure that vera " Moon " o' yours—
 Ye'd find a reason for't ! But what's up noo ?
 The crouds are a' asteer on ilka knowe,
 An' scour about like eemacks !

TOMALIN.

No wonder !

Their sacred Majesties have flown their sight,
 And even now are scudding o'er the wave,
 Straight for Columbia—*Land of the Free* !

Now, nigh the Green, approaches presently,
 A great, distinguish'd company of Fays,
 Who, with fit pomp and stately ceremony,
 Will ope that Temple of the Harmonies,*
 Y-cleped the *People's Palace*—lo ! they come !

JOCK.

Anither Di'mond Jubilee ?—The dwarfs !—

* See the speeches.

Knurlins as wee as Liliputians
 That tied down *Gulliver*! Here are mair troops!
 The band and pipers, to the vera cuits,
 O' the Argyle an' Sutherland Highlanders!—
 Playing—as *they* can play!—an' singing too—
 As is the custom aye in Fairy here—
 An air I've surely, surely heard before!

FAIRY SONG: IT'S COMING NOW, FOR A' THAT.

Ye sons o' toil and poverty,
 Sunk in despair, and a' that,
 Look up this day wi' brighter ee,
 And surer hope, and a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our ancient chains, and a' that,
 The Past has to its limbo gane,
 The Future 's ours for a' that.

Altho' we lang did grane and sweat,
 And daredna speak and a' that;
 The days when only might was right,
 Are gane for guid, and a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that;
 Injustice, scorn, and a' that;
 Oppression's sway hath had its day,
 Now Right is King, for a' that.

Ye see this "Noble"—he's a *Man*,*
 Ane o' oursel's, and a' that;
 His only thought 's to help us on,
 And lift us up, and a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Caste, prejudice, and a' that;
 His human heart disdains to slight
 One brither man, for a' that.

* Lord Primrosebery.

Princes may weel hae royal ha's—
 The Nation gies them a' that ;
 But we, wha build a' our ain wa's,
 The *People's Palace* ca' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our tipling tricks, and a' that ;
 We tramp along, upright and strong,
 To the " Good Time," for a' that !

Then we'll rejoice wi' heart and voice
 That what we've done is a' that,*
 And nae mair fear the way's not clear,
 To our birthrights, and a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming *noo*, for a' that !
 When man in man, the warld o'er,
 A brither sees, and a' that !

JOCK.

That sang 's a cracker ! I do like it weel,
 Altho' the singer is a parodist !

TOMALIN.

He is no parodist, but something more—
 The imp is full of skill and antique lore !
 Wisdom, philosophy, and cranky wit,
 He fires by turns, and sometimes makes a hit.
 Another of these " parodists " comes on—
 It is the " Singing Piper !"—Hear *him*, John !

THE FAIRY PIPER'S SONG : THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

In the Hall of our council the Lord Provost spoke—
 " What I'm gaun to propose is by nae means a joke ;
 Lon'on 's dune it already, an' why shouldna we
 A braw People's Pailace in Glesca sune see ?

* The People's Palace and Winter Garden.

Chorus—

"Come fill up your cups, come fill up your cans
 Come gather your forces an' saddle your plans ;
 Then down on the Green let us a' squatter free
 Till a Pailace an' Gairden unequall'd hae we !

"This question, once mooted, will meet wi' applause,
 For the People in Glesca hae freends o' their cause,
 Wha for spirit, an' siller, their match downa be,
 Frae the tap o' Tintoc' to the sole o' the sea !
 Come fill up your cups, etc.

"It is only but justice the People should hae
 Their Pailace an' Gairden in this later day !
 For the People, we ken weel ! our maisters now be,
 And it's frae their ain stockin this gift we'll them gie !
 Sae fill up your cups, etc.

"Not a stiver 'twill tak frae our private estates,
 It will be a mere eetem o' chairge on the rates ;
 But, eureka, my boys ! its great credit will be
 A' ours, absolutely—as sure as three 's three !
 Sae fill up your cups, etc.

"Oh ! it's gran' to be noble, an' liberal, an' kind,
 An' great benefactors, whene'er we're inclined—
 The pouch o' the public, ram'd fou to the ee,
 For the public's behoof to toom speedilie !"
 Sae fill up your cups, etc."

JOCK.

The "Piper" is a would-be "satirist,"
 And, like the great feck o' his clan, his darts
 He's no' partic'lar whom they wound—if he
 Can only frae his victim's agony
 Suck "pap" to nurse his vanity. His tribe,
 Baith elves an' men, I hate like castor oil !

But yonder come the Openers in cabs !
 Oh, Tammy Lin ! wha's thae twa in the first !

TOMALIN.

All in good time. But, John, the Piper meant
 Offence to none, and didst thou know the elf,
 Then wouldst thou know how groundless is thy charge !
 Mirth, meaning mirth, was purposed by his song.
 The comers in the landau number one ?—
 The spirit doubles of those still in flesh,
 Prototypes in our aerial kind.—
 Lord Provost Richman, and his leader fit,
 Lord Primrosebery, as illustrious
 For wisdom as for wit—through Shadowland,
 He reaches 'yond (and still is reaching more)
 Two good full lengths, his nearest follower !

As Gladas did our Elfin Derby win,
 So will *he* win and rout the Premier field !

Within the " Winter Garden," near that dome,
 Whose Fairy outline thou now lookst upon,
 The function of inauguration, he—
 (In this our first rehearsal of the rite)—
 With speech appropriate, will now enact ;
 And from this coign of vantage and retreat,
 Which I from pure regard have brought thee to,
 Thou mayst, through the pictured glassy roof,
 Behold, and hear, all that transpires within,
 As fully, and conveniently, as if
 Thou satst upon the platform, in a chair
 As high and soft as Ob'ron's ! Now they file
 Unto their seats upon the spacious dais,
 Sir Thomas Lippy, and five hundred others,
 All Ouphes of mark and might in Fairyland—
 Attention ! Lord Provost Richman rises !

JOCK.

Ou, ay ! But I now spot Lord Primrosebery,
(*Lord, bless an' hap him warm evermair !*
And evermair nae sleepless nights be his !)
He seems sae near in kin, an' name, an' nature,
Feature, an' figure to the statesman, loved,
By me an' Scotland, as our Wallace is,
The Queen, an' Robert Burns ! The Provost 's up !

TOMALIN.

He will speak twice upon the *opening* day,
But *now*, for comfort and expediency,
His speeches he'll compound, and say, at once,
All that he hath to say—as will the rest.
And, kindly know that what thou *now* wilt hear
Will merely be the tale of some few points,
Leading, or immaterial, but points—
Only—which have to date evolvèd been
Within the minds of the respected speakers,
Anent their sev'ral themes.—

Hush ! he begins !

PART SIXTH.

JOCK.

Lord Provost Richman 's up on end, I see,
A guid Fay, truly ; but, tho' guid he be,
His richt haun neebor is the imp for me !

LORD PROVOST RICHMAN.*

Let my first words the words of welcome be,
Loving and hearty, to the noble Lord,
One of ourselves, a fellow citizen,

* See the *Scotsman* of January 24, 1898.

Who has come here—despite the circumstance
 That he starts for the Continent next week !—
 To open, as *he* only can, to-day,
 This People's Palace, so commodious,
 And handsome ! His bright and sparkling speech,
 Will, no doubt, make us *think*—he does that aye !

This Palace, and its Garden, are, my friends,
 The tangible result of years of thought,
 For it was mooted first in auchty-nine.
 The Corporation did consider, that,
 While they erected biggins in the West,
 For housing properly their hoards of art,
 The East-gate End should not forgotten be.
 So, 'twas resolved, that, here, on Glasgow Green,
 Or, popularly now, the People's Park,
 To raise a Building, of the nature of
 A "People's Palace,"—partly to afford
 Space for museum, and art gallery ;
 And partly area sufficient for
 A "Winter Garden," for display of flowers,
 And entertainments, of a musical
 And social kind. . . . Hence his Lordship's presence.

No one is abler to appreciate
 The value of such institutes as he.
 His office, in the London Council chair,
 Was mark'd by such enlighten'd policy,
 And, for its object, had such benefits
 For all the toiling masses herding there.
 (Loud and prolonged applause.)

JOCK.

I'll never can report a' that he says—
 I am nae Chairles Dickens at shorthand !
 Some pints I'se mind, but a' the rest maun dee.

TOMALIN.

It is not needful to remember them—
 Do just as pressmen do at every meet ;
 Nor needst thou heed the minor orators,
 Because, when comes the *real* opening day,
 The watchful papers will give them their due,
 Should they be lacking pad !

Now Wills-land's down,
 Begin those witty lips and eloquent,
 To move and play upon Elves' hearts and minds,
 As they were Highland pipes. Hear ! hear, Oh, hear !

JOCK.

I'm listenin' like a worn-out factory "hand,"
 For ane o'clock on Saturday—before the Fair !

LORD PRIMROSEBERRY.

Lord Provost, friends, and fellow citizens
 (To give our Elfin speech fit Mortal form),
 Your invitation to come here to-day
 Does me great honour ; and the greatest joy
 'Tis to obey, for I allegiance owe
 Your good Lord Provost, *as a citizen*.

(Applause.)

My gratitude I'll show one way to you—
 A way which you can test—I'll crop my speech
 Unto a length that will not weary you,
 Or give you sour associations with
 This Winter Garden all your future lives.

(Laughter.)

My Lord Provost, sure this occasion is
 Most gratifying, and is one, by which,
 Even Glasgow—so long renown'd, and full
 Of memories, and deeds historical—

Is honour'd and distinguish'd ? And this is,
 One of the few first meetings, of its size,
 That e'er was held upon this Glasgow Green,
 Of a non-controversial nature form'd !

(Laughter and loud applause.)

I have oft thought—
 As, unto strangers, the associations
 Of Glasgow Green have been synonymous,
 Almost, with germs of revolutions wild,
 Or agitations popular—a shrine,
 A blessed building such as this we're in,
 Ought rather to be known and named withal
 A *Fane of Concord* than a People's Palace.
 At all events, I view, with greatest joy,
 This, First of Glasgow's People's Palaces,—
 Put up—*not* by private benefaction,
 But the Municipality itself,
 As token of responsibility,
 And duty, due to all parts and classes,
 Of this progressive, great community,
 O'er which 'tis privileged some time to rule,
 And, also, as a sign that's full of hope,
 Promise, and expectation for all time !

(Great applause.)

JOCK.

Now he warms up, an' now he's on the fang,
 The vera starns seem to bend an' listen
 For the forthcoming flude !

TOMALIN.

Hush, Mortal ! If they hear thee speak but once,
 Then art thou broken ! These Elves would rend thee
 As do fox-hounds a long-day's-hunted tod !

LORD PRIMROSEBERY.

My Lord Provost,
You have been taken by surprise, you say,
By what you've heard this afternoon, but I
Am much more lamentably taken now.

(Hear, hear.)

I was invited to a quiet lunch,
Late in the day. I pictured to myself
That we'd sit down unto a mutton chop,
And pint of Bass, and hob-nob couthilie.
But there we were, up in the City Chambers,
Fronting a princely banquet, long drawn out,
Munching knick-knacks, and sipping foreign wines,
And blethering "toasts" and "thanks," like Emperors !

(Laughter and applause.)

In wonder, stupor, and high admiration,
I asked myself—If these the luncheons are
Of Glasgow's Corporation—then, what then,
Must that dear Corporation's dinners be !

(Much laughter.)

They're an experiment that neither time,
Nor nat'ral limitations, of Man's life,
Will permit ev'n to try !

(Laughter.)

'Tis said, with truth,

Howe'er omnipotent a man may be,
His wealth will not enable him to dine
Twice in one day ; but I do further go,
And say, that though a man Lord Provost be—
(And sure you know my estimate of one !)—
Ev'n Lord Provost of great Glasgow Town,
Not ev'n such a man, I say, could eat
A luncheon and a dinner in one day
On such a scale as that one given me !

(Laughter, and "Quite right.")

My Lord Provost, ladies, and gentlemen,
 Time flies apace, but it needs not, I think,
 A special genius for weak platitude,
 To tell the manifold advantages
 Of buildings such as this. They are, to me,
 The hopeful signs of this our age—in which
 Many Philosophers find only time
 To pessimistic be—that men begin—
 Municipalities and private folk—
 To recognise their duties in this work ;
 And, my Lord Provost, you will recollect,
 What is, perhaps, of these new Palaces
 The signallest example of them all—
 That which was founded, East End-London,
 Upon the inspiration and the hint,
 Of one, an author, whose renowned books
 Have given pleasure unto countless hearts,
 I mean, SIR WALTER BESANT !—(Great cheering).

Give honour to whom honour's due, say I,
 And to Sir Walter, then, must we ascribe
 (In Fairyland prophetically, here)
 The honour of suggesting to the mind,
 And conscience of this vast community,
 That they—the People—should have Palaces,
 As well as others—What say you, my friends ?
 (Applause that shook all Fairy Glasgow.)

Town Councils, when this century began,
 Were not reformed. They were corrupt and close,
 Too many of them ; and a strong mistrust—
 Which, truly, was not altogether wrong,
 That many Councillors inclined to treat
 The Common Good their individual good,
 And felt their charity *did* start at home,

And then did alienate the property,
Belonging to the People, to themselves—
Existed ev'rywhere. All that, 'tis plain,
All that is prehistoric. No Elf here
Can recollect a tithe of that vile time.
It was an era of indifference
In social and in public government ;
In which the Corporations seem'd to think
That their main function was to keep themselves
Unto the mere administration, strict,
Of the police, and drainage of the town,—
And unto entertainments sumptuous,
In which the splendour of their burgh should
Be represented, grand, and handsomely.

(Laughter).

That period if not vanish'd's, vanishing,
And, side by side with due display and pomp,
Which *should* accompany a City's chiefs,
There is a sensitiveness to the wants
Of the great masses of the populace.

O'er the United Kingdom in our day,
Town Councils are beginning to attend
Unto the sanitation of the minds,
As well as of the bodies of the people.
Where'er ratepayers will allow, they will
Free libraries establish, and will build,
Not one, but many People's Palaces—
Of course all unforgetting who will pay !

(Laughter).

Yet while so nobly for the mind they do,
They don't neglect the body : Wash-houses,
Baths, gymnasia ev'n, and water taps,
Are now erected by the public will
Without much swither or undue delay.

(Applause).

Lord Provost, I, in conclusion, have but you to thank,
 You, and all those o'er whom you reign so well,
 For this so generous welcome given me.
 It warms, my Lord, if it did warming want,
 My great affection for this famous city,
 Which always I have felt. And I'd express,
 Ev'n from the bottom of my heart, the hope—
 My sincere, lasting, and most solemn hope—
 That the great Corporation, over which
 You are elect and privileged to preside,
 May still be guided by that wisdom sage
 Which did dictate the founding and the raising
 Of this magnificent first People's Palace !

Great and prolonged applause, which prevented the eavesdroppers outside the Fairy representation of the Palace from hearing the remainder of his Lordship's speech. Just after he had resumed his seat, a strange looking Spunkic, said to be a "Peculiar," came forward and introduced himself to the vast assembly, and said that he wanted to sing to the audience a song which he had composed for the occasion. Leave being at once granted (the Fairies are well known to be perfect worshippers of music of all kinds), the wonderful-looking little innp at once cleared his throat, and then held forth as follows :—

THE FAIRY "PECULIAR'S" SONG—"GUEST AND HOST."

Guest.—"Lord Provost, when, in courtesie,
 I part wi' you to-day, sir,
 Dinna let your feelins be
 Owre muckle in the way, sir !"
 (Hear, hear.)

Host.—"I'll 'feelins' to the mischief throw,
 My lord, my lord !

But I shall kiss your bonny mou'
 Twenty times, my dear lord !"
 (Laughter.)

Guest.—" Kiss me on the mou', say ye?
 What if I do bite, sir,
 And a nose scarce leave to thee,
 Wad ye ca' that right, sir ?"
Host.—" Tho' I'd a trunk like the Auld Duke,
 My lord, my lord !
 I wadna grudge ye its haille bouk,
 Raw an' red, my leal lord !"
 (Much laughter.)

Guest.—" Glasgow's hospitalitie
 Far is famed, I ken, sir,
 But a red raw beak for me—
 I'd rather ye wad hain, sir !"
Host.—" The fient a *hain*, e'en *you* to please,
 My lord, my lord !
 Noses, noddles, knuckles, knees—
 A' are yours, my true lord !"
 (Roars of laughter.)

Guest.—" Then I'm stockit ! but, my Host,
 Seriously tak tent, sir !
 If this goes on,—I'm surely lost,
 And a' your cheer's mis-spent, sir !"
Host.—" We canna treat you owre weel,
 My lord, my lord !
 Your Lordship is sae fine a chiel,
 And ye are Scotland's ain lord !"
 (Loud applause.)

Guest.—" Oh ! I'se come back again, I trow,
 Mony times, I trust, sir !—
 Sae ye needna spoil me *noo*,
 Tho' hame this nicht I must, sir !"
Host.—" It's just because thou'rt gaun awa,
 My lord, my lord !

That our heart-felt love we'd shaw,
As we feel't, my dear lord !"

(Vociferous cheering, which must have shook the Fairy City of Glasgow to its deepest foundations.)

Guest.—"Dear Lord Provost ! Kiss my mou' !
 I swear I shanna bite, sir !
 Your Glesca welcome's pierced me through,
 And proud am I this night, sir !"
Host.—"Nae prouder art thou than are we,
 My lord, my lord !
 A prouder city couldna be,
 Than this o' thee, *thou rare lord !*"

(Immediate renewal of the thunderous applause, during which the "Peculiar" was observed to be wisely beating a swift retreat by the nearest portal into the mysterious concave or heart of the mountain—in all probability by a secret labyrinth to his own well-known haunt or cavern in Fairyland.)

After the meeting, Jock remembered nocht,
 The haill strange scene was wipit out, he thocht ;
 And, in ae tick, or instant stretch o' time,
 He seem'd frae Fairy to his native clime
 To rush as totally as ane that wakes
 Frae a delightfu' vision, and forsakes
 Elysium for the solid, sordid earth,
 And a' earth's life—fears, cares, an' hollow mirth.
 'Twas morn—daylight—the sunshine warm'd his rock !
 What said his watch ? lo ! *half past ten o'clock !*

Up-bounding frae his lair wi' a great oath
 New-coin'd for the occasion—but nae froth !—
 Na, na ! but o' the vera stiffest ore
 O' blasphemy that "beasted" man e'er swore !
 And, further proof that he was nae weak ass,
 He saw an' snatch'd his auld pipe frae the grass,

Whare it had drapt, what time he first did see
The Fairies a' forgatherin' for their spree !
In fa'in', tho', the pipe had brunt a hole
In his guid plaid as big's a Fairy's poll !
But this was made amends for by the fact
That his cork'd flask was in his pouch intact ;
And a guid swig frae it clear'd ev'ry score,
And he cam hame as canty as before !

A BRIEF HOMELY RETROSPECT OF THE LIFE
AND DEATH OF MARY STUART,
QUEEN OF SCOTS.

PART FIRST.

EARLY DAYS—SCOTLAND AND FRANCE.

YESTREEN, when musing on yon tower—
The Nor'-west tower o' "Halyrude" *—
A wave o' feeling me burst owre
And seem'd to lift me whare I stude,

And whelm me mony lang years back—
Three centuries o' years an' mair ;
Blinding me wi' their murky rack—
A jiffey—till I lafted whare

The hour was that gave Mary birth,
And that now seem'd a hicht to me,
Frae which a' her hail life on earth
I like a hill-track lang could see.

I saw the angel babe that day,
She landed here frae Heaven abune ;
Syne mark'd the little Witch at play,
Wi' her Fowre Maries rampin' roun' !

* Erected by James V. It contains the apartments of Queen Mary, and is the only part of the Palace of ancient origin.

Wi' the Queen-mother—she of Guise—
 Wi' Livingston, and Erskine, too,
 At Stirling—I, a' ears an eyes—
 Watch'd weel auld Scotland's royal doo !

At Inchmahome, in Loch Menteith,
 She fairer grew, an' fairer grew !
 I said, " Can men their sons bequeath
 Divinity like this to view ? "

For with her fairness grew her mind,
 Till they a double wonder made—
 Wisdom and heart supreme, combined
 With beauty, ev'n of Heaven's grade !

Perfection was she—saul and face—
 Form, manner, style, and hue, I trow !—
 In her, the warld saw *ev'ry grace*
At ance, that Woman can endow ! *

Courageous, virtuous, adorn'd
 With heart and gifts abune a' else—
 Yet, owre-confiding, a' were turn'd
 Against hersel'—like freends grown false !

She was crown'd Queen ere nine months auld ;
 Ere mony mair, wi' phiz askant,
 Fate eyed the lambkin in the fauld,
 An' reft it frae its yowie's haunt !

And when France, kneeling at her feet,
 Did as a goddess worship her,
 And raised her to the highest seat,
 And gave her Queenly favours there,

* No poetic licence, but simple, well-attested fact.—*J. L.*

Death fell upo' her spousal bower
 And hush'd her dearest in his lap !
 For Destiny the fairest flower
 Dooms ever for Misfortune's cap !

Mother and husband droop'd and died !—
 Orphan'd and widowed in her teens !
 The young-auld mourner far espied
 Her ain land riv'n by faes an' freens—

Fanatic fury, an' fause faith,
 Faucht fierce, an' rent its weal in twain ;
 But, its leal Queen, or life or death,
 Mary wad fill its throne again !

Across the heaving Norlan' Tide,
 Ae misty morning lang ago,
 Her feeble fleet o' ships did ride,
 Towards the *Blue Hills* nearing slow !

At ev'ry peak and mast-head high,
 The *Fleur de lis*, out flutt'ring free,
 Dunbar's stout men-at-arms descry
 Wreathing the Lion of the sea !

In ilka hull an' galley there
 Sat Hope and Terror hand in hand,
 For in mix'd glee and wae they bure
 Their Queen back wailing to Scotland !

But wild the pipes skirl'd by the May,
 And shrill by Bass Rock and Inchkeith !
 And ne'er wan jot doun-quaten'd they
 Till quellit by the cheers o' Leith !

Then furth the mist, as frae a veil,
 The vision o' the Queen grew clear,
 But mony wist—" 'Twas no' hersel',
 But *ane slee Witch* that did appear !"

Yet if a "Witch," she did seem shrined,
 In that sweet face an' leesome frame,
 Radiant in grace in heart and mind
 As ony Seraph Knox could name !

Sae a' folk ran, an' skreik'd for mirth,
 An' neither were to haud nor bind ;
 Still doubting she belang'd this earth,
 Or was of mortal human kind !

Such majesty was in her gait,
 Such excellence in a' she spak,
 The vera sea fog seem'd to wait,
 And open up, to have her back !

Such loveliness mere flesh an' bluid
 Were never kenn'd to wear before !—
 Sae on she pass'd to Halyrude,
 Like as ane fabled god of Yore !

PART SECOND.

EARLY WOMANHOOD—SCOTLAND.

ALAS ! Alas !—and still alas !
 Alas for aye and evermair !
 This wonder of the world but was
 A "*Pawpist* !"—open, brazen, bare !

A mumbler of mock "masses," and
"Ave Marias," and "Marys!"—
And in the vera time and land
When "Pope" *John Knox* denouncit these!

Did he not *ken* hoo curst they war'?
Did he not *say* hoo "bad" she was?
And could this Lord's Vineyard prosper
Gif sic as she delved back its cause?

Wow! Wow! The clime o' her ain land
Breathed sneller airs than sunny France!
Here falcons took the lark in hand,
And made its perch a sorry stance?

First o' the flicht, the valiant Knox
Crookit a-near his threat'ning beak,
Nor wad be aff, despite the strokes
Her quick wit dealt him for his cheek!

Offensive, gruff, and coorse was he,
And all intolerant as a boar!
What *he* thaucht richt, sae that maun she!
When *he* smelt bluid, there *must* be gore!

Thus press'd a' sides, what could she do?
Lang by hersel' she couldna stan'?
She did what's aft been dune, I trew,—
The widow took a—"second Man!"

For Mary, of a' queens or kings,
Princes or lords, *would* pick an' choose;
Bind wham she list wi' spousal strings,
An' daur the warld them to unloose!

But this pruv'd waur than nane ava !
 A "weakling," some said, and a "fool !"
 Hence mishaps thick begoud to fa',
 Yet fell by Nature's law an' rule—

Like snaw-showers in a "feeding storm,"
 When winter stoops his hoary heid,
 As fain his ice-cauld naked form
 Wi' fleecy hoords an' haps to clead.

"King" Darnley did as faes design'd,
 But ithers, *deadlier*, barr'd her way !
 Sae Rizzio, wham she'd treated kind,
 Had for her kindness life to pay !

The "Seignor" was a dwarfish chiel—
 In *body*, not in *soul*, my feres !—
 For *it* was pang'd fou sense an skeel,
 An' rang wi' music of the spheres !

She had the insicht o' great minds,
 An' *kenn'd* what mony never *dream'd* ;
 She Rizzio saw out thro' a' blinds,
 And he a *Man of men* she deem'd !

"King" Darnley, too, taught by his Queen,
 Saw in Riz gifts an' worth of price ;
 And, idiot tho' he was, fell keen
 He freended Rizzie in a trice.

But all unstable, shallow, vain,
 And cankert as your trappit knave,
 He loot puir Rizzio fall amain,
 Nor streetch'd ae finger him to save !

This made twa victims for her slain—
 Young Chastellar and Rizzio—
 Baith aliens, but the neist, our ain,
 Darnley, to follow wasna slow !

Her greatest foes war' at his heels—
 Even Moray, hid in craft profound,
 And Bothwell, the croun'd Deil of deils,
 Wha made a hell of Scottish ground !

—By Kirk o' Field his wa-gaun was,—
 Shut in thy chariot, Myserie !—
 He left the warld withouten cause,—
 Mair than Sin's will to gratifie.

But ere this, to the land she bore,
 Within the castle, her young prince,
 And a' the signs of Mothers wore,
 By Mothers worn, before or since.

Then that Fiend, darkling, snatch'd her hand !—
 Bothwell the queen-saint to him drew !
 And vilest tales owre a' the land
 Flew faster than e'er corbie flew !

She fell,* as fa's the bird of Jove,
 When stricken by its death-dart dire !
 The Idol o' the People's love,
 Head-long fell sweltering in the mire !

Bothwell and Moray !—A hawk pair !—
 Yet contrar as the twa poles are—

* Not truly, but in the thought of the people, who were grossly and hellishly deceived by the lies concocted against her by her enemies.—*f. L.*

Baith wi' ambition feather'd fair,
To wing their flichts to carnage far.

If ane was claw'd, the next was beak'd,
But baith were claw'd an' beak'd, I trew !
The bird of Jove at ance they tweak'd,
And each his ain way tore an' drew !

Strong vultures were they baith, but art
Had given Moray fellest power ;
Sae Bothwell boud, ere lang, depart,
An' leave the doom'd prize as his dower.

On Carberry Hill the farce was play'd ;
Thence to this Chief Toun and Lochleven,
The Great Queen was betimes convey'd—
A captive noo !—nae mercy given !

Of alien factions a' war' they—
Traitors an' murderers them a' !
Tools of the subtlest for a day,
To be used out, syne cuist awa' !

But there war' mony true hearts yet—
Escape, ere lang, was plann'd an' done !
Young Douglas the design begat,
And name immortal by it won !

By vilest wiles and lies was she
Betray'd, and in Lochleven pent ;
But her guid star yet blink'd a-wee
And rays of hope the captive sent.

Her prison doors war' burst belyve,
Ance mair she stude an unchain'd Queen ;

O

Half Scotland Hamilton saw strive
Her leal supporters to be seen !

But a' the banes an' thews o' war
Were in the Bastard Moray's hand :
Dunedin, Stirling, and Dunbar—
Her Arsenal—did he command.

Not only that. Her jewels and plate—
Her private, pers'nal guid's an' gear—
He'd stown, and sold them, sma' an' great,
To England's Queen—*sans* fuss or fear !

This bold, serpentine, wily Knave,
Of statist's mind, but hangman's heart,
His sister's suff'rings only drave
To harsher means—mair hellish art !

His danger and his need he kenn'd ;
Her weakness—lack of skill—he saw ;
And swithly did he apprehend
He'd best on one great stake chance a'.

Sae, at Langside, their forces met,
Whare a' the traitors banded were,
By force or fraud her to beset
And blast her power for evermair.

(Langside ! the vera name rings "WAE !"
And should spell "Sadside" evermair ;
A pang thro' Scotland's heart doth gae
Whenas 'tis wafted on the air !)

Herries, Argyle, and Hamilton
The levies of the sov'rign led,—

Wha hardly faucht her faes ae roun'
Ere "gloriously" they turn'd an' fled !

Hersel', bold perch'd on a near knowe,
Lamenting how the day had gane,
Pat spur to horse as sune's she dow,
And, broken-hearted, left the plain !

"Awa ! awa ! Whip up an' flee !
The Bastard wins ! our all is lost !
Jesu in mercy pity thee,
My puir, sair-stricken, routed host !

"Turn ! maids and men—all ! each and all !
Turn ! turn ! and ride for very life !
All-loving God ! make saft our fall
Fra' this accurst fraternal strife !"

Awa they skelpit—fond, tho' few—
Faster, and faster aff they sped !
At first by Ayr and Doon they flew,
Whare then their flocks auld shepherds led.

O'er wilds, and barren solitudes,
Meadows and moors—hags, bogs, an' floods ;
By frowning steeps, by lowering woods,
They flew, like blasts frae stormy cluds !

Roads there were nane. But Herries kent
The tracks an' passes—On ! then, on !
Dread Morton's in close chase ahint !—
One minute's stay—and all is gone !

For Gallowa' their airt was ta'en,
And never bridle daur'd draw they

Till three score miles o' hill an' plain
 'Tween them an' Langside that nicht lay !

At last, at a lone cot, the Queen
 Gat doun, an' supp'd on milk an' meal,
 Syne made her bed that weary e'en
 On ground as cauld an' hard as steel ! *

Terregles and Dundrennan then
 Gave her short shelter till the day,
 When, at Burn-foot, she, Scotland's Queen,
 Left us for guid, an' sail'd awae !

PART THIRD.

MATURITY AND DEATH—ENGLAND.

Auld Scotland had the bonniest Queen
 That e'er owre land on Earth did sway !
 And Merrie England she had ane—
 The fellest—ablest—in her day !

* "General history has narrated none of the particulars of Mary's escape. Even the brief sentence in which Tytler, following Keith, records her journey is erroneous ; for he says 'she did not venture to draw bridle till she reached Dundrennan Abbey, sixty miles from the field of Langside.' But Mary herself, when she informs Elizabeth 'that she was forced to ride sixty miles the day of her defeat,' proves that it was not to Dundrennan, her last point, by adding, 'since then I have only been able to travel by night.' In her touching letter to her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, she says : 'I have suffered injuries, calumnies, captivity, hunger, cold, heat, flying—without knowing whither—four score and twelve miles across the country, without once pausing to alight, and then lay on the hard ground, having only sour milk to drink, and oatmeal to eat, without bread, passing three nights with the owls.' 'I knew several persons,' says Brantôme, 'especially the Queen-mother (Catherine de Medicis), who were astonished that a princess so tender and delicate as the Queen of Scots was, and had been all her life, could have gone through all the hardships and inconveniencies she did on that occasion.'"—*Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, by the late Agnes Strickland. Vol. ii., p. 80.

Nane ever sat an' ruled a land
 Like England's "Bess"—*ruled as she list*;
 —But these twa queens fell out affhand,
 Because they'd neither turn nor twist.

Mary was quick, an' warm, an' brave,
 Quick-witted, guid, an' true as steel;
 But Bess was deep—a souple knave,
 And for hersel' could only feel.

Politic she was—seeing far—
 And aften seeing far amiss!—
 Vindictive, too, an' snell—nane daur
 Her dear-lov'd "*power*" do aucht than bless!

Imperial was she, and supreme,
 And a' she dared she *did* o'erwhelm;
 Moved by caprice, ambition, whim—
 Fu' firm she ruled, an' smack'd her realm!

Mary was her antithesis
 In ilka feature, saving three—
 Love of king-craft, pluck and fuss—
 Nae wonder they could ne'er agree!

Noo, Mary, in her youth, in France,
 Had given Bess mortalest scare,
 —Showing, baith by birth an' circumstance,
 That SHE WAS ENGLAND'S RIGHTFUL HEIR!

Nane could confute it!—*it was true*!
 Frae Henry seeventh, there's her descent!
 Whan Ned the saxt dee'd, on her broo
 The Crown o' Britain should have went.

This was the secret source o' a'
 "Factions" an' "troubles" in the North;
 Bess was the Spring whence each did draw
 Existence and maintenance forth.

"Trouble" in Scotland for Bess meant
 Assured security an' bliss:
 Let Moray plot, let John Knox rant,
 They baith were working cheap for Bess!

Mary's auld creed was her godsend—
 It kept Nemesis back a-wee;
 The *southward flicht*, if't did not end,
 It far awa' gar'd danger flee!

"Conferences" here or there—
 At York or in Westminster Hall,
 Were but mock courts of justice, where
 Dust was in folk's een thrown withal!

Moray, a knave, was wholly hers
 And her subtle slavey Cecil's;
 If 'tween thae twa the rogue but stirs,
 I wat for't sune his Scotch scap reissils!

Hence his forged "case" and Devil's lies,
 Mary, *his sister*, to defame,
 Or ev'n destroy, and win the prize
 Bess promised—to *be King at hame*!

The "casket letters"—"papers"—"sonnets"—
 Forgeries, fause frands—ane and a'!
 Wood's, Makgill's, Buchanan's bonnets
 Loot them a' out for guerdon sma'!

Not ane vestige, not ane atom,
 'Gainst puir Mary could they bring !
 But, to damn themsel's, they pat them
 In Hell's Cauldron—sting-an'-ling !

Baith Bess an' Cecil, seeing this,
 Brak' the assemblies up, high-hand ;
 But neither side had dune amiss—
 They had bamboozled a' the land !

But hoo was Moray to win hame ?—
 Thousands wad tear him on the way !
 To Norfolk wi' a "scheme" he came,
 And wrote to Mary that same day.

His plan was such a specious lee,
 And they, being pure, sae easy duped,
 That Norfolk at his bait did flee,
 And Mary ev'n to serve him stoop'd !

She wrote a "request" to her "friends"
 Awaiting Moray on the road,
 That they the scoundrel—for "guid ends"—
 Should not wi' spears nor daggers prod !

Nae suner safe was he owre Tweed,
 Than a' his promises, like snaw,
 Did he shake aff him, crying—" 'Deed
They are but kids yon lovers twa !"

"Norfolk's a whingein', frichit fool
 The Queen's a haill host in hersel',
 But she sae stands by Honour's rule
 She downa see what churls could tell !

“ But wait ! She maun be in *my* hands !
 But mind ye, Jamie, Bess’s words !—
 Fate hidelins twines our mortal strands
 And aft her shears are guns an’ swords ! ”

To Norfolk sune was Mary pledged,
 But, being pris’ners baith, they war’,
 As lovers, as weel privileged
 As worms on Earth an’ Venus are !

At Tutbury, to her prison, came
 A courier, running, scant o’ breath,
 Panting—“ Queen ! Queen ! I come frae Hame !
 Moray, in ‘Lithgow’s struck to death !

“ By Hamilton o’ Bothwellhauch
 The tyrant-villain was shot down !
 For you the folk baith greet an’ lauch
 Come ! bonnie Queen ! tak’ back yer croun ! ”

For a’ the ills that Moray did,
 For him three days sair sabbit she !
 Yet coward Norfolk stern forbid
 Attempt escape *till he was free* !

Sae, thus, not ance, but mony times,
 She for his sake guid chances lost !
 Tale mair lamentable my rhymes
 In spite an’ teen hath never cross’d !

To mak’ secure Queen Bess’s croun
 Demanded sinless Mary’s death ;
 But Bess daur’d not pit Mary down,
 For dreid o’ hame an’ foreign skaith !

Therefore maun Mary still be pent
 In prisons strang, an' weep, an' wail ;
 On her destruction Bess was bent,
 But "*what micht hap*," still made her fail !

With hate, spite, inhumanity,
 Hypocrisy, deceit, and lies—
 Almost unnatural—did she
 Her poor chain'd victim tantalize !

Norfolk was ta'en, cast in the Tower,
 Tried sham-wise, and beheaded sune ;
 Morton Northumberland in power
 Held fast, an' sald him to the tune

Of current gowd—ten thousand pound—
 To generous Bess, wha wasna lang,
 Ance he had cross'd to English ground,
 To snick his heid aff—by my sang !

Lennox an' Mar wha, after Moray,
 Were the twa Regents next in power,
 Fell like the first—in startling hurry,
 Stabbit an' puzhon'd in their hour !

In Denmark beastly Bothwell dree'd
 The skelps o' sin, but own'd at last
 He Darnley murder'd, an' had lee'd
 Whan he its wyte on Mary cast !

Kirkcaldy, Lethington, King James,
 Leddy Lennox (Darnley's mither),
 Worthy Athol, and his dames,
 The "Common folk"—'maist a' thegether—

Return'd slap to her at the last,
 An' flew her faes as Sawton's pack—
 Wishing, by God, to mend their past,
 They could but bring Queen Mary back !

But she ! alas ! whare was she then ?—
 Sick, forlorn, helpless, close immured
 Within a gloomy Southern den,
 Enduring what queen ne'er endured !

" This plot o' Babington ! " * her faes
 A' cried, " Oh, certes it will do !
 He's written her !—ere mony days,
 Her nabbit answer we'se review !

" Syne Harrison, OUR FORGER, slick
 Will stick within it what we like !—
 Eneuch to let OUR HEADSMAN quick
 Her Papist noddle aff to strike ! "

Sae was it plann'd, an' sae 'twas dune !
 At Foth'ringay, a mock trial
 Made Mary out a murd'ress sune—
 In *form*—but a HEROINE REAL !

Majestic, calm an' cool, she spake—
 She rived their shoddy " case " to shreds !—
 Made three dizen judges quail an' quake,
 Till they could not haud up their heads !

But she mnst die !—sae was convict ' !—
 An' hame they ran to tell Queen Bess !

* To assassinate Queen Elizabeth. He wrote to Queen Mary, telling her he was going to liberate her, but said nothing of the projected assassination.

The Auld-maid despot order'd strict,
 "That they for sentence must not press!"

This was, nae doubt, that time should ser'
 Some pretext, specious an' auld-farrant,
 To issue, without blame to her,
 For Mary's death her royal warrant.

'Twas dune! A warrant fair was writ',
 And Harrison their forger call'd,
 Wha scribed her signature as fit
 As Bess hersel' his pen did hald!

At Foth'ringay, week after week—
 Sin' e'er the Commons cried for doom,
 The weary exile, ill and sick
 A-bed, lay longing for the tomb!

Her prayers were heard. Ae afternoon,
 In gurly Februar', there came
 Fiends form'd like men, and ae black loon
 The warrant read, *sans* ruth or shame!

Next morn at eight she was to die!
 "NO!!" her devoted servant train
 Wi' ane wild wailing scream did cry!—
 But nane could save—they cried in vain!

That nicht, her last, the saintly Queen
 Her sickness scorn'd, and fareweels sent
 To a' the folk her "friends" had been,
 And of her gear divisionment

Made to her servants, wha adored
 As gowd her meanest smocks an' shifts!

And took frae her, as frae the Lord,
 Their shares o' duds as holy gifts !

In peace and prayer, the hindmost hours
 Pass'd on in slow an' solemn file,
 Moaning—" *Lov'd Queen! short time is yours!*
Fix a' thy trust in Heaven the while!"

Her people seem'd her doom to feel
 Mair keenly than she did hersel,
 Their sabs were heard thro' a' the Peel,
 But nane her heart's worst pang did tell !

Her hour hath come—'twould not be stay'd !
 There stands she near the BLOCK, and strips
 Her upper garments—undismay'd
 To meet this awful last eclipse !

She died, as all true martyrs die—
 A Christ-like death, and now her tale
 From sea to sea fills ev'ry eye,
 And makes the hardest hearer wail !

THE STORY OF JAMIE KING, AN EDINBURGH SAILOR.

[A SIMPLE NARRATIVE OF "FACTS," TOLD IN HOMELY
RHYME AND SONG.]

PART FIRST.

DOUN Campbell's Close in Canongate,
Some years before the time I sing,
A bairn was born in lowly state,
Lang after kenn'd as Jamie King.

His Mither dee'd him giving birth,
His Dad was wreck'd ayont Algiers ;
Nae ither freends had he on earth,
Except his neebors and compeers.

The next door woman's name was Kate
(Kate Wilson, if my memory serve) ;
She took the wean, tho' her ain state
Was nearly that o' folk wha sterve.

She dug up worms for fishing folks,
When cinder-picking she had nane ;
The first she keepit in a box,
The last she brunt on her hearth-stane.

Wee Jamie's cradle was her arms,
The whilk, tho' neither hale nor clean,
Had aye for him the rarest charms,
For they were love's ain bands, I ween.

His pillow was her tender heart,
That beat clean on an' on for him ;
Nae prince e'er coor'd in cosier part
Than Jamie King wi' Kate the Grim.

Tied in a shawl upon her back,
She took him ilkawhare she gaed ;
His little bottle in her sack
Held the drap milk his hunger stay'd.

The ills o' infancy a' pass'd,
An' never ane cam' ne'r the wean.
Health's blessings on him a' were mass'd
Till he was teeth'd an' gaun his lane.

He toddled up an' down the house
Before his first twalmonth had sped,
And, six weeks after, glib an' crouse,
He spak'—tho' Lord knows what he said !

Syne end to end the close he ran,
An' furth into the street bored he :
“ He has the pluck o' ony man,”
Quoth Kate, “ A baulder couldna be !

“ He'll mak' a spune or spoil a horn !
I ne'er saw sic a deil before !
Ae single moment, nicht or morn,
He's ne'er at rest within ma door !

“What to do wi’ him, I no ken ;
His comin’ time sair troubles me !
The brat’s as wild’s a lad o’ ten,
And till October, he’s no three !

“The Toun wad tak’ him aff my han’,
An’ send him to the Orphans’ Hame,
Or to Craiglockhart ; but, what than ?
Think ye, could we twa pairt sae tame !

“My certie !! When the wean gaes hence,
’Twill be whan Kate sits blind an’ auld
In the wee room we ca’ our spence,
Because it’s warmest whan it’s cauld !

“Or it will be, *if sae’s God’s will*,
Whan I am lying stiff an’ deid,
An’ I nae langer can fulfil
My aith—*to win the bairnie’s breid* !

“But God forbid it e’er to this
Sid come before he’s muckle grown !
The haill he eats I never miss,
An’ mony a Godsend’s to me thrown !

‘Aft, aft I think he’s ane o’ thae
That some ca’ ‘blessings in disguise !’
I hae sae prosper’d sin’ the day
Ma heart was brok’ wi’s orphan cries !

“’Twas strange ! the vera neist nicht after,
In an ase-heap upon the street,
I fand a sov. ; syne, something safter—
A baaby’s gown an’ cap complete !

" I kenn'd the folk to wham belang'd
 The guid's, an' straucht I rung their bell ;
 But whan they saw the things—be hang'd,
 If they no gied them to mase' !

" Na, na ! the callant doesna gang,
 Come o't what will, till, wi' his will,
 He gangs himsel, and, by my sang,
 That winna be his manhood till.

" The vratch ! for a' his donsy tricks,
 An' saucy mischief, out an' in,
 His liking for me, a' to sticks,
 Beats a' his boyish blinks o' sin !

" Neist summer he gaes to the schule—
 He's daft on gaun !—'twill mak' him ' big ! "
 He thinks—an' I'm a bletherin' fule
 If he no louns lear like a brig !

" He's awfu' smert ! the questions saut
 He spiers wad cove the Bible even !
 It's ' wha made this ? ' an' ' wha made that ? '
 And ' wha made God himsel' in Heeven ? '

' But here he comes ! ! I maun awa',
 An' geet the sorry's supper ready !
 He has a crap like ony craw,
 My faith has he, ma puir wee laddie ! "

PART SECOND.

For fowre years to the *Parish Schule*
 Wee Jamie King gaed day by day,
 Auld Kate, his foster-mither, still,
 Withouten help, paved his hard way.

Nae doubt he ne'er was "dandy dress'd,"
Like weans wha for their faithers had
Merchants, an' folk wi' world's gear press'd,
Whase pride their boys in velvet clad.

He ran barefooted a' thro' spring,
Simmer, an' autumn, and the rest—
Sax weeks in winter—ony thing,
If claith, was to his service prest.

In full rig, aft the lad was seen,
Queer hosed, an' buited by his squire
(The faithful Kate), in wather keen—
His *warmth* aye her ae *sole* desire.

Her tailor's an' shoemaker's shops
The rubbish heaps an' buckets were,
From these, at times, baith brows an' "slops,"
She thankfu' pick'd, wi' mindfu' care.

At hame, wi' saip an' water, then,
She scour'd them clean as claes could be,
And syne, wi' shears an' needles keen,
She yerkit at them skilfulie.

Thus aft in ae nicht frae her store
O' auld abandon'd rags an' duds,
A suit to cleed her laddie o'er
The matchless Kate made—"snod as spuds."

Sometimes she was gey sair beset
In winter—*how to shae his feet*;
She "couldna bide to see the 'gett'
Gang barefit in the frozen street!"

Sae, now an' then, to schule gaed he
Buited an' shod in fashion new :
Ae foot tied in a pump, maybe,
The ither in a brewer's shoe !

But a' the shoeings e'er he had,
The ane at Christmas nane could beat,
When he cam' forth, a happy lad,
In sea buits reaching to his seat !

"Touts, what's about it," quo' auld Kate,
"As lang's the callant's warm an' weel ?
They'll lauch that win, at ony rate—
Time's tulzie tries the truest steel !"

But if the *auld folk* leuch, but few
O' his *schule-mates* dared even smile,
For Jimsie King was kenn'd, I trew,
As ane it wasna safe to rile.

For, far an' near, the city owre,
His fame for "fechtin' fine" was spread ;
The vera High Schule knew his power,
And its best heroes from him fled.

He aye tell'd Kate his escapades,
An' a' about his boyish brawls ;
And she, like mony higher jades,
Was pleased to hear of foemen's falls.

She didna deem his fechtin' *ill*.
Quo she, "'Twill mak' the laddie smart,
An' bauld, an' strang, an' fit to fill
In this ruch warld a place an' part."

“ Jamie, ma doo,” she cried ae nicht,
“ Hoo^omony fechts had ye the day ? ”
“ Seeven, mither,” Jimie answered bricht,
“ An’ fowre turn’d feart, an’ ran awae.”

“ Fine, Jamie ! but were a’ the seeven
Wi’ boys as big an’ auld as ye ? ”
“ Oh, yes, mither ; an’ twa are even
Aulder an’ bigger far than me.”

“ Weel, Jamie,” Kate continued slow,
“ I have been crackin’ wi’ Tam Bain,
The fechtin’ man in the Wast Bow,
(I met him in the Lover’s Lane).

“ Weel, Jimsie jo ! Tam assures me,
To fecht weel ane should fix his een
Strecht on his that he’s fechtin’ wi’—
Fix them there, and keep them keen !

And never mind your fechter’s nieves,
Because ye’ll ken his ev’ry move
Faster in ’s een, an’ Tam believes
While ye do this, ye’s win, ma luve ! ”

Jamie her admonitions sage
Took aye, without doubt or debate,
And ilka fecht henceforth he’d wage
He scored a “ win ” thro’ proud auld Kate.

But sune, alas ! this had its end—
Baith schule an’ a’ its fechts an’ fun !
The three “ R’s ” he but barely kenn’d
When his scholastic course was run.

Kate, picking cinders late ae nicht,
 Was at a corner knockit down,
 An' run owre by a cab outricht,
 Was driven by a drucken loon.

She was baith daver'd an' sair hurt—
 Folk wonder'd that she lived at a' ;
 To the Infirmary in a cart
 A "bobby" hurl'd her fast awa !

There lang she lay, and, at the last,
 They led her to the Puirhouse door !
 They said her cinder days were past,
 And that she'd howk for worms no more !

PART THIRD.

Thrown sudden on the cauld warld thus,
 What did our helpless orphan do ?
 The neebors only made a fuss,
 An' said "he'd get Craiglockhart, too !"

He kenn'd a "cove" named Willie Baird,
 Wha had a "garret" hired himsel' ;
 An orphan he was, too, he'd heard,
 Sae strecht to him his tale he'd tell.

Quo' Willie, when he'd heard it thro',
 "Jamie ! ye halve-an'-share wi' me !
 This crib costs thrip' a-week the noo—
 Three ha'pence only each—d'ye see ?

"We'se lie thegither fine an' warm !
 Some tattie bags, cheap, I can buy !
 Just say the word, an' no alarm
 This grand Town wi' a beggar's cry !"

“ But what’ll I do ? an’ hoo’ll I live ? ”
Speir’d prudent Jamie, sair distrest ;
For not ae mite had he to give
For needfu’ food, tho’ hunger prest !

“ *Live !* ” Willie roar’d, wi’ merriment
An’ lauchter nearly by himsel’ ;
“ That bar’s as guid’s I could invent,
I’ll be upside noo wi’ Jock Bell !

“ Oh, Baaby Jimsie ! Mammy’s pet !
O hoo will little Baaby ‘live !’
Oh, crinky ! crinky ! a’ our sett
’Ill lose noo a’ the sense they hiv’ !

“ Were I no’ *rale* sorry for ye,
Ma feet wad itch to kick ye bad !
But kind o’ waesome is your story,
Sae ye’s be *ma apprentice*, lad !

“ We’ll sell as much as we can buy—
Pipe-lights, papers, and railway guides ;
And do ocht else—when news’ rin dry—
Hunt up guid-luck whaure’er she hides.

“ Man, youngster ! ye’d ne’er sich a time !
Ye’ll think ye’ve turned a deuk or prince !
Liste ! hoo ye’ll feed !—tripe, cookit fine,
Tatties an’ tea, and a’ at yince !

“ A bargain is’t ? ” “ Yes,” Jamie said,
Tho’ not without misgivings grave ;
He was owre young to be afraid,
And was by nature bauld an’ brave.

Sae their compact was sign'd an' seal'd,
And duly placed in their archives—
A tin can, in a hole concealed,
Far ben their slanting garret eaves.

This dune, they supp'd an' gaed to "bed,"
On shavings in a corner strown,
And bricks to pillow each young head,
And a big coat some tramps had thrown.

But oh, sair wearied, were the twa,
Sae sound they sleepit a' the nicht,
And never wauken'd till the daw',
Thro' broken tiles, shot shafts o' licht.

"Jump, Jamie," Willie cried, as he,
In a hale saucer wash'd his face,
And dried it wi' his cap, as spree
As gif he'd wash'd in gowden vase.

Then in a Cowgate "Eating-house,"
Our little worthies brak' their fast;
Owre crowdy cogs they craw'd as crouse
As they'd been served a king's repast.

Strecht then to work. In Cockburn Street,
Jamie a "news-boy" was enroll'd,
An' got his first batch, raw an' weet,
O "copies" needin' "to be sold."

Wi' Willie for a tutor, sune
His pack sae lichten'd that he sang,
An' lang ere it was mid-fore-nune,
For a fresh bundle, he'd to gang.

At this high work, an' blacking shoon,
For twa lang years did Jamie strive ;
Whyles wi' sair hardships knockit down,
But, strugglin' on, he kept alive.

But very Trojan tho' he was,
An' let him struggle as he may,
Something aye cam' that frae his paws
Whipt every spare bawbee awae.

At last, a big resolve he took—
Come weal, come woe, he would be free !
“ Yes, yes ! ” he cried, “ by hook or crook,
I'll rin awa frae Auld Reekie ! ”

Neist Sabbath to Craiglockhart, then,
He gaed to consult wi' auld Kate ;
The Porter weel our lad did ken,
Sae, smiling, loot him thro' the gate.

Kate, in the pantry, welcomed him
(By turns, they wash'd the breakfast things)
“ Oh, ma ain Jamie,—Jimsie, Jim !
What Faerie thee to mither brings ?

“ Awa, ye plates an' cups, awa,
Let sculleries sink—if sink they can !
I've got my little lad, and a'
The rest may sink as deep as Dan !

“ Come, Jimsie, come awa wi' me !
The Common Parlour has a nook
Whaur we may sit an' crack, as slee,
An' safe as ony deep-sea fluke ! ”

PART FOURTH.

“Noo,” lauch’d Kate, ance they’d sattled doun,
 Richt cosh, within the “common” room,
 “Noo, Jimsie, jo ! what is’t, ye loon ?—
 Oot wi’t, tell out the total soom !”

“Mither, I’m leaving Edinburgh !
 Because I canna live in’t noo !
 I’m fair dounricht kill’d wi’ worry ;
 An’ cauld an’ hunger mak me grue !

Sae mony laddies bleck an’ sell,
 The tred’s no worth a button grown,
 Sae I’m resolved—I’m sweer’t to tell !—
 But I am gaun to leave the Toun !”

“An’ whaur’ll ye leave for, ma bauld mannie ?
 To foreign pairts out owre the sea ?
 Yer faither an’ yer uncle, sonny,
 Baith did that same—*oh ! wae is me ! !*

“Yer dad he was baith wrack’d an’ droon’d !
 Yer uncle ne’er was heard of more !
 He sail’d to Bot’ny—it gaed roond,
 Years after, that he’d left *that* shore !

“Some said he’d gaed to Melbourne, some
 That he was deid, but, truth to speak,
 Nae mair than o’ oor life to come
 Kenn’d they o’ him—but mice maun squeak.”

“Mither !” impatient Jamie cried,
 “Mither ! I’ll rin awa to sea !
 I’m a grand soomer—aince I tried
 To soom frae Leith to Trinity !

“ I didna do’t, because the tide
Was ebbing doun sae at the time ;
But if our ship was wreck’d beside
Some Island in some foreign clime,

“ I’d soom to’t, tho’ ’twas ne’er sae far ;
For I’d turn on my back when tired ;
And on my back—it’s no a bar !—
I could float ten hours, if required !”

“ Oh, Jimsie,” thochtfu’ Kate rejoined,
“ Ye haver like the bairn ye are !
To greet an’ lauch I’m baith inclined ;
But hear to me—the wiser far.

“ Ye’re nearly twal year auld, my jo,
An’ gif ye *will* awa to sea,
I’m no the fule to cry ye ‘ no !’
But, Jamie, be advised by me !

“ Geet ye a Granton boat ; or ane
That doesna gang aucht far’er than
To Hull or Shields, sae’s ye can rin,
After each trip, to me, ma man !

“ And when ye’re on the raging deep,
And like nae mair to see dry yird,
Ane o’ yer wee hymns chint or cheep,
’Twill gie ye hairt to brave the dird !

“ For I no’ think ye’s e’er be droon’d,
Altho’ yer faither was, atweel !
But ye’re no’ like him, I’se be boond ;
For ye’re yer mam’ in breeks, ye deil.

" Noo, laddie, to the shipping offish
Gang ye the morn ; no' at the ship,
But at the offish, tell yer wish,
An' say I sent ye,—*smert and snip* !

" Aff-hand they'll grip ye !— sure as death !
Ma lad ! but there's few lads like you !
A sailor !— lining, trimming, claith,
—The suit complete ! No ' tak ' ma doo !!!

" And, Jamie, Jimsie, ' Mither's ' jo,
An' joy, too ! serve oot yer time.
Try but yer best, an' strecht ye'll grow
A seaman perfect, brave, an' prime.

" Be aye obleeing, kind, an' leal,
Doun to God's weakest waif ye meet !
An' trust ye HIM—HE lo'es ye weel,
An' ne'er shall see ye dounricht beat ! "

" YES, MITHER ! " Jamie answered bricht,
His heart on fire wi' youth and hope,
" I'll gang the morn an' fix't a' richt,
I ken the place like Tammy shop !

" I'll send a caird—ye'll ken my writ—
If it's a' richt, but if it's not,
I'se send ye nane—just wait a bit,
I'll sune find oot anither boat.

" That's dune ! Mither, can ye mak' sangs ? "
" No, Jamie, neither mak' nor sing ;
But, oh, I like to hear the twangs
O' our auld Scotch anes ping an' ring ! "

“ Weel, Mither, as I cam’ along,
Ma notions took a sklent richt queer !
I lauch’d, for losh I made this sang—
(I’ll say’t—I manna sing it here ! ”)

JAMIE’S FIRST SONG : LEAVING EDINBURGH.

We fed the day on “ skeelie-broo,”
We’ll feed the morn on cockie-leekie ;
But broo or bree—nae mair for me !
I’m gaun to lea’ ye, Auld Reekie !
Cauld an’ clarty, Auld Reekie !
Dreich an’ dirty, Auld Reekie !
Ye’d skin a louse, syne craw as crouse,
As gin ye werena Auld Reekie !

Fareweel, fareweel to ilka chiel,
My chums in raggit coat an’ breekie,
Fareweel to a’, baith big an’ sma’,
For I am leaving Auld Reekie !
Sour an’ dour, Auld Reekie !
Proud an’ poor, Auld Reekie !
Ye’d skin a louse, etc.

Nae mair o’ “ pity ” offer me,
I’ve haen eneuch to mak me sick aye !
Like Nuns, yer help an’ charitie
Are veil’d for certain, Auld Reekie !
Hard an’ stingy, Auld Reekie !
Dull an’ dingy, Auld Reekie !
Ye’d skin a louse, etc.

To bleck yer shoes an’ sell ye news—
I scorn it noo, point-blank, an’ cheekie !
Ill may ye be for baith for me—
I’m aff to sea, sune, Auld Reekie !
Musty, crusty Auld Reekie !
Fusty, dusty Auld Reekie !
Ye’d skin a louse, etc.

I 'spose ye'd like within yer bike
 To keep yer drone slaves mum an' meek aye !
 Ah, Madam, ah ! yer raither slaw !—
 I 'm gaun awa, sune, Auld Reekie !
 Mad, slave-driving Auld Reekie !
 Bad, knave-thriving Auld Reekie !
 Ye'd skin a louse, etc.

Still, Madam auld, tho' blae an' bald,
 In after years I fond may seek ye !
 Auld Mither Dun', it's just for fun
 This song I've spun, puir Auld Reekie !
 Bauld an' bonnie Auld Reekie !
 Peerless, dear lass, Auld Reekie !
 It's just for fun this rhyme I've spun,
 My native toun *is* RARE AULD REEKIE !

“ Lord, Jamie, have a care o' me !
 I ne'er kenn'd ye're a pite afore !
 Hoo fine yer sang will sing at sea,
 Its fauts the waves will a'-doun-roar !

“ But haste ye hame ; ye ken fu' weel
 That veesitors are only here
 Alloo'd a cruich o' time, to steal
 A glisk at freen's, hooever dear !

“ The Doctor says I'm here for 'good' !
 Me ! Jamie !—only forty past !
 Gift to be jail'd an' slaved be 'good,'
 Lord may my 'good' but short time last !

“ But, Jamie, grievena ye for me !
 Better than a' the doctors born
 Kate kens her ail, an' she'll be free—
 Lang ere she's deid yet, I'se be sworn !”

“ Weel, Mither, I am aff the noo !
I’ll come an’ see ye, sure, again !
Tuts, tuts, ye’ll kiss awa ma mou’ !
Smacks are for lassies, no’ for men ! ”

PART FIFTH.

Neist morning, prompt at ten o’clock,
Jamie gaed nimble to the “ Place ”
Ca’d “ Waterloo,” and strecht ups poke
The MANAGER—richt face to face.

“ This is no ship ! but do not go,
You say your mother sent you here ?
Who is your mother ?—let me know,
I think her quest is rather queer.”

“ My mither, sir, is ca’d ‘ Auld Kate,’
We stoppit ance doun Cammil’s Close,
She gether’d cinders ear’ an’ late,
And howkit worms by the gross ;

“ She sell’d them to the gents wha fish
For trouts an’ sammonts in the Tweed ;
But her, ae nicht, a cab did crush,
And she has ne’er wrocht since, indeed !

She’s in Craiglockart Puirhouse, noo,
And I wish she were out the morn !
Tho’, sir, she’s no my *mither true*,
My ain ane dee’d when I was born.”

“ Well, Jamie, down to Leith with this,
Right down to the Victoria Dock,

The "OSSIAN'S" there, you can't her miss—
She's near as big's the CASTLE ROCK !—

" See ye her captain—none but *he* !—
Give *him* this note, and tell your tale,
Just in the way you've told it me—
He's one o'er whom you should prevail ! "

" Is Captain Anderson at hame ? "
Ask'd Jamie of a tar on deck
The ship ca'd " Ossian " by name,
Lang years ere she became a wreck.

" The Captain, youngster ? " answer'd he,
" The Captain moors up at the Links !
Brace me ! ' is he at " hame ? " ' quo' ye,
Why, no, my son ! he's at his jinks !—

" That means, he's in his cove below,
Stowing down grog-shots with a friend ;
If more of him ye want to know,
Go aft, and down the WAY descend ;

" The Steward then will pilot you,
And hail the Skipper in his crib,—
But, bless your craft ! *Pll* steer you through !
Come on, my heartie, hoist your jib ! "

Fu' sune he rapp'd the cabin door,
And cried, " This here kid wants you, sir ! "
Then fled the wilder'd lad, before
He'd either time to speak or stir.

But quickly frae an inner room
A stalwart gentleman appear'd,
Whase large, full face did fairly bloom—
As it were varnish'd or veneer'd.

“ Well, shipmate ! what is your demand ?—
Speak out at once !—I have no time ! ”
He shouted, but in voice as bland
As any maiden's in her prime.

Then, having heard him out, he said,
Looking the laddie hard a' owre,
“ The Manager's both born and bred
A perfect Merlin—skill and power !

“ You're thirteen years of age ?—no more ?
Then, by my davy, ye will do !
Get up on deck, and run ashore,
And come, on Friday, back, at two.

But, lay to yet ! Is old Kate ill ?
What keeps her in a Poorhouse pent ?
I grieve that such as she should still
Be caged up through mere accident.”

“ She's no' exactly vera *ill*,”
Jamie made answer through his tears,
“ She gangs aboot, an' time does kill,
Plying her needles an' her shears.

“ The Doctor says she'll ne'er be strang,
Because her spine has got a ‘ wrench,’
But she hersel' declares—*ere lang*,
She'll gar the fules jouk down a crinch !”

“ She’s aye been weel, she’s aye been free :
To pen her up is waur than death !
A clean sark aff my back I’d gi’e,
If I could only cure her scaith !

“ Oh, please sir, Captain Anderson,
D’ye think, if I gang to the sea,
The Company micht tender sune
Some sort o’ wee wage unto me ? ”

“ Why, Jamie, that shall all be fix’d
On Friday afternoon, my boy !
Let secrets come not us betwixt !
So tell me *how* you’d *cash* employ ? ”

“ I’d save it till I had eneuch
To rent a house for KATE hersel’ !
She’d sune—for she’s sae awfu’ *teuch* !—
Mak’ it whaur ev’n a GENT micht dwell !

“ Gin she could either *crawl* or *creep*,
Before six months were owre she’d hae’t
As COZY as a CASTLE KEEP,
Or mansion on a laird’s estate ! ”

“ Bravo ! but, shipmate, list ye me,
To pay Kate back as she deserves,
You must work hard and rise at sea,
By straining muscles, brains, and nerves !

“ I’VE done it ! Thirty years ago,
I ran away to sea at ten ;
Now I am forty, and, you know,
On this great ship, *I rule all men* !

“ So, if you do as I have done,
Kate need not in the Poorhouse gloom
Drag all her days out, one by one,
To fill at last a Pauper's tomb ! ”

“ Oh, Sir ! ! just pint me out the way !
Folk say I'm strong an' clever baith,
And what ane's dune, anither may,—
I'll dare a' dangers—even *death* ! ”

“ Hush ! hush ! and not so fast, my lad !
Before that ye one step can rise,
You must at school again be had,
To have given you more seeing eyes.

“ What do you know ? what have you read ?
Aught else than blood and thunder tales ?
If nothing, then in thy young head
There should be room for what avails !

“ *Begin at once !* The needed books
You may have all in loan from me ;
Moreover—I so like your looks !—
My help you may have—*always free* !

“ So, if on Friday afternoon
You be bound 'prentice of this ship,
I'll lay a scheme before you soon,
By following which you may each trip

“ Advance yourself from week to week,
And month to month, and year to year,
Until you reach the envied peak
That gives a seaman vision clear,

“ To see and know the only course
Of safety o’er the trackless seas,
And that enables him with force
To steer wherever he may please.

“ But, clear away ! and take this sov.—
’Tis given for sake of *rare old Kate* !
Tell her she’s won a captain’s love,
But law forbids a second mate ! ”

PART SIXTH.

On deck that Friday afternoon,
Prompt at the hour, the Captain fell
Upo’ our lad, an’ led him down
An’ into the OLD SHIP HOTEL.

There they were join’d by a “ Grand Swell,”
A Scribe, of souple wits an’ lips,
Ready, an’ glib a’ “ Acts ” to tell
Bearing on “ sea apprenticeships.”

For *five years*, sune he Jamie “ bound,”
“ To serve the Comp’ny faithfully ”—
Cash for’s indentures being found
By his deep Captain—“ *on the sly* ! ”

Next day they steam’d awa fu’ bauld,
For “ Iron Gate Steam Wharf ”—close by
To Lon’on Brig—the wat dock fauld
Whare then the “ Comp’ny’s ” ships did lie.

Jamie, the “ greenhorn,” fell sair sick !
A’ that first trip sair sick was he !
Tar, an’ tobacco smells, an’ reek,
Doun in the foc’sle spoil’d his glee !

On the run hame he better fared,
Tho', when the smug coast touns he saw,
Nestling inshore, and their bells heard,
He sigh'd for " Embro " far awa !

But sune this feeling o' despair
Fled his young heart, nor ance again
Did it recur, or trouble mair
Through a' the years he " plough'd the main."

Thae London trips the " Ossian " made,
Ane ilka week, for fowre lang year,
Before that aucht befell our blade,
Worth noting or the telling here.

He was pick'd for the First Mate's watch,
And proved his grit on the yard arm,
In mony a squall and wild dispatch
Of Neptune's wrath, and borean storm.

Being a " house apprentice," he
Was for a wee while, ilka day,
Schuled by his Captain rigidlie,
In a' the lear that's needit aye

To navigate a ship at sea,
And handle her in ev'ry strait
Of wind and weather, readilie,
And fearlessly—wi' heart elate.

Sae he grew up to manhood, skill'd
In a' the sailors' craft supreme,
A great big stalwart fellow, fill'd
Wi' pluck and marrow to the brim.

Ae wild nicht, in his auchteenth year,
 As they were scudding by St Abbs,
 A passenger—a *lady*, clear—
 Lay on the deck, curl'd up in swabs

Of gorgeous silk and lace, sore sick—
 Sick ev'n unto death seem'd she,—
 And aye she cried—"Quick ! *do* be quick !
 Good sailor ! cast me in the sea !

"And take this purse—I'm dying, sure !
 Just help me then that bulwark o'er !
 For naught but death this pain can cure,
 And I can suffer it no more !"

Jamie felt eerie in the dark,
 And ran for aid to the saloon,
 The steward cam', wi' mickle wark,
 But not before the bird had floun !

A scramblin' noise, further aft,
 They heard, and hurried to the spat,
 And, just when tumbling o'er the craft,
 The lady by her skirts they caught !

Gently they bore her to her berth,
 And had her tended carefullie ;
 Next day was ane that made this earth
 A Paradise of—sky and sea !

The lady, now restored to health,
 Pick'd Jamie frae amang the crew,
 As he wha saved her when by stealth
 She near to death's dark portal drew.

“Thou art the sailor whò, last night,
Rescued me from myself and death?
Ah! Sir, my mind was turn’d outright,
By sickness, from both fear and faith!

“How can I ever thee reward?
Or ev’n compute the debt I owe?
I’m wealthy, thou art poor, and hard,
Hard is the sailor’s life, I know!

“Could I not make thine less so, pray?”
Jamie, his mind aye on AULD KATE,
Made answer unto her straightway—
“I hae a freend in a sad state!

“She’s in Craiglochart Puirhouse shut!
And there she’s pined for five lang year!
Oh! could ye help her out o’t but!
God’s sel’ wad bless ye, lady dear!”

(He tauld her a’ his story trim.)

“Upon Eskside a small estate
Belongs to me,” she answer’d him,
“There to me, perhaps, might come KATE?”

“Just now—so ’tis!—I’m lacking one,
Just such as she, to keep my Lodge;
If she could take the place—well done,
She might, to-morrow, without grudge!

“In truth, I’d be most thankful for her,
And she could independent earn
Her living, without stressing stir,
And even help, in need, her ‘bairn!’”

Fu' sune 'twas a' arranged ! and KATE,
 Wi' flying colours, was install'd
 "Lodge keeper" on the fair estate
 Of "*Strathesk*"—sung by TOD of auld :

There, straucht aff, she renew'd her youth,
 And grew mair famous than of auld,
 Of needle wark she'd aye a fouth,
 An' shoo'd an' knitted twenty-fauld.

PART SEVENTH.

Jamie his "time" *served faithfullie*,
 Doun to its vera hindmost hour,
 Then gaed before the mast to sea
 On sailing ships a twa years' tour.

But ere he left his Captain kind,
 Old Anderson, up to the Links
 Invited him to "tea"—inclined
 To have himsel' some "jolly jinks."

His dochter Jeanie, Jamie met
 The first time there that fatefu' eve,
 And Love his arrows deeply set
 In their twa hearts—sans let or leave !

"Oh ! wasna he baith frank an' free ?
 Oh ! wasna he a modest lad ?
 Yet crack'd an' joked sae wittilie,
 He shook wi' laughter even DAD !"

And she hersel', in Jamie's e'e,
 "The *Perfect Woman* was this lass !
 Nae *lassie* could mair fairer be,
 Nae *angel*, even, her surpass !

“ In face, in figure, gait, and style,
She is *Perfection's sel*,” he thoct !
He shook a' owre to see her smile,
And at her touch he shrunk to nocht !

That nicht, and next nicht, too, sweet sleep
Fled far awa his cosie bed !
AULD KATE saw this, and, brooding deep,
Within hersel', she lowly said—

“ This trouble's no' *inside* the lad,
It's something *outside* that he'd hae,
But thinks it never can be had,
Because he has nae means to pay !

“ What can it be ? books ? claes ? or what ?
Na, na ! he has eneuch o' them ;
Lord save us ! LOVE !—it isna *that* ?
He's owre young yet for sich a game !

“ But I no' ken ! I'll speak an' see !—
Jamie ! hae ye a lass, ma man ?
Wow ! dinna blush sae ! let-a-be !—
It's baith the Lord's an' Nature's plan !

“ Wha is she ? Man ! ye needna halt,
For I ken her as weel's yersel !—
It's Jeanie Anderson, my salt !
As sune's ye saw her—down ye fell !

“ Deny it nane ! wasna ye weel
Before ye took tea wi' her ‘ *Dad* ? ’
Noo, are ye no' the silliest chiel'
That e'er for hizzy-flirt ran mad ?

“ Gae to her, man ! ye’re just as guid
 As she is ony simmer morn !
 Gang till her ! Haith ! and she is wud,
 Gin she yer proffer treats wi’ scorn ! ”

Jamie said nocht, but furth the Lodge
 He flew as he had heard a ghaist,
 And frae his purpose would not budge—
 Resolved AULD KATE’S advice to test !

He rang the bell, the servant came,
 And said the Captain wasna in ;
 But maybe “ Miss,” wha was at hame,
 Micht serve his end as weel to win ?

“ All right ! ” said Jamie, “ lead me to her,
 She’ll suit me better than her *Dad* ! ”
 But his heart sank when nigh he drew her,
 And streaming sweat his body clad !

Jeanie was reading by hersel’,
 But loot her book fa’ on the floor,
 As sune’s the servant lass did tell
 Wha was by-standing at the door.

Jamie pass’d in, the lass retired ;
 Jeanie ’maist swarf’d upo’ her chair,
 For Jamie spak as ane inspired,
 And did his burning love declare !

What did she do ? Frae white to red,
 To rosiest red, and faintest pink,
 She changed by turns, then raised her head,
 And hardly swither’d for a blink !

Then ae lang moment up at him
Fu' wistfully the lassie gazed,
Her eyes wi' joy tears growing dim,
Her heart wi' happiness amazed !

Within his outstretched arms she fell,
While nane the twa o' them could speak !
But what was what they kenn'd themsel' !—
Nae words they wanted for a week !

In this rapturous state, they were
Sudden surprised by Jeanie's Dad !
How he did start ! how he did stare !
Puir Jeanie fled, wi' terror mad !

The twa men thus were left alane ;
The Captain, foaming, turn'd on King—
“ Is this,” cried he, “ for all my pain
The thanks, the gratitude ye bring !

“ For five years I have school'd and cared
For you, as even few fathers would,
Now ye do this ?—a strange reward !
For years of help, queer gratitude ! ”

“ Oh ! hush, hush, Captain Anderson !
Ye ken not of my present state !
To distant shores I'll wander soon,
But ere I gang I'd ken my fate !

“ Your daughter—fairest of the fair !—
I lo'e, as nae man yet e'er lo'ed !
And Jeanie, truly, lo'es me mair,
Than ither lassie could or should ! ”

“ In that case,” Anderson rejoined,
 All changed in mood, and passion free,
 “ In that case, Jamie, most unkind
 For life to part ye I should be !

“ But years upon the high seas yet
 Thou still must traverse to and fro,
 Before that thou thine eyes canst set
 Upon her as thy bride, I vow !

“ Go back to sea ! and when thou art
 The Master on some Liner great,
 Come back, and then, with all thy heart,
 Thou may'st woo Jeanie for thy mate ! ”

PART EIGHTH.

“ Oh, Jean, Jean, dear ! 'twill no' be lang !
 Twa years are only twa, I ween !
 An' what are twa ? troth, by my sang,
 In life's great sum they're scarcely seen ! ”

“ But, Jamie, will ye aye be true ?
 And write an' tell me twice a week ?
 (Oh, wheel about ! the sea's in view !—
 Now e'en a glisk o't turns me sick !)

“ My time, I'll wear it bye wi' Kate,
 Doun at the Lodge, when you're awa ;
She lo'es ye, too, sae, ear' an' late,
 We'se crack about ye aye, us twa !

“ O hadna ye to gae to sea,
 How happy we might live our lives !
 Alas for you ! alas for me !
 Alas a' sailors' joes an' wives !

“ But, Jamie ! sure a time will come,
When ye may eithly leave the faem ?
Ye soon may hae in bank a sum
To safely anchor ye at hame ? ”

“ Ay, ay ! a derelict or twa,
Wad fine an’ ready do our turn !
Or if, frae New South Wales awa,
An uncle some guid wind wad spurn,

“ And blaw the heirless millionaire
To bonnie Scotland hame again !—
I’ve heard *his* was a royal share
O’ the gowd harvest owre the main.

“ To the Antipodes, my dear,
Ye’ve heard how he was banish’d wrang,
Whilst that the real transgressor clear
Out o’ the Court was lootin gang ?

“ But wrang was richted. Their offence,
When his full innocence was proved,
The Government did own at once,
And ev’n to mak’ amends were moved.

“ So he ashore in New South Wales,
At *Jackson*—(Bot’ny Bay instead)—
They set ae morn, when unco tales
Made thousands to the gold mines speed.

“ There crowds kiss’d ruin ; some did weel ;
A wee wheen ev’n Jew-like wealth
Themsel’s secured, which to the deil
Aft drave them heid-lang, or by stealth.

“ But, Jean ! ye can sing auld Scots sangs ?—
 They’re aye ping, pingin in my ears ;
 Something divine to them belangs !—
 They are *the* charm for fetchin tears !

“ It’s queer now, that, on sweet Eskside,
 We should be bidding this ‘*fareweel*’ !—
 (*For twa years only* !)—till my bride
 I come an’ claim for wae, for weal !

“ Now in our ears thae wondrous rhymes
 Aye sing themsel’s in times like this,
 And aye at deaths, and, aftentimes,
 When, owre the sea, our hames we miss !

“ Sae’ Jean, upo’ that spot I’ll leave ye,
 Take for a rose this little sang—
 A’ my heart’s in’t, and, tho’ it grieve ye,
 Accept it, Jeanie—richt or wrang !”

SONG : BIRDIE’S NEST.

O peacefu’ may the biggin’ be
 That beilds my lassie dear !
 Beams o’ luckiest stars on hie
 Glint on it ever clear !

It hauds the sweetest, fairest flower
 That Nature ever form’d !
 O’ Beauty’s sel’ it is the bower,
 Where a’ my saul is charn’d !

It is belov’d by my true love,
 By her wha is my law,
 And wha, as angels are above,
 Is pure, without a flaw !

Come never storm that biggin' near,
Nor ever fire-flauchts gleam !
Never thunders, hoarse and drear,
Disturb my lassie's dream !

But balmiest zephyrs round it blaw,
Frae the saft south an' west !
Laden wi' fragrance, that is a'
To sweeten birdie's nest !

And I shall surely cross again
Ten thousand miles o' sea,
To mak' this birdie a' my ain,
And my true love to be !

Then, bonnie Scotland, never mair
Will I forsake thy shore !—
But wi' my birdie, sweet an' fair,
Roost here till life is o'er ?

Sae peacefu' may the biggin' be
That screens my lassie dear,
An' blessings frae the heavens hie
Fa' on it mony a year !

“ O thank ye, Jamie ! My heart's fou !
Thy sang, dear love, is like thyself,
Sae generous, sae kind an' true—
Tho' I'm, I trow, nae such a belle !

“ But, Jamie, I'll be true to thee,—
Yes, tho' thou even were wreck'd an' lost !
Never shall ither man have me,
Tho' I might eithly wed a host !

“ But here's the Bridge ; O fetch the cab,
And tak' me straight hame to the Links,
Papa will just be fit to sab,
Out-waiting our love-lingering jinks !

" D'ye gang the morn to Glasgow Port,
To join direct your new ship there ? "

" Ay, Jeanie, but my first resort
Maun be richt aff some ither where.

" The Board o' Trade Examiner
Must sure and sairly tackle me,
Before that I one foot can stir
As mate on board a ship at sea.

" Should I gain my certificate,
A ship, I know, I'll have offhand,
Because your Dad, so good of late,
Shall help me to a rare command.

" At first, of course, I'll only be
A *second* mate, but, if I luck,
The ither steps I'll mount as free,
As if I were dame Fortune's chuck !

" Then, my own darling, Jeanie dear !
The grand goal—CAPTAIN !—will be won !
When I may come and claim you here—
My *own* for aye ! mine *own* ! mine *own* ! "

PART NINTH.

Next day, before the Board of Trade,
Wi' thirty ithers, Jamie stude ;
But seven o' them only made
Their title to its Passport guid.

Among the seeven he was seen,
As *third*—a proud and happy man !
Yet for the " failures " felt he keen,
'Cause want of nerve their wits outran.

Quo' he—" My mates ! ye've fail'd this time,
But ne'er say die, and try again !
Screw fortitude up to the prime,
And ye'se a' pass like inspired men ! "

Next was his ship, and this he fand
In the same Firm that own'd his last,
What time, to fit him for command,
He served twa years before the mast.

In this new boat in turn he took
First mate's certificate, then clean
He pass'd as Master by the book,
And was made Captain of "*The Queen* ! "

She was in the East India trade,
But, later, over a' the globe
This royal ship her progress made,
And girdled Earth, like Puck, the hob.

At last, surmounting mony a storm—
Cyclones, an' hurricanoes wild,
Her Lookout shouted, in sea form,
" Land O ! " and into Sydney mild

She swept soon, like a very queen—
True to her name—and to the King,
Her Master now, tho' he had been
Late but a city arab thing !

Past howms an' straths of bonniest green,
Rocks, ruggèd, an' saft-contour'd cliffs ;
Syne through between twa heidlands—seen
To rise sheer up frae where aye sniffs

The adoring sea, prone at their feet,
As glad to touch their belov'd base,
And lap, in thankfulness, their seat,
And murmur endless joy apace !

Sudden and fast, the heidlands pass'd,
A heaven-like sicht cam' into view ;
Wi' nae like scene may it be class'd—
For earth can not twin it, I trew.

There, on ahead a mile or twa,
A city, like a bed o' flowers,
Bask'd in the sun, and spread awa
Inland, her churches, spires, an' towers.

Richt upward frae the sea it slopes—
A god-linn'd picture framed an' hung ;
And on the e'e sae fresh it draps,
As 'twere just frae the heavens flung.

Before it, in the spacious bay,
Are mony fairy islands seen,
Studded wi' tall tree ferns gay,
An' floor'd wi' Nature's rarest green.

The toun is fringed wi' gairden wark,
In Flora's fairest verdure knit,
And through its meshes veil'd we mark
Gay buskit mortals move an' flit.

A " perfect paradise " it seems—
Green foliage an' sunshine's hame—
Where beauty bides, an' basks, an' beams,
Perennial as the source they claim.

Near to each point "The Queen" careens,
King and a pilot on her bridge,
A sea breeze sowffs, the great ship leans,
Entranced, towards the water's edge.

The busy sailors, ane by ane,
Tak' in her sails wi' hearty will ;
The helm's put down, and, heid to win',
The ship is braucht, an' sattles still.

Her anchor's then let go, and licht
She rides upo' the waters now
O' Sydney's Port—sae fair, sae bricht,
A' earth its fellow couldna show !

The Captain is the last to leave,—
He "maun see a'thing taut an' trim ;"
And, tho' his saul lost mates do grieve,
He croons this ditty like a hymn :—

SONG : A CYCLONE AT SEA.

A Sailor's "Yarn-Song," or Ballad.

From the Malay Archipelago
Our ship sped on her homeward way,
Squall after squall their spell below
Had her in grips all night and day,
But with rare skill our Captain still
Steer'd her right o'er the Java Sea !

About sundown the second eve,
Much clearer look'd the weather gleam ;
But this appearance did deceive—
The squalls return'd with howl and scream !
Yet, with fine skill, our Captain still
Ran her ahead o'er Java's sea !

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For nigh three hours we stern-board made !
With dreadful dangers us around !
Oft to capsizing point we laid,
As oft back'd upright with a bound !
For with rare skill our Captain still
Commanded on the Java Sea !

Meanwhile the good ship's weather-glass
Had fallen four-tenths, and then, at last,
The mercury sank down—alas !—
Nigh out of sight, nor show'd " Avast ! "
Yet, with grand skill, our Captain still
Did work her o'er the Java Sea !

This violent and sudden change,
Meant nothing else than the approach
Of some dread cyclone, new and strange,
Which might be sure wreck even to touch !
Yet, with grand pluck, our Captain tuck
Our good ship o'er the Java Sea !

The drooping heavens grew as black
As ink that's made at Perth, N.B.,
And soon the wind howl'd like a pack
Of twenty thousand wolves set free !
Yet, with top skill, our Captain still
Did run us down the Java Sea !

He all the laws of cyclones knew,
And eke the teaching of the schools ;
With confidence could he pursue
The roundabout ones with his rules !
So, with deep skill, our Captain still
Was Master on the Java Sea !

This cyclone that we now had got,
Came thunder-howling from the east ;
And westward, straight as it could float,
Its course the skipper mark'd and traced.
Thus, with great skill, our Captain still
Did spot it on the Java Sea !

To find its core he to work fell,
And found it soon upon our right ;
So on its left hand semi-circle
Our good ship was both day and night !
With subtlest skill our Captain still
This cyclone fought on Java's Sea !

He knew this, for the howling wind
Was due south-east, and all cyclones,
I' th' South'rn Hemisphere, hath mind
Only to turn in their fixed zones !
By his great skill, our Captain still
Found this was so on Java's Sea !

As does a watch, these cyclone winds
Always turn round out there, you know ;
Indeed, these storms, of various kinds,
No other way will rage or blow !
With deftest skill, our Captain still
Proved this upon the Java Sea !

Of this one's centre being sure,
To scud before it he resolved ;
Also, south'ards some points to tour—
So's to be in it less involved :
With glorious skill our Captain still
Thus schemed upon the Java Sea !

For five whole days we ran before it,
Making two hundred knots a-day,
Day after day the storm did roar it,
Stronger and wilder, near our way !
But skill and pluck our Captain tuck
Triumphant o'er the Java Sea !

Sail after sail was taken in,
We had the ocean clear before us,
The ship sped on as she *could* spin—
And then, indeed, she spun most glorious !
For with all skill, our Captain still
Did prompt her o'er the Java Sea !

On the sixth day, however, we
Saw that the race was up with us !
The cyclone neared us rapidly,
But Captain show'd nor fear nor fuss !
Sure of his skill, he alone still
Look'd fearless o'er that Java Sea !

Cried he—" Lads ! one manœuvre now,
One, only *one* is left us !—Come !
Should we succeed we may yet show
Our faces to our friends at home !"
Thus calm in skill our Captain still
So spoke upon the Java Sea !

This adroit movement which he meant
Is the most perilous feat to try,
Or can be tried, by mortals sent
To cope with Fate, and win—or die !
But, bold in skill, our Captain still
Was bent on't now on Java's Sea !

'Twas chance the last, dread wreck to skip,
And it consisted in the plan
Of bringing to the wind our ship,
Amidst the awful seas that ran ! !
But trusting skill, our Captain still
Dared try it on that Java Sea !

Before the tempest we could run
No longer, and both sea and sky
Told us one moment not to shun,
If we would not instanter die !
With dauntless look, our Captain took
The whole scenc in on Java's Sea !

All sails were furl'd, excepting two,
A lower topsail and a trysail,
Then came the move which would construe
Fate's weird for us and noble vessel !
A hero tried—our Captain cried,
" PUT DOWN THE HELM ! "—on Java's sea !

His trumpet voice could scarce be heard
Above the roar of waves and wind,
But for this nothing then we cared,
Our dreadful danger all in mind !
Firm as a god our Captain stood,
Directing us on Java's Sea !

The helm's put down !—the gallant ship
Comes grandly to !—thank God ! thank God !
Some spars have gone upon a trip,
And frightful was the shock we stood !
But oh, well done ! our Captain won !
And saved us on the Java Sea !

There is a joy, there is reward
Defying tempests, baulking storms,
By so handling things a-board
Despite conventional rules and forms :—
This joy, this boon, our Captain soon,
Did nobly win on Java's Sea !

PART TENTH.

Tho' in the hicht o' simmer there,
'Twas only just past Christmas time,
When " The Queen " steamer 'gan repair
Her huge hulk for Auld Scotia's clime.

Being ready at the three weeks' end,
Her steam was ris'n, her anchor hove,
A pilot was aboard, to wend
Her safe by shoal, an' cliff, an' cove.

Inside her hull were stow'd awa
Thousands o' bales an' packs o' 'oo ;
Three-hundred passengers, an-a',
Bade Sydney frae her decks adieu.

'Twas strange that, leaving land sae fair,
 Sae few were aucht downcast or wae !
 Had it been Glasgow, smoor'd in air
 Pregnant wi' reek an' rain a' day,

Scores wad been seen in 'stress an' tears,
 Scores haeing hearts 'maist like to break,
 Auld stocks, an' children of few years,
 Wad sab'd gin they but tried to speak !

The reason doubtless was, I think,
 That back unto the auld countrie
 They then were bound, and on the brink
 O' seeing what they'd fain wad see,

The land an' freends o' "Auld Lang Syne,"
 Or in the youngsters' case, the hames,
 Whereat their forbears lang did pine,
 Striving in vain for Nature's claims.

Mony were there, likewise, wha'd met
 In the New Land aucht but success,
 And now were going back, to whet
 Their auld looms up, wi' what address

They could assume, and face again
 Auld kent troubles, and auld kent faes ;
 And jibing, jeering freends amain,
 Wha wad sneer to their latest days.

Of thae three hunder passengers,
 Twa thirds were steerage—a' the rest
 Were berth'd in "cabins"—cosh as Sirs
 An' Madams are, in rooms the best,

An' cosie as their ain at hame,
Whare, haeing gear, they've nocht to do,
But wear their claes, an' stow their wame,
An' tot about, an' craw—"Coo ! Coo !"

Nae sooner had "The Queen" steam'd clear
The cruiks o' the Australian coast,
And in the open—her true sphere—
Had found again the power she'd lost,

Than baith the travellers an' crew
Did saddle down an' group themsel's—
Making at first a great a-do
To understand the sails an' bells.

Among the steerage folk was *Ane*,
An elderly, but stalwart man,
Silent at a' times—save when gin
Wad mak' him slichtly "coup the crann."

Some said the name he bore was feign'd—
Tho' for what purpose nane could tell ;
He seem'd-na ane immorally stain'd,
Further than making fou himsel'.

When in his cups he aye appear'd
The *contrair*' o' his sober time—
Sheer as a weather cock he veer'd,
Richt round about, when he "*drank* 'PRIME' !"

He was a deep ane !—and a queer !—
The maist eccentric in the ship ;
He never lackit rowth o' gear,
His word to a' was—"Have a nip ?"

When "on the booze," he'd dance an' sing,
 The drollest ever seen or heard !
 His fav'rite step was "Highland-fling,"
 The sang below—his best declared :—

SONG: BOTANY BAY.

To Bot'ny Bay
 They sail'd away,
 Five-hundred victims of the law !
 All crib'd and chain'd,
 And honour stain'd,
 And scourged for every freak and flaw !—
 Men and women,
 Landsmen, seamen,
 Guilty and guiltless—ripe and raw !

In hold and bunk,
 They know'd their junk,
 Harder and saltier than sea rocks !
 All night they lay,
 Where e'er they may,
 Like heaps of refuse in the docks !—
 Both old and young,
 Both weak and strong,
 Single, in groups, in packs, and flocks !

None dared to stir,
 Their warders were
 Piercer than wild beasts o'er their prey !
 If one but moan'd
 Soon was he "boned,"
 And made to rue his frolic gay !
 With whip and lash
 They'd stripe his flesh,
 Like boards whereon you draughts do play !

They slaved them too,
 Worse than the crew,
 Scrubbing and pumping, night and day !

And, well or ill,
They work'd them till
Some would succumb and die away !
All—mild, or gruff,
Genteel, or rough—
All had to slave, and none say nay !

And when they'd come
To Bot'ny home—
Those who survived the Hell-like ship—
They were, as swine,
Haul'd thro' the brine,
Then forced some hundred miles to trip,
In dreadful pains,
Dragging their chains,
In slavery vile to be used up !

Thae merry, boozing, tipplin' bouts
Seem'd never him to scaith the least ;
A snooze, a bath, and after clouts,
And he'd come forth as prim's a priest.

Then aft he'd slip awa his lane,
An' sit in oddest nooks for hours,
Brooding an' dozing like a Cain,
Or bardie wha had tint his powers.

The "rail," or bulwark o' the boat,
Appear'd a fav'rite seat o' his,
And tho' aft quarrel'd for't, I wot,
He aye return'd wi' shameless phiz.

Ae fine day, after a big booze,
He sat down on it near the bridge,
And, dozing off, his haud did loose,
And seawards drap'd sheer frae his ledge !

Upon the bridge was Captain King,
 And he, thank God, the mishap saw !
 This was enough. Wi' ae fell spring,
 He frae his post loup'd strecht awa !

The puir man, wha nae soomer was,
 Was drooning fast, an' just gaun down,
 The hindmost time, when Jamie's claws,
 Fix'd in his nape, up-haul'd the loon !

He held him thus in a high sea,
 Until a ship's boat rescued baith,
 Then back on deck, the Auld Man free
 Thank't God, an' "*him wha'd diddled death.*"

As into Melbourne Port they pass'd,
 Again he shook the Captain's hand,
 An' said--"This time is not the last
 That I your hearing will command!"

PART ELEVENTH.

Aff Port Melbourne they stood at nicht—
 After a day's stay at that haven—
 Across the great Australian Bicht,
 Whare seas 'gainst seas are madly driven

Until their waters, mountain high,
 Uprear in never-ending wars,
 And tout the ships, an' flout the sky,
 As if they'd quench th' eternal stars !

Thae waukrife waters are the great
 Indian and Pacific Oceans,
 And they're nae great friends, weel-I-wate—
 Gin ane may judge them by their motions !

But, ah ! how mighty is the world !
What fearfu' sights shaw sea an' land !
And then, at nicht, the heavens, unfur'd,
Do mak' us stagger whare we stand !

At Adelaide they touch'd, and then—
The Bicht owre— at King George's Sound,
Into the Indian Ocean ran,
And through it to Colombo wound.

Frae Ceylon on they sped to Aden,
And through " Hell's Gates " to the Red Sea,
Scuffing Perim, wi' great guns laden—
The Eastern Gib-ral-tar to be.

This far-famed sea being mild as milk
Unskim'd within a farmer's house,
The Man, wha aye did booze or sulk,
Thocht it a guid time to lat loose,

His souple tongue, and thank in full
The Captain for his gallant deed ;
Sae he, aff-hand, himsel' did pull
Thegither, an' strade aft wi' speed.

He sune " twigg'd " Jamie in the stern,
Conversing wi' a gent antique,
And, when they parted, craved to learn
If he " might with the Captain speak ? "

" Most certainly," the Captain said,
" Especially in this quiet hour."—
(He'd tint his " braid Scotch," I'm afraid,
Since he had clim'd to place an' power !)

"Captain!" the auld man quickly cried,
" *You saved my life!*—I thank you, Sir!
What would have happ'd if I had died,
I shudder, if to think I stir!"

"Indeed!" the Captain keen rejoind,
"My friend, you seem no common guest!—
Pardon!—but is there on your mind
Aught that disturbs your peace and rest?"

"A rumour wafts about the ship
That 'Jones,' your name, is one that's feign'd?"
"Captain!" the auld man cried, "no lip!—
Not even by *you* will I be stain'd!"

"Therefore, between ourselves! I own
That 'Henry Jones' is *not* my name,—
But let us league!—we are alone!—
If you'll tell yours, I'll mine the same!"

"Yours I ne'er knew, nor sought to know,
But, now you're my deliverer
From death's dread clutch, and so, 'tis so,
That I'd fain learn your title, Sir!"

"Why!" answered Jamie, puzzled sair,
"Why, don't you know your Captain's name?
But, as you in the *steerage* fare,
Perhaps you little are to blame.

"My name is King, James King—My friend!—
What is the matter? Are you sick?"
"No, no!—but, true as death's our end,
My right name's also *King!*—'lost Dick!'"

“Where do you hail from?” “Edinburgh,”

“Why, so do I! Who is your Dad?”

“My father’s dead, he died a-hurry,

And never saw his little lad!”

“Where did he die?” “He died at sea;

He was a seaman, and his bark

Founder’d off Algeirs, suddenly,

One winter midnight, rough, and dark.”

“GREAT LORD OF HEAVEN! I’m forsworn

If you are not *the man I seek!*

Your father was my brother born,

He was named *Jack*, and I am *Dick!*”

“What? You! you really *Uncle Dick*,

Unheard from—lost, these forty years?

Prove it, my friend!—and do be quick!—

I must go see how the ship steers.”

“My story is too long; so, then,

When you’ve fit leisure let me know.”

“Well, say four bells, to-morrow, when

First Mate could let his Captain go?”

“All right! Then I shall prove indeed

My words are neither fraud nor trick!”

“Well, well!—I must on deck with speed—

Good-bye, just now, dear ‘Uncle Dick!’”

That night the steerage was amused

When “Dick” burst in wi’ skip an’ shout,

In highest glee, a kennin’ “boozed,”

Singing this ditty, bauld an’ stout :—

SONG: "A KING HAS SAVED A KING!"

Why wonder if you see me come
And dance the Highland fling?
Blow up your trumps! thud on your drum!
A King has saved a King!

Kings mostly do each other lead,
Or lure to block or swing,
As Hist'ry proves!—great, then, 's this deed—
A King *saving* a King!

The sharks were nipping at his toes!
The brine, like "Yankee sling,"
Gush'd down his throat! but, maugre those,
A King *has saved a King!*

Blow high your trumps! thud hard your drums!
And make the welkin ring!
Cry up the heavens all time to come—
A King *has saved a King!*

PART TWELFTH.

Prompt at foure bells, the Auld Man tirl'd
Gleg at the sneck o' Jamie's door,
Wha, smertly, "Come in!" loudly skirl'd—
"You're on the stroke—tho' I'm before!"

"Sit down, and listen! and just speak,
Bold Captain, when I query thee!
My God! thy features—strong, yet meek—
Her own true vision limn to me!

"Who was thy mother, dost thou know?"
"Yes! I do know, she was a Brown—
One of that race who long ago,
In Leith, were merchants of renown."

“ Her name—baptismal—what was it ? ”

“ Why, that, my friend, I surely know,
For in her Bible it is writ,
And that old Bible I can show.

“ Her christian name was *Eleanore*—

After a Grandam, long ago—
A woman who was famed on shore
For every virtue women know ! ”

“ No more ! that is enough !—’tis she !

Through thee she seems to watch me now !
Her very self in thee I see !
Her mouth, nose, eyes, and ample brow !

“ I was a young clerk in a bank ;
Whose cashier, also young, and I
Together lived, lodged, ate, and drank,
In a great boarding house hard by.

“ Thy mother—*my lost Eleanore* !—

And I, in mutual high esteem,
Did hold each other ! more and more,
The more that life prolong’d love’s dream !

“ The Cashier madly loved her, too !

But she the Cashier sought to shun,
And told him so, which made him do
The hellish deed that he hath done !

“ The bank was robb’d, its safe broke ope,

And great stock from it taen, I ween,
In cash, and bonds, and bills—when Hope
Of my fond loyal heart was Queen !

“ Because of purchases we’d made
 Of clothes, and other needful gear,
 The Police plann’d and made a raid
 Upon our rooms—one eve of fear !

“ The Cashier’s boxes first they search’d,
 But found nought him could criminate ;
 Then pounce on mine the whole lot lurched,
 And overhaul’d in rapid rate.

“ Whole handfuls of the stolen bills,
 Securities, and bonds, and notes,
 Hidden away, as deft theft wills,
 Among my trousers, shirts, and cots,

“ They found ! whilst I dumfounded stood—
 Yea, *sheer* dumfounded ! and without
 A voice me left of any good,
 To answer the barbaric shout

“ They all emitted, when they saw
 The assumed ‘ clear proofs ’ of my guilt ;
 And close these bloodhounds of the law
 Snarl’d round *me*, and *my fate I felt !*

“ My trial came, and it was brief ;
 I was convicted, sentenced, too,
 To Botany Bay, as ‘ head and chief
 Of an unknown marauding crew ! ’

“ We sail’d from Portsmoqth, but before
 The convict ship had time to reach
 The beautiful Australian shore,
 The Cashier did himself impeach !

“Coming, one night, from where, in vain,
He had been coaxing Eleanore
To favour him—as ‘*O’er the main
Dick King could sure return no more*’ !

“Some alterations on the street
He pass’d along, were being made ;
And, sudden, from a house thereat,
A huge beam fell, and low him laid !

“The doctors found a ‘fractured skull,’
But him to consciousness restored ;
And then he felt his days were full,
And death could be no more ignored.

“‘O hasten, hasten’ !’ then he cried,
‘A ready lawyer bring to me !
‘Dick King is innocent, tho’ tried,
And ev’n banish’d o’er the sea !

“‘A deposition true I’d make—
I cannot die, I cannot die !—
Before—for *her*, if not *his* sake—
I to the whole truth testify.’

“His death-bed declaration was—
That he alone had robb’d the bank !
‘Because,’ he gasp’d, ‘because—because—
I loved her !’—all the rest’s a blank !

“My boxes he had open’d when
I’d been asleep, and stow’d the proof
Of my suspected guilt, and then,
As still as Fate, had stood aloof !

S

The Government, when this they heard,
 Commanded instant search be made
 The Little Craigs, for he'd declared,
 'Twas *there* the plunder he had laid.

"The Little Craigs, which overlook
 The Hunter's Bog, the Park within,
 Were, therefore, duly 'under-took,'
 And search'd by bands for proof of sin.

"And lo ! near where he'd indicated,
 All snug and safe, the bulk of all
 The bank stock stolen search awaited,
 Scarce hidden in the rocky wall !

"Then straight to Bot'ny Bay was sent
 Advice for not to land me *there*,
 But at Port Jackson,—with intent
 To compensate me for my scare.

"So, one fine morn, I found myself
 A-shore in the Antipodes,
 With just one hundred pounds of pelf,
 To do aught with that I might please."

"Halt, halt !" here Jamie interposed,
 "Halt now ! to-morrow morn, at nine,
 Come back,—thy story, when disclosed,
 Looks to be stranger ev'n than mine !

"Just now, I must to deck again
 Proceed at once, for as you spoke
 My sea ears heard the breeze amain,
 As in the rigging it awoke."

Sae thus they pairted for a-wee,
 Youth to its work, age to its rest,
 Where, weakly it gaed on the "spree,"
 And did wi' this rant nicht molest :—

SONG : OUR KING HAS FOUND HIS KING.

Blow all your trumps ! thud all your drums !
 Shout, 'bravo' ! dance and sing !
 The world to a new era comes—
 OUR KING HAS FOUND HIS KING !

Tho' ye all history should read,
 Thou'lt find no sim'lar thing !—
 For monarchs than themselves, indeed,
 Ne'er own another king !

Ours, each to each, were all unknown—
 Lost—banish'd, sting and ling !
 Until, this old Red Sea upon,
 Your King did find his King !

Blow blasts on trumps ! thunder on drums
 Make rattle, roar, and ring !
 Old Earth to her millennium comes—
 HER KING HAS FOUND HIS KING !

PART THIRTEENTH.

When their confab fu' blythe neist morn
 The now-restored freends resumed,
 The noble "Queen" was bravely borne
 Up the Red Sea, all sun-illumed.

Lown was the breeze, the sky, the sea ;
 The low shores faint thro' haze were seen ;
 The wavelets shimmer'd bonnilie,
 An' dazzling stars fleck'd a' their sheen.

The First Mate now was on the brig,
The crew an' passengers galore
Werè strown on deck—as on a rigg
Sheaves are at harvest time thrown owre.

Close-cabin'd by themsel's below,
The "Kings" doff'd ways an' words o' state—
A' pomps, an' forms, an' royal show,
An' crack'd like folk that arena "great."

Quoth King the elder—"As I said,
At Jackson soon I landed was,
Where down one hundred pounds were paid
To me, as victim of their laws.

"With this, right off, I bought a horse,
And horse and rider's garniture,
From bridle stall to spurs—in course,
I meant to conquer Fortune—*sure!*

"The Gold Diggings—just starting then—
Attracted all adventurous eyes,
And I was now the Man of men
Right fit for this rough enterprise!

"So forth I rode—myself, alone—
Into the Wilderness a-head!
I had no care, since *She* was gone,
As far from me as one that's dead!

"No care! no thought! no fear had I!
Nor wish, nor want to apprehend!--
Barring, I long'd hard toil to try
If *it* my love-lorn heart could mend!

“ Therefore the Diggings—For I’d heard,
From a sure source, that hard-work there
Was ev’ry man’s doom’d lot declared,
By ruthless circumstance and fare.

“ From distant parts a track debouch’d
On the GRAND ROUTE, o’er which I saw
A rider come, with hat down slouch’d,
And outre as a *Persian Shah*!

“ We met exactly at the point
Where these two different ways conjoin,—
An omen of the close conjoint
That so long bound his life with mine!

“ His name was Bob, or Robert Speed;
He own’d a big Ranche in the North;
To dig together we agreed—
Discerning swift each other’s worth!

“ *I* was not wrong! for, in his shoes,
Few men on earth stood up to him!—
Equal in pluck, or brains, or thews,
Or with such honour stow’d a-brim!

“ At Bendego we took a ‘claim,’
And in it for long months we slaved,
Winning but little by the same—
Expenses paid, but nothing *saved*.

“ Our next claim was a shadow better;
Still, no alluvial gold we found;
So, as a friend advised by letter,
We were up northwards early bound.

“ Near Ballarat, the Diggers' camp
At that time, multitudes contain'd,
But few were lucky—most did scamp
Back homewards when they'd trifles gain'd.

“ Upon the bed of an old lake,
Dried up in Geologic space
Of ages, countless, and opaque,
As are the rocks they put in place.

“ Between two hills, on a low flat,
This, *our third venture*, was located ;
To it, at vnce, both of us gat,
And our ' gold-hunger ' soon it sated !

“ The second day, *at One o'clock*,
The pick-shaft splinter'd in my hand !
My head buzz'd, as I'd had a stroke—
A sun-stroke, *in the Rio Grande* !

“ ‘ Bob !! what is this ? bring here your spade ?
I've struck a Nugget by the lord ' !!
' Stand back, sit down,' he coolly said,
' And I'll soon falsify your word ' !

“ With strength that's in a man sublime,
He clear'd away the earth and silt ;
I felt more *skeert* than at the time
That I was tried for seeming guilt !

“ It gleams, it gleams ! Alluvial gold !
It glitters like a buried moon ! !
We masters are of wealth untold,
A Rothschild might envy our boon ! !

“ Make sure, we did not tell our luck,
And wrought all day in usual style !—
But we at night our goose did pluck,
Then rode horse-back some sixty mile !

To Melbourne like two kites we flew,
Hiding in woods throughout the day ;
For were it not done thus, we knew,
Our lives, besides our gold, might pay.

“ But we sped safely—naught went wrong,
Bob had a scheme for every need ;
The dealers weigh'd, and pass'd along
Our nuggets' worth, with pleasant speed.

“ So, nephew mine—*dear as a son* !—
The space of twenty moons within—
From that which at my trial shone—
Freedom and fortune I did win ! ”

“ Bravo ! bravo ! ” shouted Jamie,
“ To be a landsman, you're a brick !
I'm proud that ‘ Uncle ’ I can name ye !
You *are* a ‘ *King*, ’ sure, UNCLE DICK !

“ But, tell me, in the interval,
Since when you reach'd your golden age,
To this, in which your gray hairs tell,
That gold can not time's ills assuage.

“ Where have you been through all these years ?
Why was it you did not return ?
We heard of your success—our fears,
Were all of your dead silence born. ”

" I've been a wanderer, my lad !
 O'er ev'ry Continent on Earth
 I've roam'd and roam'd, and largely had
 Experience of both care and mirth !

" Both savage and barbaric lands,
 With restless feet, those years I've trod ;
 But now the ' civilized ' demands
 The Prodigal's return abroad.

" I, incognito, *did* slip back,
 Soon after I became so rich,
 To Edinburgh, but, alack !
 She then was wed—*sans* halt or hitch !

" I did not know, nor could I learn,
 Of him whom she was wedded to,
 More than that—' By his dress an' bearin',
 He seem'd ane o' a steamer's crew.'

" I sought to know of her no more !—
 My love was much too great for this !
 I left her on her native shore,
 In happy, unsuspecting bliss !

" Our Jack, poor lad !—and I were twins,
 Alike in all things, but the wish
 To go to sea ! I had no fins,
 On soul or body, like the fish !

" No doubt, belovèd Eleanore
 Drew to him when she thought me dead ;
 For Jack was as myself all o'er—
 From 's sailor's feet to sailor's head."

“ Yes ” ! Jamie interjected, “ He—
 At least in photo—*was* like you !
 His living self I ne’er did see,
 And Mother, also, I ne’er knew.

“ I cannot, therefore, tell you why
 These two were wed, but should this calm
 Hold on, I will to-morrow try
 With my long story ye to cram !

“ Much needs explaining yet—but come !
 No more to-day but this good-bye !
 Come back to-morrow, and the sun
 And substance of all doubt make fly ! ”

So Dick the rover climb’d the “ Way,”
 His mind wi’ rarest fancies ping-
 Then forward stroll’d, jaunty and gay,
 This new rant extempore singing :—

SONG : THE RED SEA.

How oft, Red Sea,
 Up and down thee
 I’ve stean’d with woeful sorrows laden !
 Now I do scud
 O’er thy Old Flood
 Like one set forth to wed his maiden !—
 Talking, thinking,
 Singing, drinking,
 As happy as I were in Eden !

Changed is my state !
 Now my way’s straight !—
 The envied goal Old Dick shall win !
 His guerdon, clear
 Doth now appear,
Our Captain ’tis incarnate in !

As my own son,
My heart he's won—
To him and his my hoards shall spin !

So, old Red Sea,
Adieu to thee !—
I'll ne'er again thy waters scan !
Where Pharaoh's host,
O'erwhelm'd, was lost,
And Israel praised the matchless plan !
Adieu, adieu ?
Thy waters blue
Do haply split no more—*nor* can !

Now near we draw
Ismaïia !
Its distance from us must be small !
Just one more day,
And 'dues' we'll pay,
Then steam with care up The Canal !
In three weeks hence,
London immense
Shall hail us back, for good and all !

Then—*there and then* !—
Our express train
For bonnie Scotland shall depart !
Soon shall we wait
On Jean and Kate
And join for ever heart to heart !
From all I hear,
Kate is a 'dear !'
Whom *ev'n* a *King* upon might dart !

PART FOURTEENTH.

When "morrow" came, his history—
Whilst steaming up to Suez quick
In a' its sad, sad shades an' glory,
Jamie enfauld to Auld Dick.

The "Rover" sat—bewildert clean !—
But *heard*, an' *gloated* owre the tale,
Tears skelpin' frae his ancient een
A-doun his chowks, like April hail.

Nae words spak' he, till it was dune,
And doubt was routit far an' wide ;
Syne, quo' he, lookin' sherp aroun',
" *Young Jeanie is to be your bride ?* "

" Yes, UNCLE !—everything's arranged—
If my last letter sped aright ;
It was my first, since I was changed
From 'Orion,' to this ship of might.

" The 'Orion' steamer, as I said,
Went down, soon after her I'd left,
With all hands, to the slimy bed
Of ocean—right amid ships cleft ! "

" Where did you write that letter from ? "
" From Bombay, soon as I had sign'd
As Master here, and I, in Combe—
A captain friend—my post did find. "

" That seems all well, and safe to hand
They've likely had it long ere this ;
But, say'st thou, Captain, thy command
Thou shalt resign, if naught's amiss ? "

" Yes. I did promise unto Jean,
That night we pledged, and in my note,
When I'd one voyage 'Captain' been
Of this great Liner here afloat,

" I'd go—*for her sake*—no more trips
 Across the Line to far-off climes,
 But take again to coasting ships,
 As I did in my early times.

" My two years' absence I have drawn
 To busy, yet to weary six,
All for her sake, and by *her* plan,
 That I, when wed, at home might fix.

" What stir's on deck ?—'Tis Suez ! ho !
 Directly, once our toll is paid,
 Up The Canal we'll gaily go,
 And hail the Home Sea at Port Said !

" 'Bout ship, we'll surely hail again
 Ere we be moor'd in London Docks ?"
" London ! why, *Captain !* thou art fain
 To see me wince beneath thy jokes !

" I'll meet thee fifty times ere that ! !—
 To-night, *come forward !*—'tis design'd
 To have a concert there, whereat
 All may '*perform*' who are inclined !"

On deck, abaft, some passengers
 Play'd games at Shuffle-board an' quoits ;
 Some read ; some spak' wi' his or her
 New freends, of a' their hame delights.

As for'ard to the Steerage stalk'd
 Lang Dick the " Madman Mill'onaire !"
 Caps in scores aff heids were whack'd,
 And loud " God bless yous " mony were !

But thro' them a', owre-lookin' a',
 He pass'd like ane that was enraged ;
 But, round him, closer, did they draw,
 Till, midst a croud, he fair was caged !

" My friends ! " cried he, " it is all right !—
 The Captain and his friends will come !
 I told him of our Ploy to-night—
 Make ready ev'ry trump and drum !

" Get now the awning stretch'd on high,
 Beneath which we shall dance and sing,—
 But, first, come down, *those who are dry*,
 And have *one swig of Yankee sling* ! "

That nicht, at e'en, the Auld " Red Sea "
 They left ahint them, pool, an' shaul,
 An' took their way, wi' muckle glee,
 An' fluster, up the New Canal.

At sundown, was their concert held ;
 First, on its stage, strode in " Auld Dick ! "
 He said that " Mariners excell'd
 A' ither folk that ane could pick ;

" For drawing down the sympathy,
 And interest of ' *Poor landsmen*, "
 Ashore, he lo'ed them dear—but he
 " Their hard profession couldna stan'."

" Their dances, and their songs," said he,
 " I have so liked, that, oft, I've aped
 Their steps and staves, **WHEN IN THE KEY**,
 As in this song I lately shaped :—

SONG : BEFORE THE MAST.

Burke and I a Clipper jined,
 " Able-bodied " we both sign'd ;
 Cash was out, and we'd no mind
 To live off friends, however kind,
 So shipp'd Before the Mast !
 As common sailors we both sign'd,
 And shipp'd Before the Mast !

That night we met, sweet Sue and I,
 Near her father's house at Bligh,—
 By my grog ! how she did cry,
 When she heard that Burke and I
 Had shipp'd Before the Mast !
 As common seamen, cut and dry,
 Had shipp'd Before the Mast ?

My breast to hers, I did lay,—
 " Sue ! I'll kiss thy tears away !"
 But she look'd up, and said, " Nay !
 Thou born ass ! thou silly jay !
 To ship Before the Mast !
 As common starving sailors may,
 Go ship Before the Mast !

To the daldrums she back'd then—
 As a ship that, on the strain
 Of a current bound to gain,
 Backs, and faster backs amain,
 Sobbing—" Before the Mast !
 A common Jack-tar, mean and plain,
 To ship Before the Mast !"

" Sweetest Sue !" I said. " My dear,
 This trip will but last a year !
 When 'tis o'er, then, I shall clear
 Pass the Board, and disappear
 For good Before the Mast !
 No more a common sailor, dear,
 I'll ship Before the Mast !"

Then she did luff !---" Jacky, dear !
 I will wait another year !
 But as *First Mate*, Jacky, clear,
 Pass the Board, and disappear
 For aye Before the Mast !
 A First Mate's wife is grander, dear,
 Than their's Before the Mast ! "

So we sail'd and served a trip,
 Common tars aboard our ship ;
 Then, home again, did lightly skip
 'Fore the Board, and slack'd the grip,
 That, taut Before the Mast,
 As common seamen of the ship,
 Bound us Before the Mast !

Next night we met, sweet Sue and I,
 At her father's house in Bligh :
 Dayy Jones ! she *did* laugh spry,
 When she heard that Burke and I,
 No more Before the Mast,
 Need ship, but now, as Mates up high,
 Command Before the Mast !

This song, giv'n in the Rover's style,
 Roused such a sturt and storm o' fun,
 That Egypt's shores, for twenty mile,
 Rang loud wi' cheers for Scotia's son !

'Twas dancing next. Twa sailors gave
 " Jack-tar," an' " hornpipes " nigh a score ;
 In which thae wizards o' the wave
 Did whirl as they'd ne'er saddle more !

Then three gat up, an' wad' " recite,"
 But a' they ettled they'd " forgot ! "
 Sae had at last, discomf'ish'd quite,
 Like ninnies aff the stage to trot !

Now loud demands for "Captain King!"
 Resounded through the Sail-claith ha',
 Seeking, nae less, than *him to sing*
Ane o' his ain sangs strecht awa!

The Captain blusht. He never thaucht
 He'd e'er be axt for sich a thing!
 But, deil be whuppit! gleg he saucht
 His wallet, and out this did bring:—

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG: "THE BLUE SEA."

Twin wonder of the spacious sky,
 And round floor of its hollow dome,
 The blue sea strikes with awe each eye
 That o'er its naked plain doth roam!
 Wide beaming, gleaming—far and free,
 Boundless-seeming—*deep Blue Sea!*

In peace, sweet as a sleeping child,
 In wrath, fierce as a beast of prey;
 Now glassy-smooth, hush'd-lying, mild,
 Then toss'd sky high, spairging with spray,
 The fleeing clouds in mockerie,
 No ruth knowing—dark, Blue Sea!

As clouds in an Autumnal sky,
 Islands and Continents appear!
 In thy broad azure sunk they lie,
 And seem mere blots upon thy sphere,
 Which all earth wraps like destinie,
 All-embracing, great, Blue Sea!

Like flocks of birds seem fleets of ships—
 Wending, wafting landwards ever!
 O'er thy wide waters toss'd like snips
 Of wreck upon a tidal river!—
 Throbbing, and bobbing, fearfulie,
 Over thy summit, round, Blue Sea!

Thine own true birds, that countless are,
 Do vary with thy various climes ;
 Thy stormy Petrels flit afar
 O'er thy mid-oceans—endless times,
 And round thy shores, in myriads, flee
 Thy feather'd children, great, Blue Sea !

And in thy dread depths—fathomless,
 And in thy shoals—on ev'ry rock,
 Whole multitudes of creatures press
 The bounds of life and Nature block,
 Till she's but freed, by making free,
 Man's Fish Preserve—the great Blue Sea !

After this *fine* an' "sooblime" sang
 (Whilk, surely, was not understood ?),
 The concert skail'd, an' a' did gang
 To bed, or bunk, in merriest mood,

An' woke, neist morn, on that great dub—
 The "Mediterawnean Sea"—
 By Malta, an' Gibraltar's hub,
 Their hameward route being fix'd to be.

Upon it nocht o' note took place,
 They into London duly came ;
 Where we will leave them now, an' trace
 The doings o' our freends at hame.

PART FIFTEENTH.

Sin' we the last o' AULD KATE saw,
 She has groun *aulder looking* : Still,
 For kimmer rising fifty-twa,
 She doesna show that *vera* ill.

T

She's yaul, an' fresh, an' *sonsy*, too—
 Mair gleg than mony a younger quean—
 A' owre—frae mutch to blacken'd shoe—
 She looks the GAME ANE she has been !

But sair is she doun-cast this day,
 Owre her wan cheeks tears trickle doun !
 An' aft she sighs ! an' tries to " pray,"
 Then greets, an' sabs, an' pikes her gown !

That gown is *black*—a " mournin' gown,"
 And tells o' some bereavement sad ;
 And she, her close companion,
 Is also in like garment clad !—

But *wha is* she, that young lassie ?
 O *wha is she*, that lady pale ?
 What for's her een sae fix'd an' glassy ?
 Why do her lips sae quake an' quail ?

She seems a " Spirit o' the Deid"—
 She is sae white, she is sae fey !
 Her " far awa " gaze nicht mislead—
 Her faither ev'n in dread doubt stey !

This lass ? waes me ! she " wanders " on !—
 She 's stricken under Sorrow's wing !—
 That wreck is Jeanie Anderson,
 Bewailing " wreckit " Jamie King !

Weel may ye start ! weel may ye look !
 Ye ne'er wad kenn'd her but for me !
 An' mony anither has mistook
 This ghaist o' what we've seen her be !

Doun on the Lodge, on Beltane morn,
 A black mischance fell a' at ance * :
 Jean, wha was there, could not return,
 Nor has she seen the Leith Links since !

She'd braucht a " Scotsman " paper wi' her,
 And, as she quately look'd it o'er,
 Sudden she scream'd, and—God owre see her,
 —Swarf'd richt awa, gaun oot that door !

A notice o' the " Orion's " wreck,
 Wi' " loss of *every soul on board*,"
 In guid black prent she read direck,
 Sae her wild cry—" HE'S LOST ! OH, LORD ! "

He was the " Orion's " skipper, ere
 He got promoted to " The Queen,"
 But of this fact she was not 'ware,
 Nor that " promoted " he had been.

Young Combe, the " Captain friend," to whom
 Jamie entrusted Jeanie's letter,
 Had, since, himsel', fa'n into gloom—
 He'd had his ship brunt to the water !

King's missive, an' its Scotch address,
 Seem'd lost to Combe for evermair—
 The former being burn'd to ase,
 The latter—a' " forgotten fair ! "

Sae the quite natural mistak
 Which Kate an' Jeanie baith had made !
 Wi' broken hearts—alack ! alack !—
 Week after week, were they up-laid !

* Pronounced " yince," of course, as *once* is " wonce," *Æt*, also, ought always in this book to be read and spoken " yae."—*J. L.*

But now 'twas balmy, blooming June,
 An' a' Eskside full foliage wore ;
 In dewy morn, in sunny noon,
 An Eden spread outside the door !

At e'ening, too, sweet Peace cam' there,
 In heaven-like beauty, aft she came
 To that dear valley, green and fair,
 To wyse the wandering laddie hame !

Owre bosky glen, an' flowery brae,
 Peace, this rapt Peace, now lay serene ;
 The Mavis sang his gloaming lay,
 The trouts lap in the pools bedeen !

Young Jeanie saw the e'ening fair,
 An' left the Lodge, for the first time
 Sin' she had got the mortal scare,
 O' Jamie's "sad fate," in "his prime."

Puir lassie ! tho' she keenly lo'ed
 To roam o'er Nature's sweet domain,
 That e'ening, she, strive a' she could,
 Turn'd frae it, wi' a sick'ning pain !

There grew the thorn they trysted at !
 There waved the woods they stroll'd amang !
 There rose the bank, whereon she sat,
 And aft croon'd his now sacred "Sang !"

No, no ! she daredna gaze again
 On scenes o' such enthralling bliss !
 Sae backward her short walk was taen,
 'Maist ere the swaird her feet did press.

She pass'd in silence to her room,
Pass'd sympathetic Kate in tears,
When, sudden frae the Gate, did boom
An eldritch sound upo' their ears.

Auld Kate, aye eydent, jump't to see,
What "made such din at such an hour;"
But Jeanie, keen of use to be,
Flew past her like a swirl o' stoor.

Kate, sae kindly superseded,
Cock'd her twa lugs an' listen'd keen;
Nor was it lang to do't she needed,
For what a cry cam' then frae Jean!!

The lassie, gaein' to the Gate,
Saw twa tall men, baith wanting in,
Ane o' whom seem'd in restless state,
The ither carle did nocht but grin.

The e'ening shades were fa'ing fast,
The men she couldna eithly scan;
But when the Gate was ope'd at last,
An' forward press'd the younger man,

She scream'd aloud to KATE in haste,
Then, fainting, doun drapt on the gress!
She'd seen, she thocht, her Jamie's "ghaist,"
In a' his mortal guise an' dress!

AULD KATE, dumfounded, sped to her—
A lioness for "JEANIE DEAR!"
Demanding wha an' what they were?
An' "what was their *knaves' errand* here?"

Wi' that she grip'd the youngest carle,
 Wha, stooping, was concern'd wi' Jean,
 And aff her "darling" him did twirl,
 As she'd hae twirl'd a thrawart wean !

"Mother !" he cried, "what's this, what's this ?
 Do you not know your 'foster bairn ?'
 But look to Jeannie—*she's* amiss,
 And needs your instant skill and carein' !"

Kate screichit, syne sprang up to him,
 Stared in his face, an' then, I ween,
 Wi' love an' joy primed to the brim,
 Cried "JAMIE ! JAMIE ! !—SEE TO JEAN !"

Syne—"Is it you ? an' were ye saved,
 When that auld rotten boat gaed doun ?
 Eh ! fegs ! my lad ! ye aften braved,
 An' soom'd the sea, when but a *loon* !

"Is Jeanie comin' round ? Ma doo !—
 It's Jamie ! yer ain Jamie's sel' !—
 He ne'er was droun'd ava, ma doo !—
He soom'd strecht hame—I'm proud to tell !

"Look at him, dawtie !—(Jamie, lad !—
 Speak to her Jamie !)—Jeanie, lass !—
 It's Jamie !—neither sick nor sad,
But his auld sel' as bold's the Bass !

("Oh lord ! this is an awfu' nicht ! !—
 What wi' fentin' ! flytin' ! fechtin' !—
 An' deid folk loupin' into sicht,
 Frae sunk ships to Eskside strecht on !

(" I no ken whether I'm alive,
Or deid, or chokit, or in Brideweel !)—
She's better, Jamie ! Let us strive
An' get her in, an' see she bide weel !

" Haud out the gate, Sir ! Wha are you ?
We want *nae strangers* here this nicht !
(Oh ! ma heid's rowtin' like a coo !)
Sirs, sirs ! we're in an awfu' plicht ! "

The " stranger " thus sae snack saluted,
Seem'd not the least pat out or shamed ;
" She'd *cause* "—that couldna be disputed,
" She, therefore, could not sair be blamed."

Jeanie they carried into bed,
While Jamie for a doctor ran,
Wha sune did ease her thrabbin' head,
An' spak' his dictum like a man.

" My friends," said he, " she's had a *shock*,
And must have *perfect quiet* !—So,
KATE ! you'll stay here, and that door *lock* ;
Elsewhere you gentlemen must go ;

" And stay, until to-morrow night,
By which time she'll have strength, I hope,
To see you, and to hear aright
Your tales, without one pause, or stop."

PART SIXTEENTH.

When left themsel's, our leddies did
What womankind a' owre wad dune :
So, tho' the leech had them forbid,
They set to gabbin', slap an' sune.

Quo' Jeanie, tho' she scarce could speak,
 " Oh, Katie ! tell me—haste ye, haste !
 Is Jamie really back ?—be quick !
 Yon *young man* couldna be his *ghaist* ! "

" Na, na !—it was *himself*, ma doo !
 Yer ain Jamie's *sel*, comed back !
 The only man, o' a' the crew,
 That could soom hame frae that doom'd wrack !

" The Auld man, to the doctor, too,
 Ca'd Jamie his DELIVERER !—
 He's just a *Mairacle*, ma doo !—
 Braid Scotland ne'er had cleverer ! "

" Oh ! Kate ! " cried Jeanie, " mair ! mair !
 Mair speak o' *him* ! of JAMIE speak !
 Is he alive ? Oh ! *tell me fair* !
 — Am I not *gyte* , dear, being weak ? "

" The deil mair gyte are ye than me !
 They're comin' back the morn's nicht !
 Lie still, an' try an' sleep a-wee—
 The morn at e'en ye'se be a' richt ! "

Yes ! true to their appointed hour,
 The Wanderers drew nigh again
 The leesome Lodge, fair Jeanie's bower,
 An' favourite haunt in Katherine's reign !

They'd been owre-nicht at a Hotel,
 The first in Musselburgh toun ;
 Jamie look'd pale, auld Dick a "swell"—
 Dinkt in new breeks an' polish'd shoon !

The lovers met—a' was explain'd,
The sad mistake thrice mourn'd an' pass'd,
Syne aff they set, "wi' joy unfeign'd,"
Up Eskside, airm in airm, at last !

For vera bliss young Jeanie wept !
She couldna weel believe it true—
That he, whom she sae lang thaucht slept
'Neath some far ocean's billows blue,

Strade by her side in unscaith'd life,
A glorious lord o' strength an' youth !
Come back to mak' her his ain wife,
In man-like honour, love, an' truth !

"Oh, Jamie ! we've been pairted lang !
Your 'twa years' absence' sair ye've streetch'd !
But if sic' trips nae mair ye'll gang,
Ye'se be nae mair for this impeach'd !"

"Jean, dearest Jean !" slow answer'd he,
—" 'Tis necessary to speak so !—
I saved my Uncle's life at sea,
When both of us did neither know.

"And he for *that* so grateful is,
He threats he'll make me his sole heir !
Wealth, wealth immense, I know is his—
He's called the '*Sydney Millionaire* !'

"On Stock Exchanges, banks, and marts
Where Mammon sways with might intense
His credit is as one's who parts
With thousands, as we part with pence.

Besides, my jo, myself have plough'd
 The high seas for so many years
Not all in vain—as you've allow'd
 Ev'n when made squeamish by your fears.

“ So there is, darling, no more need
 That aught but death should part us more !
 Sore have you suffer'd through my deed—
 Make the requital, then, as sore ! ”

“ My love ! my love ! *my ain true jo* !
 Tongue canna tell what's in my heart !
 Yestreen, I was in direst woe,
 Now, happiness like Heav'n's my part ! ”

“ Then, Jeanie ! name the blessèd day—
 The happy day shall make as one !
 And don't, my darling, don't delay
 The glory of this life begun ! ”

“ O Jamie ! this is *so* like you !—
 The deed maun kick the heels o' will !
 But I have thought this question through,
 An' what I've thought, I think sae still—

“ That we should wait a month, at least ”—
 “ What ! a whole *month* ?—a *week*, no more !
 And even a week would be a beast,
 That would too much of heaven devour !

“ Here !—sit down, Jeanie !—In this dell,
 The most secluded on Eskside,—
 We may the veriest secrets tell
 Betwixt a bridegroom and his bride.

“ Now ! then, the day ?—*no more suspense !* ”

“ Well !—three weeks hence ?—no’ ae day less !

Jamie, tho’ ye’re a man o’ sense,

Ye dinna mind how time will pass !

“ We’ve everything to seek an’ buy—

A richt house, furniture, an’ claes ;

An’ ye maun keep the Lodge doun-by,

While Kate an’ me spen’ busy days

“ Among the Edinburgh shops,

Seeing to this, an’ this, an’ that,

Squaring our fancies wi’ our hopes.

An’ being carefu’ to a faut ! ”

“ Bravo, my soul ! Well ! I must bend

My will to Fate’s fiat again !

But, Jeanie, this first breeze to end,

Come, croon me off some Auld Scots strain ! ”

“ Here ? Jamie !—Oh, no’ ask me *here* ! ”

“ Yes, darling, *here* ! in this sweet dell !

I ask it, for I *need* it, dear—

Ay, need it more than I’d fain tell ! ”

SONG : THE LINKS OF LEITH.

Jeanie Sings :—

How fair, in early simmer morn,

The glancing sunbeams croun an’ wreath

The happy waves, as on they’re borne,

To fringe the bonnie Links o’ Leith !

The Links o’ Leith, the Links o’ Leith !

‘The bonnie, bonnie Links o’ Leith !

’Tween sea an’ sea, nae place to me,

Can match the bonnie Links o’ Leith !

My laddie was a sailor bold,
 Frae a toun ayont Inchkeith,
 But, when ashore, he seldom stroll'd
 Aucht far'er than the Links o' Leith !
 The Links o' Leith, the Links o' Leith,
 The bonnie, bonnie Links o' Leith !
 To him an' me, 'tween sea an' sea,
 Nae place was like the Links o' Leith !

But far his ship sail'd owre the faem,
 An' did me driedfu' waes bequeath,
 For it did wrack, an' ne'er cam' back
 To neither Port nor Links o' Leith !
 The Links o' Leith, the Links o' Leith,
 The dowie, dowie Links o' Leith !
 He'll ne'er come hame across the faem,
 Nor meet me on the Links o' Leith !

My heart was brack', I dwined awa—
 Despair an' madness crush'd beneath !
 I pray'd for death wi' ev'ry breath,
 An' lang forsook the Links o' Leith !
 The Links o' Leith, the Links o' Leith !
 Thae wide an' waesome Links o' Leith !
 My laddie fair I'll ne'er meet mair,
 Out owre thae waesome Links o' Leith !

Sae thaucht I in the wanton wae,
 That like a swurd did me ensheath,
 Until ae day, in blooming May,
 Cam' slipping owre the Links o' Leith,
 The Links o' Leith ! the Links o' Leith !
 Thae bonnie, bonnie Links o' Leith !
 My sailor lad cam' blythe an' glad,
 To meet me owre thae Links o' Leith ! !

Far, far abroad, my lad had changed
 His auld ship, for ane ca'd " Buck-teith,"
 The first did wrack, but this cam' back,
 Flags fleein', to the Links o' Leith !

The Links o' Leith ! the Links o' Leith !
Thae bonnie, braid-green Links o' Leith !
There, Jim, an' me shall live an' dee,
In wedlock, by the Links o' Leith !

" Fine ! dearest, fine ! Accept my thanks,
Your sweet voice suits the auld Scots rare !
Give me another ! then to shanks—
Go see how Kate and Uncle fare ! "

SONG : HAWTHORNDEN (MEANINGLY).

Though thou art famous, Hawthornden,
In simmer, dinkit fair,
Thou'rt little but a cauld-rife glen,
When woods an' banks are bare !

In a' thy changes, Hawthornden,
I close resemble thee :
'Tis simmer, or 'tis winter, when
Jim's here, or far at sea !

As Autumn's to thee, Hawthornden,
As pairtin' wi' the year ;
Sae comes my Autumn to me, when—
My sailor leaves me here !

'Tis darkest winter, Hawthornden,
When simnier's farthest fled !
Sae 'tis wi' me, when I'm alane—
Far, far frae my dear lad !

The greening spring, fair Hawthornden,
Foretokens simmer's near,
An' my bright face lets a' folk ken
That Jim shall sune speear !

The leafy simmer, Hawthornden,
Thee busks an' glorifies ;
And Jim, at hame, brings me again
Doun heaven frae the skies !

Gi'e thou thy simmer, Hawthornden,
 An' my Jim grant to me,
 'Then, fame an' bliss, withouten en',
 Our portion, sure, wad be !

" Ah, Jean ! thou art a subtle rogue !
 That song was written by thyself !
 I knew it ! but why rhyme incog,
 And trick like some poetic elf ? "

" Jamie, ye're wrang ! the rhyme's *not* mine,
 Tho' its slee sentiments may be !
 But, heest ye ! licht that pipe o' thine—
 Our lang stay our friends sair maun dree ! "

PART SEVENTEENTH.

When aff the lovers up the glen
 Had gane, and left the Lodge behind,
 They also left, but didna ken,
 Twa ither *wooers* o' their kind.

Now, frae the lang cracks he had haen
 Wi' Jamie, " Uncle Dick " weel knew
 Wha an' what Kate was, sae was fain
 To set his best side to her view.

Kate, likewise, had *his* hist'ry learn'd,
 And had *him* " at her finger ends " ;
 Sae, being thus o' ither warn'd,
 They sattled down like twa auld friends.

Quoth Ritchie, " Dear Miss Kath'rine, we"—
 " ' Miss,' say ye ? " Kate brak' quickly in,—
 " Man ! neither ' Miss ' nor ' Kath'rine ' me,
 I'm just ' Auld KATE ' to ilka ane * !

* Pronounced " yin."—*J. L.*

“Ye ochtna ‘Miss’ me either, for
I was *ance* a weddit woman !
And, tho’ he is—puir sowl !—no more !—
Auld Danny was a guid an’ true man !”

“Oh, pardon, pardon ! *Mistress Kate* !
I knew not you had married been !
When did your husband die ? please state,—
’Twill keep me right in what I mean !”

“Ma man was kill’d by railway train,
Before that we’d been fowre days tied !
Through saving lives he lost his ain,
In lenth’nin’ life ma Danny died !”

“My God !” cried Dick, “what was his name ?”
“Wilson—Dan Wilson, Port o’ Wick.—
Ah ! Maister King, this life’s a game
Gey like the bairns’ ane, ‘*Hide-an’-seek* !”

“Were you not recompensed for this ?”
“Yes—wi’ a sair-grudged five pun’ note !
I had nae freends my claims to press,
Sae they fell throo wi’ what I’d got.”

“What did you do, then, my dear friend ?”
“I cam’ to Embro’, syne, for guid,
Believing that wad serve my end—
Whilk was, *an honest livelihood*.

“But, jist as that time fell, nae place,
For either love or money, could
Be come by, sae I had to face
My weird—an’ I resolved I *would* !

" I teuk twa rooms in Cammel's Close,
 At only thripence each a-week ;
 I'd seen, an' spoken, too, wi' those
 Wha ev'ry nicht an' morn must seek

" Their bread amang the Toun's refaize !
 An' jist half live by deeing' hard !
 I gaed furth wi' them, days an' days,
 An' Providence did me reward !—

" *Jamie was born !* I took the wean—
His mither lay before me deid !
 I took the bairn, for I had nane,
 An' it wad help to sweet my breid !"

" Avast !! that is a thundering lie !"
 Roar'd Dick, upspringing to his feet,
 " You took that child ! !—the reason why
 You did so, *I know all complete !*

" The lad—my great Deliverer !—
 My Nephew, and sole Heir as well !
 Than whom, I swear, a cleverer,
 Or braver Scot no man can tell !

" This Hero !—this one Man of men !—
 Has told me all your story through !—
 Yea, told, and told it o'er again,
 So, *I've just this to say to you !*

" You are a woman, not yet old—
 Just elderly !—and I'm a man,
 Who, tho' I say it, one more bold,
 Or *smarter*, at my years, ne'er ran !

“ So, *Katherine!*—or ‘ Mistress Kate,’
Or whatsoever name you please—
Feel you that you could risk your fate
With old DICK KING, and take your ease? ”

“ If so, say so, at once !—I know,
And, knowing, I *do* love you for it !—
The glorious fight you’ve fought below,
In this world, which, tho’ dolts ignore it,—

“ Is still the truest gauge and test
Of every mortal man and woman !
Then, come ! speak out ! you know what’s best—
But I love you, *and I am human!* ”

“ Losh ! losh ! ” sech’d Kate, “ what’s a’ this noo ?
Seek me—‘ AULD KATE ’—to be your wife ! !
What wad Miss Fox, my mistress, do ?—
An’ a’ they gangrel tramps sae rife !

“ Forbye ! this Lodge is no’ a place
Whare sich a man as you could stop ! ”
“ The ‘ *Lodge!* ’ ” hiss’d Dick into her face,
“ The *Lodge!* a penny barber’s shop !

“ Look here, my love ! If you’ll have me,
Of some great Palace you’ll be Head !
Have what you wish—from land or sea—
Rise when you like, or lie a-bed !

“ Cash, carriages, and servants have !
Have dresses—all kinds !—by the score !—
Have jewellery, rare, and brave—
Have what you may, and still have more !

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“ I’m good for all that you could crave,
 And, after satiating you,
 My hoards a fortune still would have—
 Ev’n one to glut a miser Jew ! ”

“ The Lord preserve us a’ !—that’s fine !
 But what wad Jean an’ Jamie do ?
 They’re to be mairrit, too !—that line
 Is surely much in fashion noo ! ”

“ Why ! they would have their *own* Palace,
 But, if you wish’d it, near to ours ;
You’ve proved yourself a woman Wallace !—
And you’ll be more yet, by the Powers ! ”

“ Lord have a care o’ me ! Man ! Man !—
 I watna hoo I’ll answer thee ?
 It’s a grand bid ! an’ wi’ yer plan—
 I canna say I *disagree* ! ! ”

“ But gie me till the morn’s nicht—
 A guid sleep owre’t will do nae ill !—
 Come ye back than, an’ I, *outricht*,
 Sall gie my answer—sae I will ! ”

“ The morn, auld Captain Anderson,
 Young Jeanie’s faither, will be here ;
 Sae if the ‘ ROVER ’ daunders doun
 This length, we’s weel be met, my dear ! ”

“ Agreed ! agreed ! Canst sing a song ?
 No ! then, Sweet ! let me sing to you !
 I’ll sing you this—what I’ve sung long—
‘ In Rome do as the Romans do ! ’ ”

THE STORY OF JAMIE KING.

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SONG : IN ROME DO AS THE ROMANS DO.

Old Dick Sings :—

Good friends ! behold a Wanderer here,
The world all over may not peer !
A stripling of some sixty year,—
A dauntless ROVER—far and near !—
Whose motto is this maxim true—
In Rome do as the Romans do !

This adage, both in peace and strife,
Hath been the *Rover's* law of life—
Down to the time he'd have for wife
A carline from benorth of Fife,
And she the proverb he'd teach, too !—
To do in Rome as Romans do !

When he began his rare career,
O'er all this mighty globe to steer ;
In countless realms did he appear—
Yet never from his rule did veer
One jot, for Gentile, Greek, or Jew,
But did in Rome as Romans do !

This was a simple matter when
One did consort with civilised men,
Or ladies of the Upper Ten,
Whose feasts and wines—so prized !—were then
Got without price—if, straight right through,
One did in Rome as Romans do !

But it was quite another thing—
To conform to it on the wing
Mongst Asiatic hordes, who bring,
Before their horrid gods to fling,
Their human sacrifices—bo-o-oo !
And do in Rome as Romans do !

In savage lands, where still, pell-mell,
They eat their foes—and friends as well,

And where broil'd Nigger's hard to tell
 From roasted Missionary swell,
 There it was painful, *I grant you,*
 To do in Rome as Romans do !

But that's all over. Here at home,
 Where to, for good, the *Rover's* come,
 Because he now no more can roam,
 But must take wife, and read his tome
 In soft learn'd ease, and start anew
 To do in Rome as Romans do !

If he and his spouse disagree—
 And it's nigh certain rows will be !—
 His neighbours' practice, then, shall he
 Adopt, and straight go on the spree,
 Kiss all her maids, and call her "shrew,"
 And do at home what home-folks do !

Fu' loud laugh'd Kate when Dick had dune,
 Threepin' she'd be wi' him upside !—
 "Wait till the morn's nicht, ye loon,
 An' I'se sing ane shall prick yer pride !"

PART EIGHTEENTH.

It was a June e'en, hush'd an' lown,
 When *Jamie* an' *Auld Dick* set furth,
 To ca' on, by appointment boun',
 Their joes—to them of "priceless worth !"

Their way led far up sweet Eskside,
 Which, aye the far'er up they gaed,
 Did seem the choice o' Heaven's ain bride,
 Array'd by Nature—her deft maid !

An' she, sae gay, sae green, sae fair,
Had buskit up the matchless dell,
The woods around enraptured were—
As mony a bird o' theirs did tell !

The lingering sun keek'd owre the braes,—
At ev'ry keek mair blushit he !
He couldna else but gang his ways,
But ere he gaed his gifts flang free :—

He cuist owre Esk a sheen o' gowd,
That made her shining river gleam
As 'twere the Strecht-way an' High-road
To the Elysian Halls supreme !

Quoth Jamie, warmly, to his freend,
“ What think you of our Eskside now ?
Surely it hath your old heart wean'd
From Tropic leanings, anyhow ? ”

“ Well, Captain ! well, the Esk *is* good—
If *Roslin* be embraced therein !
Near *that*, or *Hawthornden*, I could
Meet ev'n *old age* with but a *grin* ! ”

“ 'Tis Heaven's own music to my ear
To hear you say so !—Here's the Lodge !
My father-in-law-to-be is here,—
He thought your tale of '*wealth*' was fudge ! ”

“ I see fair Katie peeping forth
Her flower-wreath'd lattice !—O my soul ! !
Divine Effulgence of the North !—
My adoration spurns control !

" Make known thine '*answer*,' peerless Queen !
 To thy sad slave now at thy feet !
 Pronounce his doom ! say, dost thou mean
 Him death ? or life ? sour milk ? or sweet ?

" Lo ! forth she sails !! Captain ! shy off !
Clear way room give my gallant craft !
 Good evening, *Katharine* !—I don't scoff—
'Tis but the style of ' Dick the daft ! ' "

" Ritchie ! I carena what's yer '*style*,'
 Sae lang 's the *hairt* is true an' stoot !—
 As I trow yours is, a' the while
 Ye'd gar ane think ye were a *brute* !

" But that's no what I want to say,
 But this—I've haen a crack wi' Jean !
 And Jeanie thinks—an' I do, too,—
Yer offer sid be kindly ta'en !

" *An' sae it will*—if, standin' there,
 You'll freely, and at once, consent—
Never to leave this Eskside mair,
And let our days near here be spent ? "

(" Lord ! I do thank thee ! What am I,
 That I should have such favour shown ? ")—
" My own true love ! to thee I fly !—
Because thou now art all mine own !

" And in regard to staying here,
 Why, that squares slap with my desire !
 Above Lasswade, we'll only steer,
 Eskside is finer *there*, than higher ?

"The Captain—*that most able man!*—
The Captain knows of two estates,
Immediate entry, so, our plan,
Only on thy approval waits.

"He's been and view'd them both already,
And now reports, 'they're just the thing!'
So, name the *day*—*The Day!*—Fair Lady!
And rise there, MRS RICHARD KING!"

"What do they ca' thae twa estates?"
"King's Hall, and Ballarat, my soul!"
"King's-ha', an' Bawl-er-at?—thae gates
I downa mind I e'er did stroll?"

"Are they near a Railway Station?—
Handy for Embro, out or in?"
"A hundred yards north our plantation,
Trains to all parts at all hours spin!"

"Hoo far will Jeanie's be frae ours?"
"Why, they adjoin! a private path
Connects the two, and all their towers
At once are seen—*all parts the Strath!*"

"Haith! Ritchie! I maun say, my man!
Ye've managed extraord'nar weel!
'Name the day,' say ye?—that I can!—
The same as Jamie's!—there, ye deil!"

"Crown my beloved for a schemer!—
'Tis pity there's no Royal prize!
For Queen she'd be o'er ev'ry dreamer,
And, *supreme*, fill the nation's eyes!"

“ Ye are, atweel, a bletherskate !
 But, wheesht a-wee, an’ let us in !—
 My visitors upon us wait—
 An’ *Captain Anderson* is yin !

“ Ma freen’s, we’ve kept ye waitin’ lang,
 But we a hantle had to say !
 We baith are o’ a gabbie gang,
 Tho’ he out-streik’s me—far awae !

“ But, freen’s, to cut the story short,
We’ve made it up, Ritchie an’ Me !
 An’ we our mairriage day, for ‘ sport ! ’
 Are mindit it the same sall be,

“ As that o’ our twa younger folks’ !
 Sae, Captain Anderson ! yer house
 A dooble waddin’ sune may coax,
 An’ screen a *dooble-deep* ‘ *carouse* ! ’ ”

“ Well, Katie, my old worthy friend,
 Your little speech with joy I’ve heard ;
 May happinees, without an end,
 Be now your portion and reward !

“ And, Mr King, of *golden* fame,
 May you a *golden* future know !
 We shall be *friends* ! a dearer name
 Than friendship, Earth can not bestow ! ”

“ Thanks ! thanks ! stout Captain Anderson !
 But, Jeanie ! warble us a song !
 Prose like a ditch meanders on
 When hearts with joy beat high and strong ! ”

“ Eh ! Mr King ! I couldna sing !—
 But try on Auntie-that's-to-be—
 The future Mrs Richard King !—
 I think she 's ane she wants to gi'e ! ”

“ What ! The Betrothed ? my practical,
 My indefatigable bride ?
 Hast thou a song—inland or nautical ?—
 If so, skirl't out—*worthy Eskside !* ”

“ Ye Born Hav'ral ! Hae ye nae mind
 O' the ruch rant ye rair'd yestreen !
 Noo, for that rant, am I inclined
 To mak' us out twa fules—or nane ! ”

KATE'S SONG : THE LANG LAND-LOUPER.

O wha, think ye, am I promish'd for a man,
 But a lang, lang, lank land-louper !
 Wha's to row me in gowd—gin I'll gie him my han'—
 In a house like a Pailace proper !
 He's crouser than a craw when he's courtin' me
 This auld gowd-howkin' douper ;
 But, or a month gang,—tak' tent o' me !—
 He'll craw *lowner*, this land-louper !

But come ye, my freen's, come ye a' an' see
 Our grand ceremonial waddin' !
 In a great Links' house it oot-carry't sall be,
 When our young folk's mairrage is haudin' !
 The best o' the Toun will a' be there,
 Frae the Provost down to the Pauper,
 For the fame is noo spread maist everywhere
 O' my crackit *auld land-louper !*

Abune Lasswade our Pailace Hame's to be,
 Neist door to our young folk's dwellin' ;

Sae bonnie Eskside we'se never mair lea',
 Tho' the Louper loup throo the ceilin' !
 There, wi' my freen's, an' Jean an' Jamie near,
 I sall thrive like a coo-couper,
 Joukin' by the time, year after year,
 Wi' the cranky *auld land-louper* !

For he's nae that ill a carlie ava,
 He 's a kindly, feeling-heartie !
 An' I micht hae dune waur my freen's say a',
 Than ride wi' him in his cartie !
 Sae I wis' at our waddin' richt canty he'll be,
 An's blythe as an auld Ally Slouper !
 And I'se gie my hand, richt hooly an' free,
 To the jakesome auld land-louper !

" My love ! thou'st given me tit for tat,
 And something more ! but ' Uncle Dick,'
 Thy ' Ritchie,' lovey ! is no flat,
 Or thin-skinn'd mule *thy* goad to kick !

" Now, Anderson ! we all have heard
 Each other sing, I think, save thou ?
 So ! jump on end ; we're all prepared
 To have thy ' *Yerry Correy* ' now—

" For on the wedding night, I fear,
 We may not find so good a chance ;
 So, rise at once ! A lay let's hear
 That will e'en thy great name advance ! "

" Ah ! Mr King, you *are* a brick !
 Man ! bless you, I've not sung for years !
 —Still, I'm most willing, ' Uncle Dick,'
 To do my *best*, and clear arrears ! "

SONG : AN "ANCIENT MARINER."

Full fifty years I've plough'd the Deep,
And many a hardship tholed ;
For dear shipmates I mourn and weep,
Who now lie dead and cold,
In the slime and the ooze of the deep, deep sea !
—The timid and the bold,
—The young "hands" and the old,
In the unknown bed of the deep, deep sea !

For fifty years, o'er all the world,
With Danger I have been !
On rock-bound lee shores I've been hurl'd,
And death and shipwreck seen,
In the strife and the wrath of the deep, deep sea !
When storms would rage so keen,
That our ship would careen,
Like a wee boy's toy on the deep, deep sea !

But, maugre seas and tempests dread,
Fogs, darkness, shoals, and squalls,
I'm here, and neither drown'd nor dead,
I'm here—where duty calls,
An exile now for life from the deep, deep sea !
One on whose gray head falls
The merest falderals,
Harder than dangers did on the deep, deep sea !

Mayhap the Veteran of the Deep,
The decay'd Salt ashore,
Ere in death's docks he knocks asleep,
May yet taste, more and more,
Joys sweeter e'en than those of the deep, deep sea !—
With e'en *Kings* hold the splore,
And spin yarns by the score,
Of his heroic life on the deep, deep sea !

"My noble friend !—thy health and song !"
Shoutit the Rover, glass in hand,

“ I trust that thou’lt now glide along
Thy full sea term on good dry land !

“ But for the evening being so late,
I would have call’d on Captain King,
My nephew—eke my nuptial mare !—
One of his ‘ blue sea ’ psalms to sing !

“ But at the Links we’ll meet again,
To act the double marriage rite !
So, Katharino ! so, Miss Jane !
Thy cheek, my dears ! Good night ! Good night ! ”

PART NINETEENTH.

Half way atween the Castles twa
Of grand King’s Ha’ an’ Ballarat,
A Muckle Building, new an’ braw,
Now far owre looks the meadows flat.

The “ New Museum ” it is ca’d,
And in it there are stow’d for aye
The tons o’ presents—guid an’ bad—
Sent our folk on their weddin’ day.

To “ Richard King, Esquire,” were sent,
Frae foreign parts, some nick-nack things :—
Frae Hindostan, an elephant ;
Frae Siam, kists o’ tea an’ rings.

Turkey in Asia sent wild beasts ;
Arabia, a fine camel sent ;
Persia, fruits an’ wines for feasts ;
Afghanstan, goats for merriment.

Frae a great Khan o' Tartary—
The Rover's dear an' trusty freend—
Chief o' a tribe ca'd "Buckhara,"
There cam' what weel micht scared a fiend—

Gullies, an' pistols, an' lang guns,
Brass-mounted, gilt, an' leather strap'd—
Clear-pruin' that the tribe were duns,*
Wham Sawtan for his hairst had crap'd.

Frae the Mikado o' Japan,
There cam' a truck o' rice an' plates ;
Frae Egypt's Khedive—honest man !—
A score o' Mummies, pack'd in crates.

Frae Nubia, a pair pair o' slaves
Cam', chain'd thegither, like twa dogs ;
They'll ne'er gae back out owre the waves—
Kate's made them baith the merriest rogues.

Frae the Desert o' Sahara—
In short, frae mony a far-aff State,
Ev'n frae Morocco, in Barbary,
Richt wast to Connaucht a' the gate,
Boat-loads o' things were sent to Dick—
Frae fossil Mammoths to live cats ;
Frae eicht-day clocks to preens, to pick
His stumps o' teeth when clagg'd wi' fats.

To Kate, likewise, a less amount,
O' maistly a' thing ane could mention,
Was mindfu' sent—the which to count—
But Guid forbid sic mad intention !—

* "Duns"—people of brown colour,—as Negroes are designated
"blacks."

Trinkets, tinnies, tidies, teapats,
 Carpets, covers, cradels, cozies ;
 Knives an' forks, an' spunes, an' wee pats,
 To haud cream, hair-preens, or roses.

Duds o' a' sorts—brats, an' dresses,
 Stockin's, sarks, steel-stays, an' slippers ;
 Miscellaneous—kists, an' presses,
 Books, an' brooches—dounricht whippers !

Nor were our younger couple miss'd,
 Indeed, sae splendid ~~w~~as their share,
 That it took days an' days to kist,
 Tho' a' wrocht at it hard an' sair.

Siller things— ev'n stools an' dasks ;
 Peeanies, albums, clocks, an' airns ;
 Teas in caddies, drinks in fou casks ;
 Rungs for the auld, tawse for the bairns.

To Jamie, as ex-Captain, came,
 Frae rich ship-owners, and auld friends,
 Gifts o' a price I canna name,
 Because it far my power transcends.

Frae " Uncle Dick " to Jeanie, came
 A diamond necklace and a dress—
 Gear that an Empress weel nicht claim,
 Nor look ae jot an Empress less.

After the wedding, Uncle Dick
 Sheuk hands wi' Jamie, leaving him
 A slip o' paper—a bank cheque,
 Which did ev'n *his* face paler trim.

For it was to Dick's bank in toun,
To pay the bearer, on demand,
Some twenty thoosan' sterling doun—
Sign'd in his name, by his own hand !

Eh ! lovy ! twenty thousand pounds !—
A vera *King*-like gift atweel !
Nae wonder Jamie fand the 'stounds
O gratitude pierce him like steel !

Nae doubt Dick was a "millionaire"
And Jamie's uncle, too—an' he
(Jamie) was his "selected heir,"
An' late "deliverer" from the sea.

At that same time, Auld Anderson,
The gallant tar of seeventy years,
Gave Jean, frae whom he'd sunder sune,
A bill, "in lieu of the arrears

"That he deem'd due her for the love
An' ceaseless service render'd him,
Altho' a 'bill' could never prove
The thanks that fill'd him to the brim."

This screed, as sune's it Jeanie saw,
She handed back, in shame an' tears,
Crying—"Faither, faither ! nocht ava
Is needed to 'square up arrears !'

"Indeed, Papa, these great 'arrears'
Are mine, not yours, for few, I ween,
Have in their young and tender years
Had such protector as you've been !

" Oh, dear Papa ! my own Daddy !
For ever banish ' bills ' from me !
The love of you, and my dear laddie,
Is millions mair than ' bills ' can gie ! "

The dual marriage in St Giles
Was sune impressively dune by
The Reverend Doctors Blash an' Biles,
" Assisted " by a lesser fry.

Captain Combe was Jamie's " best man,"
A " King " frae Africa was Dick's ;
Jeanie's " maid " was a " Miss Weston,"
Auld Kate's, Miss Fox—wha, a' to sticks

Out-shone the rest in dress an' looks !
Sae grand was she—sae *vera* grand,
She seemed to hing frae heaven on hooks—
And scarce on tip-taes here to stand !

The haill high warld o' Edinburgh
Rush'd to the auld historic kirk,
To view this waddin', in sic hurry,
Mony were lost 'tween morn an' mirk.

Kate was a wonder to behold !—
Sae radiant was this Worthy there,
That, tho' she had been cast in gold,
She couldna glow'd or glitter'd mair.

Her dress (a present, too, frae Dick,—
A' owre wi' whirliegigums wrocht)
Was o' a rose brocaded silk—
The vera best that could be bocht.

Jeanie was a' in white. She stude,
Beside the manly Jamie King,
Hardly as if of flesh an' bluid—
A lily pluck'd in Heaven's ain spring—

Sae sweet, sae fair, sae pure was she !
Her snawy bosom rose an' fell,
The shrine of that divinity,
Which in her inmaist saul did dwell !

Her saft broun locks, an' shining brow,
Her mild blue e'e, an' pink-limn'd cheek,
Her dimpled chin, an' cherry mou',
Her pearly ears, an' swan-like neck

Were a' angelic, and did shaw
The loveliest lassie o' the land—
If no' the loveliest Man e'er saw,
Sin' Nature proved her "master" hand !

After the ceremony, a'—
Save an invited few—dispersed,
To spread, baith near an' far awa,
The news o' what they'd seen rehearsed.

Twa millers' sackfu's o' bawbees
Were braucht an' thrown the laddie rout,
Their deavin' clamour to appease,
An' hush their cry—"Pour out ! Pour out !"

The famed *dejeuner* scarce was dune,
When lo ! the newly wedded pairs,
Appear'd, apparell'd to the shoon—
As if to slink aff unawares !

But three slee maidens foil'd their scheme,
 For, ere they'd reach'd their cairriages,
 A storm o' auld shoon closed the dream
 O' thae romantic mairriages !

POSTSCRIPT TO "JAMIE KING."

After the honeymoons had sped,
 An' a' were back at fair Eskside,
 A "welcome-hame" the couples had
 As ne'er was seen in Scotland wide.

The haill folk o' the country round,
 Doun frae the Moorfoots to the sea,
 An' frae its east to west'rn bound,
 Did strive wha wad maist lavish be.

Their broughams were frae the railway station
 Drawn hame by workmen a' the way,
 And crouds immense the great ovation
 Did mak' memorable for aye.

Upo' the green lawn o' King's Ha',
 Within a great marquee, was gi'en
 A Ploy, at which baith puir an' braw
 Were feasted as few folk hae been.

Barrels o' drink their fell drouth laid,
 Half tons o' food fill'd auld an' young ;
 Speeches an' toasts were given an' made,
 Peans an' sangs were said an' sung.

With these we needna bother noo,
 "They served their day an' generation ;"

They were ramed owre, applauded, too,
Syne in Oblivion fand salvation.

There were exceptions, though, ev'n here—
Which we can not, dare not destroy—
Characteristic—quaint, and queer—
Of those wha sang them at the Ploy.

Our ain folk mainly were thae singers—
“Jeanie,” an’ “Jamie,” “Kate,” an’ “Dick”;
Their music still in memory lingers—
Sic sangs as theirs dow nocht but “stick.”

JEANIE'S SONG : BONNIE ESKSIDE.

Oh, hame, hame, hame again
Are “bridegroom” an’ “bride !”
A' hame, hame, hame again
On bonnie Eskside !

Awa wi' a' this world's show,
Ev'n yon monarch's pomp an' pride !
Did ever earthly monarch know
Such joys as ours on Eskside !
Sae hame, hame, &c.

Our quiet hame's near Hawthornden,
A valley lo'ed owre Scotland wide,
And it lies in the sweetest glen
O' a' the glens on Eskside !
Sae, hame, hame, &c.

Here may my sailor jo an' me
In mutual love, an' trust, abide,
Doun to the latest hour we li'e,
And be-na wearie o' Eskside !
Sae, hame, hame, &c.

To mak' a' happy round about,
And a' to help, whate'er betide,
Shall ever, ganging in an' out,
Be our first aim on Eskside !

Sae hame, hame, hame again
 Come "bridegroom" an' "bride!"
 A' hame, hame, safe again—
 To bonnie Eskside! •

JAMIE'S SONG: "SUCH IS LIFE."

I was an "Arab" in the streets
 Of the famed city of my birth,
 For years and years I paced my beats
 Without one single friend on earth!—
 Ev'n she, who'd been my foster dame,
 Had but the Poorhouse for a "hame!"

My "line" was, midst the crowds of old,
 To hawk newspapers and pipe-lights;
 At other times, at corners cold,
 To "polish" boots whole days and nights;
 My "bed" was in a Cowgate attic—
 A lair most fit for beasts aquatic!

Because I would not steal, nor cheat,
 I lived on garbage like a dog,
 And for this reason, too, most fleet
 All comrades left me, crying—"Rogue!"
 So, cold and hungry, on and on,
 I plodded, weary—all alone!

One day in spring, a "gentleman"
 Bought a newspaper, and says he—
 "Thou'rt of a wretched, raggit clan—
 Throw them a' up, and go to sea!"
 These simple words—said in a hurry,
 Made me, at length, leave Edinburgh!

I got aboard a "London steamer"—
 As "bound apprentice" for five years—
 And, though by nature a mere dreamer,
 I *did* "go at it," it appears,
 For, long ere my five years out-ran,
 I was the First Mate's chief yards' man.

Then, up, and up, I struggled on,
 Grade after grade, stage after stage;
 For till the utmost peak I'd won,
 I might not with my love engage!
 Thus years and years I stemm'd the tide—
 All for to win my bonny bride!

And now that bonnie bride is won,
 And we're together lash'd for life,
 May the dead past *be* past, and done
 Be all its miseries and strife!
 And may a future on us rise,
 Worthy this earthly Paradise!

Such is our life,—each varying phase,
 And each one's whole experience, are
 The manifested will and ways,
 By which the Heavens, from afar,
 Draw us unto them, where, for aye,
 We shall rise higher, day by day!

KATE'S SONG: "A SAIR CHANGED CR'ATUR'."

I canna airt to chint a sang
 But aye the Guidman's lauchin'!
 He'se hae me, his ain wife, or lang,
 The butt o' toun an' clachan!
 The gomerall! but for his gear,
 They'd gie him the Assawlem!
 Hear his "Ha! Ha's!"—did wife e'er hear,
 A waefu'er gray-baird blellum?

He's ramp'd owre yearth, baith nicht an' day,
 Sin' e'er he fand the Nowgit!
 Aye loupin' like a startit flae,
 Ane fain wad hae a rowg at!
 An' noo that he has gotten me,
 I'm jeer'd an' jibed for ever—
 Makin' me out a gowk to be,
 An' him sae smert an' clever!

But, by my troth, he little kens
What's in a slichtit wife !
She'll—will ye, nil ye—hae amen's—
If it cost her her life !
But when I scald him he just lauchs,
An' out the house does scamper !
Like soughs o' feckless wands o' sauchs,
He rates my tiffs o' temper !

Eh ! have-a-care o' me !—I am,
What I am aye forgettin',
A sair changed cr'atur', sin' I cam'
To this grit braw dounsittin' !
Flunkies an' coachmen I hae noo,
An' carriages to ride in !
Naething to fear ! naething to do !—
But this grand warld to bide in !

Was ever mortal wife afore
Heezed up as hie as I am ?
An' a' because, in days o' yore,
I was wee Jamie's dry-dam !
Noo, werena I a thochtful wife,
I'd tine my heid for certain ;
But, trowing weel this fickle life,
I'm no' wi' my pow pairtin'.

Ritchie's a wasp, ance ken his ways,
That ev'n a drone might hive wi' !
He mindsna hoo I spend my days—
Gin a' I do I thrive wi' !
The hairt o' tenderness itsel'
I wat, beats in his breastie—
Altho', to hear him rant an' rail,
Ye'd trow ye heard a beastie !

Sae am I weel content to be
The sharer o' his burden ;
If we hae tugs o' weir—yet we
Pit mony a lovin' word in !

THE STORY OF JAMIE KING.

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An' weel I see the chance gi'en me
To help my fellow cr'atur' !
And Kate's no Kate ava if she
In this belies her natur' !

DICK'S SONG : "MY POOR WIFIE !"

Go aloof, keep aloof,
Stay aloof from me wifie !
What care I how loud you cry—
I'll go upon the spree wifie !
I would not change my little "nip"
For all your "teas" in tubs, wifie !
So you may sip your slops and skip,
And I'll go try the pubs, wifie !

From door to door, for evermore,
Go on, "relieving all," wifie !
I'll stay at home and read my tome,
When I can't *sit*—I'll *fall*, wifie !
You are, 'tis true, a little shrew—
In form if not in fact, wifie !
So I care not how soon you trot—
If you'll come home intact, wifie !

To-day, my dear, our friends are here,
By thousands, as you see, wifie !—
From all parts come, a "welcome home,"
To give both you and me, wifie !
So, now, peace, peace ! all brawling cease !
Smile, and look gay and nice, wifie !
In our own room, you may let boom,
And blast me in a trice, wifie !

Go, Captain King, my great chief, bring !—
Go, call him hither quick, wifie !
A cleverer *Deliverer*
Knows not his Uncle Dick, wifie !

The only lass that e'er could pass
As wife of Captain King, wife,
Whate'er one thinks, yet at Leith Links
She had her scource and spring, wife !

Them both call here ! for both are dear
To this lone heart of mine, wife !—
Captain ! stand forth, thou man of worth !
And Jean, thine own divine wife !
Friends ! I am old ! So be it told,
Before the thousands here, wife !
Jeanie ! to thee I now decree
The care of Kate, my queer wife !

Keep her in thrall, and in a stall
Tie up this long-tongued shrill wife !
With tubs of tea, it pleases me,
Thou'lt daily dreuch this ill wife !—
But no strong thing, no *Yankee sling*,
Give unto her as "beer," Jeanie !
But keep her "dry," e'en though she die,
For "dry" she kept me here, Jeanie !

When I'm, anon, stark dead and gone,
And she's another man's wife !
Be not her state the fearful fate
'Twas hers when she was Dan's wife !
Still, her third mate, at any rate,
Shall ne'er touch plack of mine, Jeanie !
When my will's made, I'll leave the jade
Not ev'n one copper coin, Jeanie !

So, well may thou be kind, I trow,
If thou'dst remain my dear wife !
Else, when I die, a short supply
Thou'lt have of world's gear, wife !
At thy old trade, thou temp'rance jade,
Thou'dst soon be seen again, wife !—
Worms updigging, cinders priggig,
In both the cold and rain, wife !

But ! do not cry ! Oh ! fie, fie, fie !
None but *myself's* to blame, wife !
I was in mood for being rude,
And playing a " sham game " wife !
Laugh, and say " Yes ! " then all distress
Eject from thy mind, poor wife !
For, more and more, I'll thee adore,
And roll in riches, sure, Wife !

BALLAD : THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.*

THE Scottish heart wi' rapture stirs,
Haill multitudes rejoice
To greet again their Highlanders—
Thae world-famous bovs—
Wha owre a' earth hae mounted high,
And borne the name of SCOT
To Honour's utmost dread Dargai,
Withouten blame or blot !

Rank up thae Scottish Highlanders—
Rank them wi' Glory's sons !
The best o' Britain's islanders,
Auld Romans, Greeks, or Huns !
They faced the very hordes of Death
Through hail-like blasts of fire !
They clamb in hardihood and faith
Through hells to their desire !

Cheer loud thae noble Highlanders !
Cheer them baith morn and e'en ! †
Southlan' and Norlan' bystanders,
Be now baith heard and seen !—

* Written after their memorable entry into Edinburgh on the evening of the 9th of December 1808.—*J.L.*

† As was so enthusiastically done in the early part of the day at Liverpool, and then all along their route, even to the very gates of Edinburgh Castle, well on in the evening. Their return to the Scottish capital was a marvellous one, indeed, historically so.—*J.L.*

Shout till thy vera sweats down run
Like torrents owre thy bairds !
And drink a rouse when thou hast done,
Thou stey-at-hame, fat cairds !

Ten thousand, and ten thousand mair,
Wave bonnets high, and shout !—
The Prince o' a' the Powers of Air
Gives a wide berth their route !
For miles o' thoroughfares and streets,
Are jamm'd wi' kindly Scots,
Women an' men, an' gyte-gane getts,
Tearing wi' cheers their throats !

Auld Cloots, nae doubt, lo'es Auld Reekie !—
There mony a loon hath he
Weel prenticed for his Kingdom smeekie,
Nae maitter whan they'll dee !—
But fiend a ane o' a' his saunts
Is seen or heard 'enoo !—
For only folk wham nae deil wants
Could cheer sae dounricht true !

They mind o' Seringapatam !
Corunna ! Quatre Bras !—
What time on to their faes they cam'—
'To mak' them flee, or fa'—
Clinging to stirrups o' the Greys,
That they micht faster rin,
Either to fa', or frae their faes
Unfading honours win !

Vittoria ! and red Waterloo !
Grim Delhi and Lucknow !
Kandahar ! Tel-el-Kebir, too !
Are memories dear, I trow !

See thus they shout, thae wondrous crowds,—
 Wave pouch-clouts, sticks, and hats,
 Sending their cheers beyond the clouds,
 And on to Heaven's ain yetts !

Send on, send on, send up on high,
 Send cheer, and toast, and song !
 Thae are the lads wha speel'd Dargai !—
 Sons of yon heroes strong
 Wha at Rosslyn, and Stirling Brig,
 And Bannockburn of yore,
 Strak Freedom's faes a strake sae big,
 They'll ne'er forget it more !

SONG : RARE AULD WILLIE.*

[WRITTEN EIGHT MONTHS AFTER HIS DEATH.]

O F a' the leaders we hae noo—
Baith kinds—the sicker and the silly,
But mak' folk claw their pows, I trew,
And gar them greet the mair for Willie !—
O Rare Auld Willie ! Rare Auld Willie !
Owre a' braid earth there's no' thy billie !
Baith hill an' plain we scour in vain
To find thy marrow, Rare Auld Willie !

As sune's thou dee'd an' left us a',
My heart was pierced as wi' a gully !
I saw our totterin' auld house fa,
An' flee in fragments, wanting Willie !
O Rare Auld Willie, &c.

Thou wast its foond an' corner stane,
And steevly thou thy posts did fill aye !—
NOO !! Than thy leavings, we hae nane—
Nae platform worth a boddle, Willie !
O Rare Auld Willie, &c.

What if thy cairns whiles swee'd a-gley,
And taps an' toories saucht the valley ?
Thou startit fresh !—and, in a wee,
Built us far surer housen, Willie !
O Rare Auld Willie, &c.

* The late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, ex-Premier of Great Britain and Ireland.

Noo, noo, alas ! thy building's dune,
Thou'rt i' th' house whare thou maun dwell aye !
“ Budgets,” an’ “ Bills,” ayont the Mune,
Thou may-na slave at noo, Auld Willie !
 O Rare Auld Willie ! Rare Auld Willie !
 Thou hasna left this warld thy fello’ !
 For micht an’ mind, for wecht an wind,—
 Our best are tailors to thee, Willie !

DORA.*

[WRITTEN BY HER LOVING "GRAN'-PA," JAMES LUMSDEN,
EDINBURGH.]

FAR, far awae
As folk can gae
Frae ane anither in this warld,—
Oot owre the brine,
Athort the Line,
Far back in dim Australia swirl'd,
Her wee wings noo,
My "DORA DOO!"
Hath gotten closely coor'd an' curl'd!

But my late "Pet"
I'se ne'er forget,
Tho' she were fifty times as far!
Her winsome ways,
Her comic plays,
Her freaks an' fancies singular,
"Ga-Ga" † shall mind
Till, stark an' blind,
Grim death has "Ga-Ga" under bar!

When she was here
This side the "Mere"
The wee thing was his goddess—"Flora!"—

* Daughter of Mr and Mrs George Fleming, now of Bundaberg City, Queensland, whither they emigrated with DORA, then in her third year, in the spring of 1898. In the eyes of all her friends and acquaintances DORA was as a child both "extraordinary" and "beautiful."—*J. L.*

† The child's first name for the writer.—*J. L.*

Mair leesome ev'n
Under heaven
Than *Perthshire's loveliest* "ELEANORA !"
For, day and nicht,
Do what she micht,
She was his "DAWTIE," "DARLING," "DORA!"

Up in the daw'
Before maist a',
Skelpin' about in her nicht gown,
Richt sune was she
Strecht ben to me,
Blythe at my auld back to creep down !
There, fou o' fun,
Her ploys begun,
An' wadna end till hours had flown !

Lord ! bless that bairn
With weal unsparin' !—
The dearest, funniest imp on earth !
Unending glee—
Whaure'er she be—
Mete to her as her right of birth !
For, tho' she's young,
May I be hung,
If e'er I met her match for mirth !

SONG : "THE CZAR'S RESCRIPT."

A *Rescript* for *peace* has gane frae the CZAR
To a' his great neebors he kens,
Imploring them noo to think about WAR,
And the horrible sooms that it spen's !
— E'en for't makin' ready,
Whaten peoples are bled aye,
Till they drap down an' dee i' their dens !

The Maister o' a' the Russias alive
Seems a broth o' a boy a' throo,
In this unco endeavour I hope he may thrive,
And bring the *millenium* in view !
Lord kens it's sair needit !!
And nane should mair speed it
Than his ain shackled subjects, I t'rew !

Unto a *confab* he asks a' the *Powers*,
To crack owre the subject at lairge—
—If for their *airmaments*—baith his and ours—
They canna some lessen the chairge ;
For it's groun noo to be
As a *merciless sea*,
That wi' *debt* a' *countries* doth *splairge* !

This famous "*confab*," hoos'er they may gab,
Canna alter the *nature* of Man,
But it may show a way, whilk, some ither Day,
May lead him into a *fine plan*—
Hoo swurds into shares
Oor *Smith*, wi' great cares,
Micht fashion, an' *peace* follow than !

A dream o' the gods comes into oor brain
 —Burns ! Byron ! Shelly ! and Keats !—
 And that *Dream o' the Gods*, never in vain !—
 Appeals to each heart that it heats !—
Peace, peace, ev'rywhaur peace,
 Whatever is lacking—be peace !
 Lord ! give us *that*, that a'thing beats !

Still, nathless, keep ye your pouter aye dry,
 Ye needna yet ape Angels' ways ;
 Let your ships flout the seas, and, haps, by and bye,
 Ye may float into far-lowner bays ;
 But that day hasna come,
 And, until it gets hum,*
 Ye should look to yer stoops an yer stays !

* A cant word in Scotland, meaning *home*.

SONG : THE DUAL FLAG.

LET the Stars and Stripes to the Red, White an' Blue
But draw close thegither, confiding and true,
And the Banner Combined shall wave o'er mankind,
Till a' wrang an' oppression lie buried behind !

The Flag o' the West wi' the auld Union Jack
Of the flags o' the warld wad be worth the haill pack !
For the Crescent, the Dragon, or Eagle on hie,
'Gains the march o' True Freedom durst never mair flee !

The German, the Russian, Italian, an' French—
Auld emblems of bluid !—in our guid-will we'd drench !
By seeing fair justice out meted to a',
On that dear Flag o' ours doun blessings we'd draw !

The ensigns o' nations less powerfu' than these
Our Sovereign Symbol wad hail on a' seas ;
And they, in return, wad a' rustle to see
The braid FLAG O' BROTHERHOOD streaming sae
free !

Wee Denmark an' Sweden, an' Holland an' Spain—
Ev'n the least to the greatest—we wadna disdain,
But trust a' their richt to uncurb'd libertie—
Kennin' weel in our hearts what its great blessings be !

Our twa Flags, thegither, a "standard" wad shaw
Mair glorious an' grand than Auld Earth ever saw !

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It wad emblem thae myriads—thae folk ever young,
Wha round the haill Globe speak an' sing our ain
tongue !

Oh, haste ye, lowse out, an' unfurl noo that Flag !
When Fate's fiat's gane forth, oh, why should ye lag ?
Stream it out, Jack o' Tars, stream it out far an' free—
Spread it braid to the breezes, on every kenn'd sea !

NEW EDINBURGH.

[A ROUGH-AND-READY RHYME TO WILL, AN AULD
PLOUGHMAN FRIEND.]

DEAR AULD WILL,—
The Embro' whilk thou kenn'd when young
Lang years syne in the *Pit* was flung ;
But frae its dust a new ane's sprung
That leaves its minnie
As far behind as thou art dung,
By thine ain "*Sonny!*"

In thy first days, this city's folk
Were but a scant an' stragglin' flock ;
As mony bawbees in a pock
I've seen thee hidin' !—
A hunner thoosan'—a mere mock—
To tak' sic pride in !

Wow, Will ! Oh, wow, man ! *Coont us noo!*
We're *fowre* times that, an' mair, I trew !—
Forbye what's coming into view,
Day efter day,
By ships, by trains, and tramps—nae *few*,
I daur to say !

Frae Gorgie to east-end o' Joppa—
East and West—with scarce a stoppy—
Our Embro' noo extends, auld chappy,
And, South an' North,
Streiks frae the Braids down to that happy,
Fair Firth o' Forth !

* Ante, p. 126.

Besides, thou sceptic, country carle,
 Weel knowest thou that frae this warl'
 Anither Toun nae man could harl
 To name wi' ours ?—
 For is it not the Puik an' Pearl,
 The Flow'r o' flow'rs ?

Langsyne, when on thy impish face
 Nae beard or wrinkle "kirst" could trace,
 "Auld Reekie" wasna such a place,
 By mony a mile !—
 But sublimated—gifts an' grace—
 She's been the while !

Man, Will ! the North Brig, by itsel',
 Is mair than proof it's truth I tell !
 Gif thou but saw't ! Lord, man, pell-mell,
 Thou'dst *mair* than trust me,—
 And *feel* what a prodigious "swell"
 This city *must* be !

A New Hotel, a Railway Station ;
 The "Scotsman's," and the Bank's creations :
 —Altho' there will be nae relation
 Between thae biggins—
 They'll bring this pairt the Toun salvation—
 "Flats," "floors," an' riggins !

It's no' ae haet owre much to say,
 Nae maitter whare ane wants to gae,
 Ane, at the door, tram cars can hae
 To whisk ane there
 And back again—with less to pay
 Than "nips" as "fare."

Hack horses haul the cars 'enoo,
 But vera short time them they'll poo,
 For, wi' wire ropes, hid out o' view,
 Deep in the yird,
 Anon they'll glide—like Stein's Steam Ploo,*
 Or *Tyne's Swan Bird*! †

Likewise, already, ev'rywhare,
 Wee Motor Vehicles rin wi' care,
 And cairry, for a triflin' fare,
 Ev'n women "cranks,"
 An' timid parsons—here-and-there,
 As safe's the Banks!

Will! in thy bairn-time glints o' gas—
 Each dimmer than a "cawnle" was—
 The darksome streets, in twinklin' raws,
 Were set to "licht,"—
 But goodness kens hoo few had cause
 To long for nicht!

Noo! Eh, man, Will! gin thou but saw
 Our Moons electric here-awa!—
 Spreading abreid, as white as snaw,
 Haill fields o' flame—
 As big 's the park we ca'd the "Law," ‡
 Langsyne, at hame!

I wat we've thoosans o' thae Moons
 Full-shining nichtly in our boun's,
 Forbye the inside lesser runes
 In ha's an' bow'rs,
 Makin' as licht as July's noons
 Our midnight hours!

* Of Easter Broomhouse, Dunbar. † At Haddington, before it died of a broken heart. ‡ The "Law Park," running up to the northern base of Traprain Law.—*J. L.*

Thou kens Scott's mon'ment ! On its peak
 I hear there's to be fired next week
 A sun nocturnal, that will eke
 And stretch our days
 Strecht on until the new morns break
 In Sol's ain rays !

Our *people*, also, muckle differ—
 They've a' grown bolder by the niffer—
 A *lassie*, even, nocht can gliff her,
 For, on her " Wheel,"
 Mayhap, she'll prove the swiftest 's stiffer
 Than she a deal !

The " men," likewise, are changed a-wee,
 They've stoppit kirks an' sipping tea ;
 Theatres, papers, books now be
 Their recreations,
 And drams o' Wheich an' Scots Whiskee
 Their sole oblations !

Yet, muckle mair sobriety
 Upo' the open streets we see !—
 " It's strange ? " but it's a veritie
 There's nae disputin' ;—
 A *fact*, without ae needle's e'e
 To thread a doubt in !

But fareweel, Will ! Anither time,
 When leisure 's lib'ral, further " rhyme "—
 Tho' thou sae daftly style " sublime "
 What 's plain an' poor—
 About Auld Reekie—rare an' prime—
 I'll send thee—*sure* !

Edinburgh, March 18th, 1899.

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